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THE

REPOSITORY OF WIT AND HUMOR;

COMPRISING

MORE THAN ONE THOUSAND ANECDOTES,
ODD SCRAPS, OFF-HAND HTS, AND
HUMOROUS SKETCHES

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

M. LAFAYETTE BYRN, M. D.

AUTHOR OF "REMINISCENCES OF HISTORY," "DARING DEEDS OF WOMAN,"
"RANDOM SHOTS," ETC. ETC.

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PREFACE.

Nothing is sought after more earnestly, at the present day, than "gems of wit and humor." This being the case, I have been induced to compile this work, which abounds throughout with the most interesting and amusing matter.

Some of the anecdotes, incidents, &c., are of very great antiquity, and which have not been before the public for more than fifty years past. This gives interest to the work, as the reader can contrast the humorous world in past ages with what it is at the present day.

In making up this collection, every possible source has been consulted; but it would be needless

to say that authorities could be quoted, with few exceptions, for it has been nothing less than the
X. “clippings” of several years that could make up such a variety and number as is here offered.

M. L. B.

NEW YORK, *November*, 1852.

ONE THOUSAND ANECDOTES.

WHENCE COME GREAT MEN?

SIR EDWARD SAUNDERS, Chief Justice of England in the reign of Charles the Second, was once a poor beggar-boy strolling about the streets, without any knowledge of his parentage. — Sir Thomas Gresham, who, under the patronage of Elizabeth, became the founder of the Royal Exchange in London, was the son of a poor woman, who, while he was an infant, abandoned him in the fields; and his life was preserved by the chirping of a grasshopper, which attracted a little boy to the place where he lay. — Nicholas Saunderson, the celebrated mathematician, lost his sight when he was a year old by the small-pox. Assisted by his friends, he pursued his studies. He became lecturer on optics in Cambridge; he was the bosom friend of Newton; he was elected Professor of Mathematics; and is one of the most acute and learned commentators of the Principia. — Our own Hamilton was the office-boy and runner of his early patron. — William Jones, the friend of Madison and Jefferson, once Secretary of the Navy, and first President of the United States Bank, served his apprenticeship to a ship-builder.

You have all read of the sexton's son, who became a fine astronomer by spending a short time every evening in gazing on the stars, after ringing the bell for nine o'clock. — Sir

William Phipps, who at the age of forty-five had attained the order of knighthood, and the office of High-sheriff of New England and Governor of Massachusetts, learned to read and to write after his eighteenth year, and whilst learning the trade of a ship-carpenter, in Boston. — William Gifford, the great editor of the Quarterly, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and spent his leisure hours in study; and because he had neither pen nor paper, slate nor pencil, he wrote out his problems on smooth leather, with a blunted awl. — David Rittenhouse, the American astronomer, when a plough-boy, was observed to have covered his plough and the fences with figures and calculations. — James Ferguson, the great Scotch astronomer, learned to read by himself, and mastered the elements of astronomy whilst a shepherd's boy, in the fields, by night; and perhaps it is not too much to say, that if the hours wasted in idle company, in vain conversation, at the tavern, were only spent in the pursuit of useful knowledge, the dullest apprentice in any of your shops might become an intelligent member of society, and a fit candidate for most of your civil offices. By such a course the rough covering of many a youth might be laid aside, and their ideas, instead of being confined to local subjects and professional technicalities, might range throughout the wide fields of creation; and other stars from the young men of this city might be added to that bright constellation of worthies that is gilding our country with a bright yet mellow light.

QUACKS.

WHO is a quack? One would think that where there are so many this question need scarcely be asked; and yet there is not a term in the English language so little understood, or

so often misapplied. The regular faculty call all vendors of patent medicines, all practitioners who have not received a collegiate education, and all who differ widely from them in practice, quacks; but they are often wrong. A quack is one who professes to possess more knowledge than he really has, and promises more than he can perform; but he who knows how to cure one particular disease, and actually does cure it, who promises and attempts no more, is no quack, all the colleges in the world to the contrary, notwithstanding. All knowledge is not got at school; nor can a diploma make a *savant* of an idiot. Learning is knowledge; but all knowledge is not learning. The celebrated "Red Bottle Doctors," of Hertford, England, altogether eclipsed all their neighbors of the regular faculty; and yet they never went to school. They were farriers,—men of strong minds and sound practical sense; and they judged rightly, that what was good for horses might be good for men;—we say rightly, because they were eminently successful in their practice. The most valuable discoveries have been made by uneducated people. Little children discovered the telescope, an untutored Indian the Peruvian bark, a soap-boiler the iodine, and a shepherd navigated Noah's ark.

There are other than medical quacks, a plenty of them. The teacher who pretends to teach a hundred different arts and sciences is a quack; the lawyer who predicts the result of a case without hearing the evidence is a quack; and the preacher who preaches that his is the only true way of salvation, is a quack.

A NEW TEXT.

THE profound knowledge of scripture displayed by some public men is a caution to heathen nations. For instance,

Mr. Hoge, of Illinois, undertook to compliment one of his colleagues in Congress, the other day, by quoting (as he said) from the Bible the following passage :

“ And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.”

Mr. Hoge's *scripture quotation*, “ While the lamp holds out to burn,” &c., brings to mind an anecdote related to us by a clergyman as occurring either to him or within his knowledge. A good woman (the “ weaker vessel,” very likely, of the two) had lost her husband by death ; and, receiving a visit of condolence from the minister, she entered pretty fully into a detail of her feelings of loneliness and grief, in her widowed condition. She said she found herself going back and forth, wandering about the house all day long, from garret to cellar,—now looking into the room where her poor, dear husband died, then trying to divert her mind by doing chores about house, and then, again, going to the good Book for consolation. She was, she said, a poor, lone woman ; and she could n't help thinking, all day long, of that very touching passage of scripture,—in *Lamentations*, she believed it was,—which hit her case exactly :
“ *Goosey, goosey gander, where will ye wander ?* ”

EXTRACT FROM DOW JR.'S SERMON ON MEANNESS.

MY friends, too many of you (city folks especially) are ever inclined to meanness. I know some who are so vastly little (if I may be allowed to use the term) that when they are brushed from the earth into the devil's dust-pan, the old chap will have to put on a pair of double-magnifying spectacles, and poke a long while among the rubbish of immortality,

his before he can find them. There is neighbor Tightfist, in some
he respects a worthy member of my congregation, and yet I regret
to say is mean enough to chase a mosquito through a five-
mile swamp for the sake of his suet. To his credit, however,
he once made a sacrifice to the good cause, by putting an
unfortunate looking penny into the box, and going supperless
to bed. And neighbor Stick-in-the-mud, too, if he had the
power, and could enrich himself thereby, would brush the
silver stars from the firmament, and snatch the golden sun
from the sky, and sell the moon for brass; and if sixpence
was required at the gate of heaven, rather than pay the fee,
I verily believe he would rise from his resting-place at mid-
night, and pick the lock with a tenpenny nail!

THE ARAB HORSE.

A MOST moving incident, illustrative of the extraordinary strength as well as attachment of the Arab horses, is given by Lamartine, in his beautiful travels in the East:

"An Arab chief, with his tribe, had attacked in the night a caravan of Damascus, and plundered it. When loaded with their spoils, however, the robbers were overtaken in their return by some horsemen of the Pacha of Acre, who killed several, and bound the remainder with cords. In this state of bondage they brought one of the prisoners, named Abou el Marck, to Acre, and laid him, bound hand and foot, wounded as he was, at the entrance of the tent, as they slept during the night.

"Kept awake by the pain of his wounds, the Arab heard his horse's neigh at a little distance; and, being desirous to stroke, for the last time, the companion of his life, he dragged himself up, bound as he was, to his horse, which was pick-

eted at a short distance. 'Poor friend,' said he, 'what will you do among the Turks? You will be shut up under the roof of a khan, with the horses of a pacha, or an aga. No longer will the women and children of the tent bring your barley, camel's milk, or dourra, in the hollow of their hand; no longer will you gallop, free as the wind of Egypt, in the desert; no longer will you cleave with your bosom the waters of the Jordan, which cool your sides, as pure as the foam of your lips. If I am to be a slave, at least you may go free. Go; return to our tent, to which Marck will return no more, but put your head still in the folds of the tent, and lick the hands of my children.'

"With these words, as his hands were tied, he undid with his teeth the fetters which held the courser bound, and set him at liberty; but the noble animal, on receiving its freedom, instead of bounding away to the desert, bent its head over its master, and, seeing him in fetters and on the ground, took his clothes gently in his teeth, lifted him up, and set off at full speed towards home. Without ever resting, he made straight for the distant but well-known tent, in the mountains of Arabia. He arrived there in safety, and laid his master safe down at the feet of his wife and children, and immediately dropped down dead with fatigue. The whole tribe mourned him, and his name is still constantly in the mouths of the Arabs in Jericho."

MATERNAL AFFECTION. .

A RECENT traveller gives an account that, when he was walking on the beach in Brazil, he overtook a colored woman with a tray on her head. Being asked what she had to sell, she lowered the tray, and with reverent tenderness uncovered

it. It was the lifeless form of her babe, covered by a neat white robe, with a garland round the head, and flowers within the little hands, that lay clasped upon its bosom. "Is that your child?" said the traveller. "It was mine a few days ago," she replied, "but the Madonna has it for her little angel now." "How beautifully you have laid it out!" said he. She added, cheerfully, "Ah! what is that to the bright wings it wears in heaven?"

GODLY BOOKS.

IN 1626 a pamphlet was published in London, entitled "A most Delectable, Sweet, Perfumed Nosegay, for God's Saints to smell at." About the year 1646 there was published a work entitled "A Pair of Bellows, to blow off the Dust cast upon John Fay;" and another called "The Snuffers for Divine Love." Cromwell's time was particularly famous for title-pages. The author of a work on charity entitles his book "Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches;" and another, who professed a wish to exalt poor human nature, called his labors "High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness;" and another, "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant." A Quaker, whose outward man the powers thought proper to imprison, published "A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion, breathed out of a hole in the wall of an Eastern Vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish." About the same time there was also published "The Spiritual Mustard-pot, to make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion;" "Salvation's Vantage-ground, or a Leaping Stand for Heavenly Believers;" another, "A Shot at the Devil's Head-quarters, through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant." "This is an author who speaks plain language, that the most illiter-

ate reprobate cannot fail to understand ;" another, " Reaping-hook, well tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop ; or, Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation." To another, we have the following copious description of its contents : " Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David ; whereunto are also annexed William Huinnis' Handful of Honey-suckles, and Divers Godly and Pithy Ditties, now newly augmented."

ABYSSINIAN BRUCE. — GEORGE SELWYN.

IN a large company at dinner, Mr. Bruce was, according to his custom, talking away. Some one asked him what musical instruments are used in Abyssinia. Bruce hesitated, not being prepared for the question, and at last said, " I think I saw one *lyre* there." George Selwyn whispered his next man, " Yes, and there is one less since he left the country."

PRIESTS (says a punster) are elected in Spain to head armies, with perfect propriety, as they have been bred to the *canon* law.

A LADY, visiting the British Museum, said to one of the librarians, " Pray, sir, have n't you a skull of Oliver Cromwell here ?" " No, madam," replied the man of learning and antiquity. " Dear me," said she, " I wonder at that, for they have a very fine one in the museum at Oxford."

THE TONGUE.

A COMPANY of gentlemen and ladies were very sportive in interrogating each other; one asked the other if she spoke the Spanish language. A gentleman sitting by answered the lady in saying "that one was enough, for he had understood that a lady's tongue hung on a pivot, for both ends moved at the same time." "O, dear sir," said the lady, "I think one is enough, if it is well used."

A BLACK PUDDING.

A COUNTRY woman, who was very anxious to hear a certain clergyman preach, at some distance from her place of residence, put a black pudding into her bosom to serve as a refreshment. The clergyman, happening to preach on our darling sins, used the expression so often, "Pull them out of your bosom," that the woman, in a pet, pulled out the pudding, and threw it at him, saying, "There, tak it; what need for makin' a' this noise about a bit of black puddin'?"

ANTICHRIST.

It was formerly a custom, among the Scottish clergy, to make ~~perpetual allusions~~ in their prayers to the Pope, whom they always characterized by the epithet *Antichrist*. At the time, however, of the French Revolution, the good old hatred of popery gave way before a still more dreadful subject of antipathy and horror,—the mingled infidelity and Jacobinism propagated in consequence of that tremendous event; and it then became customary to pray for the altar and the throne. Soon after this material change in the prayers had taken place, a poor woman one day said to the

Rev. Mr. M——, of Montrose, "Sir, I hae something to spier at ye; but ye maunna tak it ill." "Na, na," returned Mr. M——, "I'll no tak it ill." "Ou, dear me, then," *rejoined* the old woman; "is ~~yon Anna Christie~~ dead, or is she better, that ye prayed sae lang about, for I ne'er hear ye speak about her noo?"

A GUIDE TO OLD AGE.

THE late Archbishop of Seville, in Spain, lived to the extraordinary age of one hundred years, eight months, and fourteen days. He used to tell his friends, when asked what regimen he observed to be even at that age in the full enjoyment of every faculty, "By being old when I was young, I find myself young now I am old."

STORY OF SIR FRANCIS ANDERSON'S RING.

THE story of Sir Francis Anderson's ring is curious. He was Mayor of Newcastle in 1559. Standing on the bridge, he accidentally dropped a ring from his finger, which fell into the river. The marvellous part of the relation is that, some time after, one of his servants bought a fish in the market, in the body of which the identical ring was found, and thus restored to the owner. In 1783 Mr. Brand saw the ring in the possession of Mr. Edward Anderson, merchant, who permitted him to take a drawing of it. He tells us that the engraving on the signet seems to be a Roman antique; and he adds that this Mr. Anderson has a deed of family property the seal of which exhibits an impression answerable to that on this memorable ring, and is of a date prior to the supposed time of this extraordinary event.

AN officer being much *intoxicated*, an old soldier observed that he was afraid there was something wrong at *head-quarters*.

A GENTLEMAN calling on a friend who, on account of certain duns, was a good deal at home, and had given out to his friends as an excuse that he was *confined to his room*, which was on the *third floor*, asked him if he had been ill. "Yes," replied the other, "I have had a severe fit of the *room-atism*." "Ay, ay," said his friend, looking round, "I perceive you are *room-attic*."

A CERTAIN gentleman, not well skilled in orthography, requested his friend to send him *too* monkeys. The *t* not being distinctly written, the friend concluded his *too* was intended for 100. With difficulty he procured fifty, which he sent, adding, "The other fifty, agreeable to your order, will be forwarded as soon as possible."

A YOUNG poet offered his play to one of the theatres for *nothing*. The manager said the author well knew the *exact value of it*.

A SCHOOLMASTER, who was charged with using the birch rather ~~too violently~~, declared that it was the only way to make a dull boy *smart*.

TIT FOR TAT.

THE passengers on board an Aberdeen ~~smack~~ were most grievously annoyed by the ~~nocturnal visitations~~ of ~~myriads~~

of hungry bugs. These little blood-suckers were so incessant in their attacks, that to close an eye was utterly out of the question; nay, so severely did some suffer, that in the morning, when all hands were mustered in the cabin, their physiognomies were to be recognized with considerable difficulty! One night their agonies became so intolerable that they bellowed out to the master of the vessel, "O, master! master! they're biting us!" "Wha the deil's biting ye?" cries the master. "O, sir, the bugs." The response of the master, if not ~~consolatory~~, was ~~admirably~~-laconic: "Weel, mair feil ye; canna ye *bite them again?*"

MARCH OF INTELLECT.

A GENTLEMAN visiting Mr. Wood's school in Edinburgh, had a book put into his hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word *inheritance* occurring in the verse, the querist interrogated the youngster as follows: "What is inheritance?" "Patrimony." "What is a patrimony?" "Something left by a father." "What would you call it, if left by a mother?" "*Matrimony.*"

COURT MICE. — VOLTAIRE, ALGAROTTI, AND CHASOL.

THESE three geniuses were at one time at the court of Frederic, and, as Voltaire expresses it, "made their escape at the same time." It is well known how much must be borne from princes and great men. But Frederic was too free in the abuse of his prerogative. All society has its laws, except the society of the lion and the lamb. Frederic continually failed in the first of these laws, which is to say nothing disobliging of any of the company. He often used

to ask his chamberlain, Polnitz, if he would not willingly change his religion a fifth time, and offer to pay an hundred crowns down for his conversion. He treated poor D'Argens in much the same way. As for Maupertuis, who had been silly enough to place out his money at Berlin, he was obliged to remain there; "*where his treasure was*," there was his body obliged also to remain.

RIGHT HON. JOHN HELY HUTCHINSON.

THIS celebrated statesman and lawyer had accumulated a great number of very ~~lucrative~~ places; and so great was his avidity, that Lord North humorously said, "If England and Ireland were given to this man, he would solicit the Isle of Man for a potato-garden."

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

MR. POPE's aunt taught him to read when he was a child, and he learnt to write from ~~copying only~~.

The subscriptions for his Iliad amounted to six thousand pounds, beside twelve hundred pounds from Lintot for the copy.

Mr. Pope did not, in his last hours, choose to be attended by the Catholic priest, recommended by Mr. Hooke to come to him, till he knew Lord Bolingbroke had quitted his house.

Mr. Pope died as he was receiving ~~extreme unction~~. It is probable, from his not having sufficiently attended to his religious faith and principles, that he was almost in the state of that French nobleman, mentioned in a French ~~miscellany~~, called *Ana*, who, at the ~~requisition~~ of his wife, sent for a priest; and when the priest asked him whether he believed

such and such particular article, he turned to his wife, and said, "*My dear, should I believe that?*"

A BRILLIANT talker is not always liked by those whom he has most amused.

Quick believers need broad shoulders. Some people should be *all* shoulders.

He that would reprove, the world must be one whom the world cannot reprove.

When the winds of applause blow fresh and strong, then steer with a steady hand.

Those who declaim loudest against money-getting are often the most avaricious.

The zeal which begins with hypocrisy must conclude in treachery; at first, it deceives,—at last, it betrays.

If judges would make their decisions just, they should behold neither plaintiff, defendant nor pleader, but only the cause itself.

By cultivating the beautiful, we scatter the seeds of heavenly flowers; by doing good, we foster those already belonging to humanity.

The nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blenches, the thought which never wanders, — these are the masters of victory.

DIGBY, the other day, found some money in the street. "Ah!" said he, with a knowing look, "papers have been saying that 'money's *tight*,' but I would n't have believed it, if I had n't found it in the gutter."

POLICY.

FOUR days before the death of the Cardinal d'Amboise, Louis XII. having paid him a visit, he burst into tears, and made a general and ministerial confession to the monarch. He acknowledged that he left considerable riches, in the acquisition of which he had many things to reprove himself with. He maintained that he had taken nothing from his majesty's subjects; but he told him that he had for a long time received a pension of fifty thousand ducats from different princes and republics of Italy, thirty thousand of which were from the Florentines alone. He had, besides, got considerable presents, and amassed large sums. He begged the king, therefore, to permit him to dispose of all that he possessed; and the good king granted him ~~more~~ than he asked.

DEFINITION OF LOVE.

AT a parochial examination, the minister asked a sort of half-crazy woman what love was, which the string of his former questions led him to. "What's love, Nanny?" "Hoot fye, sir," says Nanny, "dinna speer sic daft like questions as that, when I'm sure ye ken that love's joost an unco *fykinness* i' mind; an' what mair can me or ony other body say about it?"

LEARNED DIVINE.

THE ~~equivocality~~ of many of the names of places in Scotland has given occasion to a very amusing saying regarding a clergyman: "He was born in the parish of *Dull*, brought up at the school of *Dunse* (*quasi* Duncie), and finally settled minister in the parish of *Drone*!"

THE following anecdote may be relied on. — When Foote had a house at Hampstead, he invited a number of friends in London to dine with him, twenty of whom obeyed the invitation, and fared sumptuously. The repast being over, Dr. Heffernan, who was one of the company, drew from his pocket proposals for a new edition of Horace; the conditions stating that the price would be two guineas, half to be paid at the time of subscribing, and the other half on the delivery of the book. Our Aristophanes threw down his guinea without delay, declaring himself a subscriber, and every person present instantly followed his example. But, after Heffernan had pocketed the twenty guineas, our host delivered the following remonstrance, addressing himself to the now affluent physician: “Heffernan, this is about the thirty-fifth time that I have subscribed to your Horace, but for heaven’s sake never think of printing it! It is hardship enough to be obliged to throw away a guinea; but the further punishment of reading your vile nonsense would be intolerable.” The doctor smiled, and implicitly followed his advice, for not a line of his Horace ever appeared.

A PARTICULAR old gentleman of the name of *Hair* received a letter from one who did not know how to spell his name exactly, and directed the letter to Mr. *Hare*. The letter was returned by the former as an insult, with the remark “that he had seen too much of the world to suffer himself to be made *game* of.”

FOOTE, being asked by a lady to translate a physician’s motto, which was “*a numine salus*,” he quickly replied, “God help the patient!”

SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

FROM MACPHERSON.

SOON after the Rye-house plot was discovered, thinking to be severe upon the character of his brother, he exhibited a striking feature of his own. The duke, one day, returning from hunting with his guards, found the king in Hyde Park. He expressed his surprise how his majesty could venture his person alone at such a perilous time. "James," replied the king, "take you care of yourself, and I am safe. No man will kill *me* to make *you* king!"

REPROOF FROM THE PULPIT.

THE Rev. Mr. Shirra, a most eccentric dissenting clergyman at Kirkcaldy, could never endure to see any of his flock attend public worship in clothes that he thought too fine for their station in life. One Sunday afternoon, a young lass, who attended his meeting-house regularly, and was personally known to him, came in with a new bonnet of greater magnitude and more richly decorated than he thought befitted the wearer. He soon observed it; and, pausing in the middle of his discourse, said, "Leuk, ony o' ye that's near hand there, whether my wife be sleepin' or no, as I canna get a glint o' her for a' thae ~~fine falderals~~ about Jenny Bean's braw new bannet."

AN Irishman, warmly expressing his gratitude to the United States to a friend of ours who was travelling through that country, said, "Had it not been for Ameriky, in sending us flour and male, Ireland would n't have been here to this day."

PETER BALES

WAS one of the first introducers of short-hand writing. His skill in micography, or miniature writing, was, we believe, unparalleled. Mr. Evelin informs that, in the year 1575, he wrote the Lord's Prayer, the creed, the decalogue, with two short prayers in Latin, his own name, motto, day of the month, year of the Lord, and reign of the queen (Elizabeth), to whom he presented it at Hampton Court, all within the circle of a silver penny, incased in a ring and borders of gold, and covered with a crystal so accurately wrought as to be very plainly legible. He died about 1600.

DRAMATIC ANECDOTES.

Molière, the great comic poet of France, was also an excellent performer. He died while sustaining a part in a comedy of his own writing, called "Le Malade Imaginaire," in the year 1679, in his grand climacteric. The Archbishop of Paris, who held the amusement of the stage in detestation, would not suffer his body to be inhumed in consecrated ground. The king, being informed of the obstinacy of this rigid prelate, sent for him into his presence, and began to expostulate with him on the impropriety of his conduct; but the holy man was not to be convinced. His majesty, finding fair arguments ineffectual, at length asked him how many feet deep the consecrated ground reached. The bishop, without reflection or ceremony, replied, "About eight." "Then," replied the king, "let the grave of Molière be dug twelve feet, which is four below the consecrated earth!" Louis the Fourteenth spoke this in a tone which convinced the churchman that it would be unsafe to make further resistance.

A PHILOSOPHER.

MACLAURIN, the able expounder of Newton's "*Principia*," and Professor of Mathematics in the College of Edinburgh, could not yawn without dislocating his jaw. At the same time, his instinct of imitation was so strong, that he could not resist yawning when he witnessed that act in others. His pupils were not slow in discovering and taking advantage of his weakness. When tired of his lecture, they either began to yawn, or open their mouths in imitation of that act, and prelection was immediately interrupted. The professor stood before them with his mouth wide open, and could not proceed till he rang for his servant to come and shut it. In the mean time the conspirators effected their escape.

SIR JAMES STUART, BART.

DURING the intended French invasion into Scotland, in the year 1708, the English fleet at the mouth of the Frith of Forth was mistaken at Edinburgh for the French. Upon that occasion, Sir Hugh Dalrymple, Lord President of the Court of Session, who was flying into England himself, advised Sir James Stuart to do the same, putting him in mind that he had had a hand in drawing the Prince of Orange's manifesto. He answered, "Ay, ay, my dear, that is true; and I must draw this man's, too." This is a story well known to both families.

THE Rev. Rowland Hill, in a conversation on the powers of the letter H, where it was contended that it was no letter, but a simple aspiration or breathing, took the opposite side of the question, and insisted on its being, to all intents and

purposes, a *letter*; and concluded by observing that, if it were not, it was a very serious affair to him, as it would occasion his being *ill* all the days of his life.

PRACTICAL WIT.

A YOUNG gentleman, celebrated for his wit at college, was asked by his father for a specimen of his talents, while entertaining a party of friends at vacation. The scholar knelt upon the hearth and *roared lustily twice*, to the great surprise of the old squire, who asked him what the —— he meant by that. "Why, sir," replied the son, "seeing the fire so low, I thought it might be the better for a *pair of bellows*."

EDMUND BURKE, ESQ.,

WAS not only fond of reading novels, but of reading them aloud to his company. Ladies were always extremely delighted to have him to read works of that sort. One day, a beautiful young lady, of the name of Miss Paine, had come over from the charming seat of Paine's Hill, near Cobham, to visit Mrs. Burke, and was a hearer of one of these readings. The phrase *Mons Veneris* happening to occur, the young lady asked the meaning. "*Paine's Hill*," replied the gallant Edmund.

ANECDOTE OF BOISSI.

It occurred to one of Boissi's friends that it was very extraordinary he could never find him at home, and, at length, he burst open the door. He now beheld his friend, with his wife and child, lying on a bed, pale and emaciated, scarcely

able to utter a sound. The parents lay still, in a perfect stupor; they never heard the bursting open of the door, and felt nothing of the embraces of their agitated friend. They were restored to health and the world. This transaction made a great noise at Paris, and at length came to the ears of Madam Pompadour. She immediately sent Boissi one hundred *louis d'or*, and procured him a profitable place, with a pension for his wife and child. He was a member of the French Academy. His works are printed in three vols., 8vo.

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

WHEN Garrick was last at Paris, Preville invited him to his villa. Preville was reckoned the most accomplished comedian of the French theatre. Our Roscius, being in a very gay humor, proposed to go in one of the hired coaches that go to Versailles, on which road the villa of Preville lies. When they got in, he ordered the coachman to drive on, who answered that he would do so as soon as he got his complement of four passengers. A caprice immediately seized Garrick; he determined to give his brother-player a specimen of art. While the coachman was attentively plying for passengers, Garrick slipped out of the door, went round the coach, and, by his wonderful command of countenance,—a power which he so happily displayed in Abel Druggier,—palmed himself upon the coachman for a stranger. This he did twice, and was admitted each time into the coach as a fresh passenger, to the astonishment and admiration of Preville. He whipped out a third time, and, addressing himself to the coachman, was answered, in a surly tone, “that he had already got his complement ;” and he would have driven off without him, had not Preville called out that, as the stranger appeared a very little

man, they would, to accommodate the gentleman, contrive to make room.

COMPLAISANCE.

It is well known that Madam de Guerchville was extremely beautiful, that Henry IV. was in love with her, that she resisted his passion a long time, and that the king conceived so much esteem for her that he appointed her a lady of the bedchamber to the queen, telling her that had he known a more virtuous woman in his kingdom he would have given her the preference.

The Abbé de Choissy relates a circumstance in the life of this lady hitherto unknown. Henry IV., knowing that Madam de Guercheville was at Roche-Guyon, resolved to pay her a visit; and sent a gentleman to acquaint her that, having been on a hunting party in the neighborhood, he requested leave to sup with her, and to sleep in her castle. The lady replied, with great respect, that she would do her best to receive the king in a manner suitable to his rank and dignity. The monarch, enchanted with this answer, repaired to the castle, where he found Madame de Guerchville at the bottom of the staircase, full-dressed, and ready to receive him. She conducted him, with much ceremony, into the best apartment; and, as he passed along, he observed in the kitchen every preparation for a magnificent supper. The lady informed him, as soon as he had enjoyed a little repose, it would be served up. When the supper was ready, and the king about to sit down to table, he learned that Madam de Guercheville had ordered her carriage, and departed from the castle. Surprised and much vexed at this information, he sent to inquire the reason; upon which she sent back this answer: that a king ought always to be master wherever he was; and that,

for her part, she wished to enjoy freedom, wherever she might be.

LET us so order our conversation in the world that we may live, when we are dead, in the affections of the best, and leave an honorable testimony in the consciences of the worst.

He who troubles himself more than he needs grieves also more than is necessary; for the same weakness which makes him anticipate his misery makes him enlarge it too.

He that can apprehend and consider vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasure, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer, that which is truly better,—he is the true warfaring Christian.

HENRY the Eighth, and Francis the First of France, were both princes of very warm tempers; and the former, having a design of sending a very warm message to the latter, pitched on Sir Thomas More, his chancellor, for the messenger. Sir Thomas, having received his instructions, told Henry that he feared, if he carried such a message to so violent a man as Francis, it might cost him his head. "Never fear, man," said the king; "if Francis were to cut off your head, I would make every Frenchman in my power a head shorter." "I am obliged to your majesty," replied the facetious chancellor, "but I must doubt if any of their heads would fit my shoulders."

TRUTH, they say, *lies* in a well. "For my part," said a wit, "I thought it the property of *truth* to *lie* nowhere."

IMPLICIT FAITH.

THE celebrated Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, to his other qualities added a most inordinate vanity. In 1736 he erected a monument (still extant) in the old church of Kirkhill, within a few miles of Castle Dounie, to the memory of his father, in which he took occasion to say of himself that "both at home and abroad, by his eminent actions in the war and the state, he had acquired great honors and reputation." Sir Robert Munro, who fell at Falkirk, being on a visit to Lord Lovat, they went together to view this monument. Sir Robert, upon reading the inscription, in a free manner said, "Simon, how the devil came you to put up such boasting, romantic stuff?" To which the wary Jacobite replied, "The monument and inscription are chiefly for the Frasers, who must believe whatever I, their chief, require of them, and their posterity will think it as true as the gospel."

KING JAMES II.

SOME time previous to the landing of the Prince of Orange, it was generally reported that the whole armament was lost. James received the news at dinner; and, with an appearance of great devotion, remarked, "It is not to be wondered at, for the host has been exposed these several days!"

OUT-LAWED.

WHEN Sergeant Maynard, then ninety years of age, came at the head of the lawyers to congratulate the Prince of Orange, the prince having paid him this compliment on the vigor of his age, "that he had outlived all the men of the

law of his time," Maynard answered, "Had not your Highness come over, I should have outlived the law itself."

THE BRITISH SEAMAN STILL.

WHEN D'Avaux, the French ambassador, hastened to inform James, then in Ireland, of some advantage obtained by the French fleet, James, with a generous peevishness, answered, "*C'est bien la première fois donc.*" — "It is the first time, then."

LADY LANE was presiding, one evening, at the card-table, when her ruffles caught the fire of the candle. Lord Lyttleton, intending to be witty on the accident, said he did not think her ladyship so apt to take fire. "Nor am I, my lord, from such a *spark* as you."

THERE are none or very few evils, but penury and guilt. The dignity of virtue makes everything else a trifle, or very tolerable. Penury itself may flatter one, for it may be inflicted on a man for his virtue.

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthy without physic, secure without a guard, and to obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of art. — *Johnson.*

LORD CHESTERFIELD's physicians having informed him that he was dying "by inches," he thanked Heaven that he was not *so tall* by a foot as Sir Thomas Robinson.

AN ignorant lawyer, pleading in an action of assault and battery, to aggravate matters, gravely told the court that his client had been beaten by a certain *wooden* instrument, called an *iron* pestle.

"DEAR me, how fluidly he does talk!" said Mrs. Partington, recently, at a temperance lecture. "I am always rejoiced when he mounts the nostril, for his eloquence warms me in every nerve and cartridge of my body, — verdigrease itself could n't be more smooth than his blessed tongue is!" and she wiped her spectacles with her cotton bandanna, and never took eyes from the speaker during the whole hour he was on the stand.

Women are curious creatures, after all; when they once see a man that they like, they will watch him.

AN Hibernian traveller, expressing how cheering and comfortable the roads are made by *mile-stones*, suggests that it would be a great improvement if they were *nearer each other*.

AN Irish footman, having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waiting a considerable time for his customary fee, but finding no present appear, scratched his head and said, "Sir, if my master should say, 'Paddy, what did the gentleman give you,' what would your honor have me tell him?"

WHY is a mariner tracking his way upon a map like the old Pharisees? — Because he *compasses* sea and land.

DR. JOHNSON.

WHEN Dr. Johnson was on his tour to the Hebrides, he dined at the house of George Gordon, Esq., of Gordon Bank, near Kelso, in company with Lord Kaimes and other gentlemen. In the evening, when tea and coffee were introduced, Miss Gordon, the host's daughter, directed the servant to hand the doctor some tea-cakes peculiar to Scotland, called scones, or girdle-cakes. Dr. Johnson pushed the man's hand back, signifying that he would not taste them. The young lady, who had superintended their making, feeling a little disappointed, determined to try her efforts on the doctor, and presented them herself, observing they were made purposely for him. The doctor looked good-naturedly at Miss Gordon (who had been silent the whole time of dinner), and said, taking the cakes, "Have you a tongue? I have not heard you speak this day." The young lady answered, "My benefit, sir, has been in hearing." The doctor instantly replied, "I have not heard so good a thing said this day." And this in the company of the author of "The Elements of Criticism."

Two suitors in chancery, being reconciled to each other after a very tedious and expensive suit, applied to an artist to paint a device in commemoration of their returning amity and peace. The artist accordingly painted one of them in his *shirt*, and the other stark naked.

A GENTLEMAN meeting a very young and beautiful girl in the pump-room at Bath, asked her why she drank the waters. "From mere *wantonness*, sir," replied she. "And pray, madam," said he, "have they cured you?"

WHEN Dr. Percy first published his collection of Ancient English Ballads, perhaps he was too lavish in commendation of the beautiful simplicity and poetic merit he supposed himself to discover in them. This circumstance provoked Johnson to observe, one evening, at Miss Reynolds' tea-table, that he could rhyme as well, and as elegantly, in common narrative and conversation. For instance, says he,

“As, with my hat upon my head,
I walked along the Strand,
I there did meet another man,
With his hat in his hand.”

Or, to render such poetry subservient to my own immediate use,

“I therefore pray thee, Ranny dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar softened well,
Another dish of tea.

“Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,
Shall long detain the cup,
When once unto the bottom I
Have drank the liquor up.

“Yet hear, alas ! this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown ;
Thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down.”

And thus he proceeded through several more stanzas, till the reverend critic cried out for quarter. Such ridicule, however, was not unmerited. The editor of the *Biographia Dramatica* judiciously observes, “It has sometimes happened that those who have been tempted to reprint specimens of the rude poetry of our early writers have likewise persuaded themselves that these trifles were possessed of a further degree of value than they may justly challenge as the records

of fugitive customs, or the repositories of ancient language. When Rowe, in his Prologue to *Jane Shore*, without exception, declared that

‘These venerable ancient song-inditers
Soared many a pitch above our modern writers,

he certainly said what he neither believed himself, nor could wish any part of his audience or his readers to believe. Such literary falsehoods deserve to be exposed as often as they are detected.”

A PHYSICIAN who lived in London visited a lady who resided at Chelsea. After continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. “O, by no means,” replied the doctor; “I have another patient in the neighborhood, and I always set out to *kill two birds with one stone*.”

DR. HENNIKER being in private conversation with the Earl of Chatham, his lordship asked him, among other questions, what was wit. “Wit,” he replied, “my lord, is what a pension would be, given by your lordship to your humble servant,—a good thing well applied.”

A FRENCHMAN having frequently heard the word *press* made use of to imply *persuade*, as “press that gentleman to take some refreshment,” “press him to stay to-night,” thought he would show his talents by using a synonymous term; and, therefore, made no scruple one evening to cry out in company, “Pray *squeeze* that lady to sing.”

DR. JOHNSON.

WHEN James Boswell took Dr. Johnson to his father's house in Scotland, old Boswell, astonished at the singularity of his manners, remarked that Jamie had brought an odd chiel along with him. "Sir," said Boswell, "he is the grand luminary of our hemisphere: quite a constellation, sir!" "*Ursa Major*, I suppose," said the old gentleman.

MOFFAT.

THE village of Moffat has of late years thriven considerably, by reason of the visitors attracted to it by a mineral well in the neighborhood. As its prosperity, however, is great during the summer months, so it is little during the desolate period of winter. The neighboring villagers, who, of course, envy Moffat during the days of its splendor, have long had a standing joke upon the town. "If you meet," say they, "a Moffat man in summer anywhere out of doors, and ask him where he resides, he vociferates,—'Moffat, and be d—d!' But, on the contrary, if you ask the same question in winter, his answer is expressed in the most piteous strain,—'Moffat, God help us!'"

THE first time General Howe went to court, after his return from America, he had to his carriage a very handsome pair of bay horses. A person, who observed them, exclaimed, "Where could the general get his *bays*?" "Not in America," replied a bystander.

IN a coffee-house in London the following *hint* was once stuck up by a witty wag: "Gentlemen *learning to spell* are requested to use yesterday's papers."

ONE THOUSAND ANECDOTES.

CURIOUS STRATAGEM OF TENIER.

THIS great painter, perceiving that the works of painters sold much dearer after the death of their authors, wisely determined to anticipate the *reversionary* profits of talent; and, to effect this, thought he could not adopt a better expedient than to cease to live to the public. In order to execute this singular stratagem, he absented himself from the town of Anvers, and his wife and children counterfeited affliction by putting on black. The trick succeeded, and in a very short time all the pieces of the pretended deceased were bought up at very high prices.

SEEING NOT BELIEVING.

THE Abbé Regnier, secretary of the French Academy, was collecting in his hat from each member a contribution for a certain purpose. The president, Roses, one of the Forty, was a great miser, but had paid his quota; which the Abbé not perceiving, he presented the hat a second time. Roses, as was to be expected, said he had already paid. "I believe it," answered Regnier, "though I did not see it." "And I," added Fontenelle, who was beside him, "saw it, but I do not believe it."

ONE day, Boswell trying to make a definition of man that would distinguish him from all other animals, calls him "a cooking animal. A man can dress a good dinner, and every man is more or less a cook in seasoning what he himself eats." "Your definition," replied Burke, "is good; I now see the full force of the common proverb,—There is reason in the roasting of eggs."

EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.,

HAS an observation on the *Beggar's Opera*, which, whether just or not, is new and ingenious. "It has," he said, "had a beneficial effect in refining highwaymen, and making them less ferocious, more polite; in short, more like *gentlemen*."

JAMES BOSWELL—EDMUND BURKE.

BOSWELL telling him that he had seen at the Blue-Stocking Club a number of ladies sitting round a worthy and tall friend of theirs (Johnson), and listening to his literature, "Ay," said Burke, "like maids round a May-pole."

A LINE.

A FELON, who was just on the point of being turned off, asked the hangman if he had any message to the place where he was going. "I will trouble you with a *line*," replied the finisher of the law.

BARRYMORE happening to come late to the theatre, and having to dress for his part, was driven to the last moment, when, to heighten his perplexity, the key of his drawer was missing. "Never mind," replied Banister, coolly, "if you have swallowed the *key*, it will serve—to *open your chest*."

WHEN Foote was at Salt-Hill, he dined at the Castle; and when Partridge produced the bill, which was rather exorbitant, Foote asked him his name. "Partridge, an't please you," said he. "Partridge!" returned Foote, "it should be Woodcock, by the length of your bill."

LIBERALITY.

AN Episcopalian lady at Alloa had a Presbyterian husband, on whose death she applied to her own clergyman to have the burial service read over him. He refused to do so; which being reported to old Skinner, the poet, he remarked, "Hoot, sic a stiff ass! If it had been me, I wad hae said, 'Ay, the mae the merrier.'"

AN English nobleman being in company with a certain minister of state, the latter was observing "there could be nothing more ridiculous than the manner in which the council of state assembled in some of the negro nations. In the council-chamber are placed twelve large jars, half full of water; twelve councillors of state enter naked; and, stalking along with great gravity, each leaps into his jar, and immerses himself up to his chin, and in this pretty attitude they deliberate on national affairs." "You do not smile," continued the minister of state to the noble lord who sat next him. "Smile!—no," answered his lordship. "I see every day things more ridiculous than that." "Pray, what?" returned the minister. "A country," replied the nobleman, "where the jars *alone* sit in council."

MICHAEL ANGELO, in his picture of the last judgment in the Pope's Chapel, painted among the figures in hell that of a certain cardinal, who was his enemy, so like that everybody knew it at first sight. The cardinal complained to Pope Clement the Seventh, and desired that it might be defaced. "I have power to deliver a soul out of *purgatory* but not out of *hell*," replied his Holiness.

BIRMINGHAM TASTE.

WHEN Handel's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* were exhibited at Birmingham, a few years ago, the following passage (as Mr. Wharton says, "for obvious reasons") was more applauded than any in the whole performance :

"Such notes as warbled to the string
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek."

Handwritten: A PERSON was boasting that he was sprung from a *high* family in Ireland. "Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen some of the same family *so high that their feet could not touch the ground.*"

AN anecdote is told of a Jacobite gentleman, of the name of Cochrane, who, being applied to for permission to take a stone from his quarry, near Falkirk, to serve as a headstone for Sir Robert Monro, of Foulis, answered, "Od, I'll gie ye headstones for them a', an' ye like;" meaning all Sir Robert's party.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM TONTINE.

THE word Tontine is only a cant word, derived from the name of an Italian projector. This was one Laurence Tonti, a creature of Cardinal Mazarin, who, finding the people extremely out of humor with his eminency's administration, imagined he could reconcile them by a proposal of making people rich in an instant, without trouble or pains. His scheme was a lottery of annuities, with survivorship, which he proposed in 1653, with the consent of the court; but the parliament would not register the edict. Three years after,

he tried his project again, for building a stone bridge over the Seine, when it had both the favor of the court and the sanction of parliament, under the title of *Banque Royale*, but it failed again; for, somebody having given it the unlucky name of Tontine, nobody in Paris would trust his money in a lottery that had an Italian title. The last attempt poor Tonti made was to get his plan adopted by the clergy for the payment of their debts; but, though they acknowledged the ingenuity of it, they rejected it, as unfit for their purpose.

Such was the invention of the Tontine. We will now show when it first came into use. When Louis XIV. was distressed by the league of Augsburg, and granted money beyond what the revenues of the kingdom would furnish, for supplying his enormous expenses, he had recourse to the plans of Tonti, which, though long laid aside, were not forgotten; and, by an edict in 1689, created a Tontine Royale of one million four hundred thousand livres annual rent, divided into fourteen classes. The actions were three hundred livres apiece, and the proprietors were to receive ten per cent., with benefit of survivorship in every class. The scheme was executed but very imperfectly; for none of the classes rose to above twenty-five thousand livres, instead of one hundred thousand, according to the original institution, though the annuities were very regularly paid. A few years after, the people seeming in better humor for projects of this kind, another Tontine was erected upon nearly the same terms; but this was never above half full. They both subsisted in the year 1726, when the French king united the thirteenth class of the first Tontine with the fourteenth of the second, all the actions of which were possessed by Charlotte Bonnemay, widow of Lewis Barbier, a surgeon of Paris, who died at the age of ninety-six. This gentlewoman had ventured three

hundred livres in each Tontine; and in the last year of her life she had for her annuity seventy-three thousand five hundred livres, or about three thousand six hundred pounds a year, for about thirty pounds.

EXTEMPORE PREACHING.

A Low English pasquinading pamphlet upon the Scottish nation, printed in the year 1701, says, "They are foes to all copy-hold tenures in divinity, and will much rather preach extempore nonsense than give sound sermons from notes.* In the time of King James I., after his coming to England, one of his own country thus accosted him: 'Sir,' said he, 'I am sorry to see your majesty so dealt with by your prelatical tantivies as you are. Alas! they can neither preach nor pray but by the beuk; if your majesty will please hear me, I'll do baith without.' And so he did, till the king told him 'he preached and prayed as if he had never leuked in a beuk in his whole life.'"

DR. JOHNSON, being in company with Boswell, was remarking that the Scotch, previous to the union, were little better than savages, without the accommodations of civilized life, when the following dialogue took place: *Boswell*. "We had wine before the union." *Johnson*. "No, sir; you had some weak stuff, the refuse of France, which would not make you drunk." *Boswell*. "I assure you, sir, there was a great deal of drunkenness." *Johnson*. "No, sir; there were people who died of dropsies, which they contracted in trying to get drunk."

* The pamphlet ends with the following couplet:

"The things that are abominated there
Are clean shirts, swine's flesh, and the common prayer."

BATTLE OF PROVERBS.

THE following anecdote is related of the Duke of Lauderdale. "This nobleman, when first minister of state, was invited to dinner by the then Lord Chancellor [probably Rothes], and as splendidly entertained as the poverty of the country would permit. At taking leave, says he, 'My lord, I see you muckle thanks for your generous and noble treat, which puts me in mind of a proverb we have in use amongst us, namely, That feuls make feasts, and wise men eat them. The other, loth to be outdone in point of civility, replied, 'You say very true, my lord; and it is as true that wise men make proverbs, and feuls repeat them.' "

LOUIS XVI.

ON the day that this prince, with his family, was brought back from Varennes, it is asserted that from Strasburgh to Paris there were more than five hundred thousand persons under arms. The king, on this occasion, taking a part in the extraordinary spectacle, smiled on the people, and, with much ingenuousness, said, "Well, here I am!"

THE FAITHFUL SLAVE.

WHEN Capt. Payne had fallen on the deck of his vessel, by the severe wound he received, his waiting-man, who was passionately attached to him, started up, and, seizing a pike exclaimed, "You have killed my master, and I will revenge him!" and instantly ran the British lieutenant of marines through the body. He then leaped overboard, and, amid a shower of shot, swam safe and triumphant to the American shore.

M. ADAM,

AN advocate of Toulouse, usually composed the speeches which were to be delivered by the president. It happened that, during the absence of the advocate, an occasional speech was required, which the president composed as well as he could. When he was delivering it, a counsellor, who observed him embarrassed, cited these words from Genesis: "*Adam, ubi es?*"—"Adam, where art thou?"

PRINCESS OF CONTI.

THIS princess (daughter of Louis XIV.), speaking to the ambassador of Morocco, expressed her disapprobation of the plurality of wives allowed by Mahomet. "We should only require one each," replied the courteous ambassador, "if they were all like your highness."

MADAME DE STAEL.

AT the time that Madame de Stael was writing "*Memoirs of her Life*," a friend asked her how she should depict herself when she came to that part of her life where adventures of gallantry formed so conspicuous a part. "O!" said she, "I shall represent myself only as a bust."

APOLOGIES FOR SHABBINESS.

A RESPECTABLE public functionary in Dundee, of parsimonious habits, was one day rallied by a friend from the country upon the extreme shabbiness of his attire. "Hoot, man," answered the baillie, "its nae matter; everybody kens me here;" meaning that, his character being perfectly known in

the place, it was quite unnecessary that he should fortify his pretensions by fine clothes. It happened that the same friend met him afterwards in the streets of London, and, finding his clothes no better, expressed still greater surprise than before, adding that surely his former excuse would not now avail him. "Hoot, man," answered the pertinacious miser, "*naebody* kens me here!"

A JACOBITE EPIGRAM.

It was formerly a custom of the magistrates of Edinburgh, on the king's birth-day, to erect a stage, or theatre as it was called, at the Cross, upon which they assembled, and in solemn style drank his majesty's health. During the performance of this ceremony, in the year 1748, it happened that there came on a dreadful thunder-storm, which compelled the company to make a hasty retreat into one of the neighboring houses, where they remained till the air again became clear. On their returning to complete the interrupted solemnity, it was found that the rain, in their absence, had dabbled all the wine out of their glasses, leaving only water behind. Upon this incident a Jacobite wrote an epigram, the first stanza of which recounted the miracle of the water converted into wine at the marriage of Cana, and the second proceeded thus :

"But when, to drink great Brunswick's health,
Our tribunes mounted *le théâtre*,
Heaven would not countenance their mirth,
But turned their claret into water."

THE settled aversion Dr. Johnson felt towards an infidel he expressed to all ranks and at all times, without the small-

est reserve; for, though on common occasions he paid the greatest deference to birth or title, yet his regard for truth and virtue never gave way to meaner considerations. We talked of a dead wit one evening, and somebody praised him. "Let us never," said he, "praise talents ill-employed, sir. We foul our mouths by commending such infidels." "Allow him the *lumières*, at least," entreated one of the company. "I do allow him, sir, just enough to light him to hell," was the reply.

COCK-CROWING.

DANAS, Bishop of Laveur, who assisted at the Council of Trent, having prescribed in one of his discourses rules for the conduct of the Sovereign Pontiff, a cardinal interrupted the bishop by saying "*Gallus cantat.*" Danas answered immediately, "*Utinam ad Galli cantum petras resissceret.*" and continued his discourse.

HAPPY RETORT.

A FLORENTINE ignoramus was ridiculing Magliabechi on his great age: the learned man replied, "An ass is older at twenty than a man at sixty years."

A BEGGAR, one day, said to the Emperor Maximilian, "We are all children of the same Father," as an incitement to bestow an alms. The emperor gave him a trifle. "This is a very little for a monarch," said the beggar. "True," replied the emperor, "but if every one of your brothers gave you as much, you would be richer than I."

A CERTAIN preacher having changed his religion, was much blamed by his friends for having deserted them. To excuse himself, he said he had seven reasons; and, being asked what they were, replied, "A wife and six children."

A BROADWAY fop asked a friend what apology he should make for not being one at the party the day before, to which he had a card of invitation. "O, my dear sir," replied the wit, "say nothing about it; you were never missed."

WHEN the Persian ambassador was in England, he was paid a handsome compliment by Captain Topham. As he was showing the many wounds he had received in the wars against the Turks, the captain said that his excellency's skin would sell for little or nothing, it had so many holes in it.

A GENTLEMAN dining with a friend, observing the top dish of fish was not quite so fresh as might have been wished, took one, and put it to his mouth and then to his ear. The lady of the house having asked him the reason, he answered, "I had a brother who was shipwrecked the day before yesterday; so I was asking if the fish could give information concerning his body, to which it replied it knew nothing of the transaction not having been at sea these three weeks."

PARENTS who are ignorant of their duty will be taught, by the misconduct of their children, what they ought to have done.

CASTING REFLECTIONS.

IN the late Professor Hill's class, the gilded buttons of one of the students happened to reflect the rays of the sun upon the professor's face, who, as may be supposed, ordered the gentleman to give over throwing reflections on him. The student, totally ignorant of the matter, with the utmost simplicity said, "That he would be the last in the class who would *cast reflections* on the professor."

LEE LEWIS shooting in a field, the proprietor attacked him violently: "I allow no person to kill *game* on my manor, but myself; and I'll shoot you, if you come here again." "What!" said the other, "I suppose you mean to *make game* of me."

A MAN without modesty is lost to all sense of honor and virtue.

A great chance in life is like a cold bath in winter,—we all hesitate at the first plunge.

The best government is that in which the law speaks instead of the lawyer.

Vice can never know itself and virtue; but virtue knows both itself and vice.

Moderation is commonly firm, and firmness is commonly successful.

We hope to grow old, and yet we fear old age; that is, we are willing to live, and afraid to die.

Absence diminishes moderate passions, and increases great ones, as the wind extinguishes tapers and adds fury to fire.

THE SHEPHERD AT SEA.

WITH RELIGIOUS REFLECTIONS.

ON a summer's evening a shepherd, from a little eminence, beheld the adjacent sea; the winds were hushed, the waves had lost their motion; at a little distance he perceived boats and vessels, which seemed in perfect security to sport upon the surface. Struck with the beauty and novelty of the appearance, he forgot the pleasures of a rural life, forgot all he had heard of the dangerous and deceitful ocean; he exchanged his flock for merchandise, and embarked before he repented his rashness. A sudden storm arose; the sea, no longer serene, but like a tiger roused from sleep, assumed the appearance of an enraged enemy, and threatened him with death in every wave. In fine, he lost his bark, he lost his goods; and it was beyond his hopes that, half drowned and fainting, he himself escaped alive to land. He became wise by his misfortune, and gladly returned to the life of a shepherd. The next time he saw the sea, it was again smooth and silent as at first; but he beheld it unmoved. "It is in vain," says he, "to think to deceive me again; I have no mind to suffer a second shipwreck."

THE WATCHMAN.

SOME soldiers once fell upon a watchman in a small town in Ireland, in a lonely street, and took away his money and coat. He immediately repaired to the captain of the regiment, to complain of his misfortune. The captain asked him whether he had on the waistcoat he then wore when he was robbed by the soldiers. "Yes, sir," replied the poor fellow. "Then, my friend," rejoined the captain, "I can assure you they do not belong to my company; otherwise they would have left you neither waistcoat nor shirt."

A DISPUTE arising relative to the best mode of dressing a beef-steak, the controversy was determined by one of the disputants giving Shakspeare as an authority. "If when 't were *done*, 't were *well done*, then 't were well it were *done quickly*."

THE Marquis de Grance, returning from the army extremely dirty, immediately repaired to court. The lords in waiting observed that he had the appearance of a *groom*. "Acknowledged," said the marquis, "and I shall *curry your hides* instantly."

AN epicure requested his landlord to get him a *spare rib*. The innkeeper declared he had none, saving one, and that was a very *crooked rib*, which he should be glad enough to *spare*.

As a boy was leading a calf with both hands, a nobleman happened to pass by upon the high-way; the boy, it seems, minded the calf more than the lord, and went drudging on, without moving his hat. "Why, sirrah," says the nobleman, "have you no more manners than to stand staring me in the face, with your hat on?" "Alas," says the boy, "I'll put off my hat with all my heart, if your lordship will but alight, and hold my calf in the mean time."

A FOP, introducing his friend, a plain man, into company, said, "Gentlemen, I'll assure you he is not so great a fool as he seems." "No," replied the gentleman, "that's the difference between me and my friend."

POWERS OF A PAINTER.

ONE day the Duke of Tuscany was amusing himself in seeing Cortone painting, who was representing a child crying. "I'll soon make him change his note," cried out the painter. He then gave a touch of his pencil, and the same child appeared laughing; again, by another stroke of the pencil, he represented him in his former state. "Thus, prince," said the artist, "you see how easy it is to make children either laugh or cry."

SELF-EXAMINATION.

JOHNSON, when about sixty-nine years of age, in order to ascertain whether his mental powers were impaired, determined to try to learn a new language, and fixed upon the low Dutch. Finding he learned it with facility, he desisted, thinking the experiment had been sufficiently tried. Mr. Burke's ready discernment perceived, instantaneously, that it was not a fair trial, as the low Dutch is a language so near our own. Had it been one of the languages entirely different, he might, he said, be soon satisfied.

IRISH GENTLEMAN AND MARK SUPPLE.

"I HAVE lost my appetite," said a gigantic Irish gentleman, and an eminent performer on the *trencher*, to Mark Supple. "I hope," said Supple, "no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him in a week."

IN a single century, four thousand millions of human beings appear on the face of the earth, act their busy parts, and sink into its peaceful bosom.

DEAF AND DUMB.

THE late Countess of Kenmore, who was a devout Catholic, passing one day, from her devotions at a chapel in Dublin, through a lane of beggars, who are there certainly the best actors in Europe in the display of counterfeit misery, her ladyship's notice was particularly attracted by one fellow apparently more wretched than all the rest, and she asked him, "Pray, my good man, what's the matter with you?" The fellow, who well knew her simplicity and benevolence, answered, "O, my lady, I'm *deaf* and *dumb*." "Poor man," replied the innocent lady, "how long have you been so?" "Ever since I had the *favor*, last Christmas." The lady presented him with a half-crown, and went away piously commiserating his misfortunes.

AN EDITOR'S LEAVE-TAKING.

"THE undersigned retires from the editorial chair with complete conviction that all is vanity. From the hour he started his paper to the present time, he has been solicited to lie upon every given subject, and can't remember ever having told a wholesome truth without diminishing his subscription list or making an enemy. Under these circumstances of trial, and having a thorough contempt for himself, he retires, in order to recruit his moral constitution."

"COME here, you mischievous fellow." "Won't you whip me, father?" "No." "Will you swear you won't?" "Yes." "Then I won't come, father; for Parson Alwood says, 'He that will swear will lie.'"

EXCEPTIO FORMAT REGULAM.

SOON after the publication of Mr. Home's "*History of the Rebellion of 1745*," a clergyman in Roxburghshire, who had read the book, happened to mention, at a presbytery dinner, that the author gave a very amusing account of the conduct of the volunteers who took arms for the defence of Edinburgh against Prince Charles' approaching army, none of whom, when the hour of danger arrived, could be prevailed upon by their officer to stir a step. Mr. Patten, the minister of Crailing, here interrupted his brother, with good-humored warmth, — "Home," said he, "does not play us fair there: I can attest that I was one of seven who marched *to the West Port!*"

HON. JOHN FORBES.

ADMIRAL FORBES was remarkable, above all other men, for his extensive and universal knowledge. His meritorious deeds, detailed, would fill a volume. One or two anecdotes we shall give of him, a just tribute to the memory of departed greatness. When the warrant for executing Admiral Byng was offered for signature at the admiralty board, Admiral Forbes refused to sign it, at the same time humbly laying at his majesty's feet his objections.

A TAR half seas over, swaggering into an auction-room, and hearing the auctioneer bawling out two or three times, "Who bids more than ninepence half-penny?" asked, "May we bid what we please?" "O, yes," replied the seller, "anything you please, sir," "Why then," said Jack, "I *bid* you a good-night, and be hanged to you!"

A DOUBLE BULL.

Two gentlemen passing a blackberry-bush when the fruit was unripe, one said it was ridiculous to call them *black* berries, when they were *red*. "Don't you know," said his friend, "that blackberries are always *red* when they are *green*?"

PIOVANO ARLÖTTO, a famous Italian priest, and a great traveller, being on the point of embarking on a voyage, was solicited by several of his friends to purchase a variety of things for them in the country he was going to visit. The curate received all their commissions with great politeness, put the memorandum in his pocket-book very carefully, and promised to oblige every friend. At his return, they all crowded round him to receive their purchases; but, to their surprise, he had executed but one single commission. This partiality affronting all the rest, he made his apology in the following speech: "Gentlemen, when I set sail I laid all your memorandums on the gallery of the ship, to peruse them, that I might put them in order to be executed regularly; when suddenly a squall arose, which blew them overboard, and it was impossible for me to remember their divers contents." "However," replied one of them, "you have brought Mr. ——— his silks." "Very true," says Piovano; "but the reason is that he enclosed in his memorandum *a number of ducats*, the weight of which prevented it from being carried away by the wind with yours."

"GRAMMAR-CLASS, come up. How is grammar divided?"
 "Why, grammar is divided into Ornithology, Etymology, Swintax and Mahogany."

A PUN WHISTLED.

A YOUNG Scotchman visiting London with his father, and being much given to punning, his father often reproved him for it, and expressed a wish that he would endeavor to leave it off entirely, and, if possible, display a little genuine wit. One day, taking a walk together, they passed Newgate, where a man was confined in the stocks, with his head firmly jammed in between two ponderous blocks of wood. An excellent pun, strictly in point, instantly occurred to the young man ; but, his father being present, he durst not come out with it ; so he contented himself with whistling the tune of "*Through the wood, Laddie.*"

WHEN Dr. Johnson had completed his dictionary, Millar, the bookseller, and principal proprietor of the work, could not help expressing his joy upon the occasion in terms somewhat intemperate, as appears by the following acknowledgment of the receipt of the last sheet of the manuscript: "Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him." To which Johnson returned this good-humored answer: "Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find (as he does by his note) that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything."

LUCAS DE KEER, an Italian painter, resided in England, in the reign of Elizabeth. He was ordered by that princess to characterize the English in respect to their *dress*. He drew a man naked ; on the ground before him lay various pieces

of cloth scattered about of divers colors ; in his hand he held a pair of shears ; from his mouth a label was pendent, on which these words were inscribed :

“ I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musing in my mind what garment I shall wear.”

The queen was delighted with the performance, commended his wit, and liberally rewarded him.

ANECDOTE OF CHURCHILL.

WHEN Churchill finished his *Rosciad*, he waited on a well-known publisher with a copy, who was at that time busily employed in a work that made much noise in the world. The bookseller suffered so severely by the publication of poetry, that he was determined to have nothing more to do with the rhyming pupils of Apollo, unless the author would make such a deposit as would secure him from any loss. This Churchill would not comply with.

The bookseller recommended a worthy young man to him, who had just ventured his little fortune in the uncertain sea of ink, and would probably run the hazard of the publication. Churchill waited on him, and found everything to his wish.

The publication was advertised, and five days elapsed before five copies were sold.

Churchill was thunderstruck ; the bookseller was little less. At the end of four days more he called again, and found six copies had gone off ! The poet, conscious of the merit of his poem, was almost frantic, and hurried to a friend to acquaint him with his hard fortune. His friend, who was intimate with Garrick, posted to him in the morning, and informed him what a beautiful picture of his astonishing abil-

ities there was exhibited in the *Rosciad*. Garrick swallowed the gilded pill instantly, sent for the poem, read it, and sounded its praises wherever he visited that day. The next evening the publisher had not a single copy left; and in a few weeks so many editions went off, that Churchill found himself richer than any poet whose estate lay at that time in Parnassus.

A COUNTRYMAN popped his head into a lottery-office, and seeing only one man sitting at the desk, asked him what he had for sale. To which the would-be wit replied, "Logger-heads." "Then, sir," says the countryman, "your trade is almost at an end, for I see you have but one left."

AN Irish gentleman being visited by a friend of his, was found a good deal ruffled; and, being asked the reason of it, said he had lost a new pair of black silk stockings out of his room, which cost him eighteen shillings,—but that he hoped he should get them again, for he ordered them to be cried, and offered a half-crown reward. His friend observed that the reward was too little for such valuable stockings. "Pho," said the Irishman, "I ordered the crier to say they were *worsted*."

IN a new-raised corps, a soldier lately observed to his comrade, who was an Irishman, that a corporal was to be dismissed from the regiment. "Faith, and indeed," replied the Irishman, "I hope it is the corporal who is so troublesome in our company." "What is his name?" replied the other. "Why, arrah, dear honey, it is *Corporal Punishment*, to be sure."

CAUTIOUS PLEADING.

AN Irishman, at an assize in Cork, being arraigned for felony before Judge Montenev, was asked by whom he would be tried. "By no one," says he. The jailer desired him to say, By God and his country. "I'll not do it," says Paddy, "for I don't like it at all at all, my dear." "What's that you say, honest man?" said the judge. "See there, now," says the criminal; "his lordship, long life to him! calls me an honest man, and why should I plead guilty?" "What do you say?" replied the judge, in an authoritative voice. "I say, my lord, I won't be tried by God, at all, for he knows all about the matter; but I will be tried by your lordship and my country."

A CERTAIN lawyer had been laboring for his client in a long-winded speech, but the verdict was found against him. "Zounds!" exclaimed he, "I believe the jury have been *inoculated for stupidity*." "That may be," said his opponent; "but you, Mr. Sergeant, seem to have had it the *natural way*."

SIR GEORGE SAVILLE was remarkably fond of sailing, and, pursuing his favorite amusement on the Humber, with an old fisherman, the vessel admitted a great quantity of water. Sir George, turning to the old man with great composure, asked him how much more water the boat would hold, before she would sink. "Half a bucket-full, an' please you, Sir George;" on which the sails were unfurled, and they came safe on shore. The old man being asked why he did not sooner apprize Sir George of his danger, replied, "Why, marry, I'se an auld man, and thought I could not *die in better company*."

THE AUCTION.

At an auction at Cork, the following lots were put up for sale: One pewter and three flint wigs; a bell-metal chaff sieve, and a calimanco hog-trough; a buckskin warming-pan, and a pewter looking-glass; a japan cleaving beetle, a leather mattock, three silk hog's yokes, and a pinchbeck swill-tub; four sheep-skin milk-pails, a lamb-skin grindstone, a canvass gridiron, a dimity coal-scuttle, a wooden timber-chain, and a brass cart-rope.

SERGEANT DAVY.

AN Irish gentleman once appeared in the Court of King's Bench as surety for a friend in the sum of three thousand pounds. Sergeant Davy, though he well knew the responsibility of the gentleman, could not help his customary impertinence. "Well, sir, how do you make yourself to be worth three thousand pounds?" The gentleman very deliberately specified the particulars up to two thousand nine hundred and forty pounds. "Ay," said Davy, "that is not enough by sixty." "For that sum," replied the other, "I have a note of hand of one Sergeant Davy, and I hope he will have the honesty soon to discharge it." This set the court in a roar. The sergeant was for once abashed; and Lord Mansfield said, "Well, brother, I think we may accept the bail."

AN Episcopal German prince, in the hearing of an honest peasant, swore so bitterly that the honest rustic could not forbear muttering that "he thought it not proper in a Christian bishop." "You are wrong, good man," said the other "I swear *not* as a *bishop*, but as a *prince*." "Very well,"

said the peasant, "but when the devil takes the *prince* for swearing, what will become of the *bishop*?"

ADRIAN BROWER,

THE most eminent of the Dutch painters, in the sphere of broad humor, was actually taken by Frank Hals from begging in the streets, and instructed by him. His pieces are inimitable in their way, representing his pot companions in the act of drinking, smoking tobacco, gaming, fighting, &c., performed with so delicate and free a pencil, so much of nature in his expression, such elegant drawing in the respective parts, and such good keeping in the whole altogether; that he is deemed superior in the humorous line. He was pleasant facetious and witty, in his cups, and was a strong advocate for a short life and a merry one. Resolving to proceed post-haste to his grave, by the help of brandy he arrived at his journey's end when he was only thirty years of age. On his death-bed he asked for a goblet of water, which he drank, saying, "We must reconcile ourselves to our enemies, when we are dying."

ANECDOTE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

THE city of Sidon having surrendered to Alexander, he ordered Hephæstion to bestow the crown on him whom the Sidonians should think most worthy of that honor. Hephæstion being at that time resident with two young men of distinction, offered them the kingdom; but they refused it, telling him that it was contrary to the laws of their country to admit any one to that honor who was not of the royal family. He then, having expressed his admiration of their disinterested spirit, desired them to name one of the royal race, who

ight remember that he received the crown through their hands. Overlooking many who would have been ambitious of this high honor, they made choice of Abdolonymus, whose singular merit had rendered him conspicuous even in the vale of obscurity. Though remotely related to the royal family, a series of misfortunes had reduced him to the necessity of cultivating a garden, for a small stipend, in the suburbs of the city.

While Abdolonymus was busily employed in weeding his garden, the two friends of Hephæstion, bearing in their hands the ensigns of royalty, approached and saluted him king, informing him that Alexander had appointed him to that office, and requiring him immediately to exchange his rustic garb and utensils of husbandry for the regal robe and sceptre. At the same time, they urged him, when he should be seated on the throne, and have a nation in his power, not to forget the humble condition from which he had been raised.

All this, at the first, appeared to Abdolonymus as an illusion of the fancy, or an insult offered to his poverty. He requested them not to trouble him further with their impertinent jests, and to find some other way of amusing themselves, which might leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his obscure habitation. At length, however, they convinced him that they were serious in their proposal, and prevailed upon him to accept the regal office, and accompany them to the palace.

No sooner was he in possession of the government, than pride and envy created him enemies, who whispered their murmurs in every place, till at last they reached the ear of Alexander, who, commanding the new-elected prince to be sent for, required of him with what temper of mind he had

borne his poverty. "Would to Heaven," replied Abdolonymus, "that I may be able to bear my crown with equal moderation; for, when I possessed little, I wanted nothing. These hands supplied me with whatever I desired." From this answer Alexander formed so high an idea of his wisdom, that he confirmed the choice which had been made, and annexed a neighboring province to the government of Sidon.

MASS AND MESS.

FONTENELLE had a brother, an abbot. A gentleman asked him, one day, "What is your brother doing?" "My brother?" said he; "he is a priest." "Has he a living?" "No." "How does he employ himself?" "He says mass in the morning." "And in the evening?" "In the evening," rejoins Fontenelle, "he don't know what he says."

POLITICAL PRUDENCE.

ABOUT the commencement of the rebellion of 1745, a man being asked by his friend what side he intended to espouse in the troubles that were about to ensue, answered, "Faith, I shall take the side that the gallows is to be on."

As a number of convicts were passing from Newgate, handcuffed, two and two, sentenced to be shipped from England to America, the procession advanced with great jollity, with fifes before them, playing "Through the Wood, Laddie." A gentleman, who was spectator, could not help exclaiming, "Heavens! how can these poor wretches be so joyous, on such an occasion?" One of the convicts over-

hearing him, replied, "Joyous?—Ay, so we are, master; and if you will but come with us, you will be quite *transported*."

HIGHLAND THIEVES.

DUGALD M'CAUL was a professed thief in the Highlands, and sometimes took young lads into his service as apprentices to the same business. With one of these hopeful youths, who had recently engaged with him, he agreed one night to proceed upon an excursion, the apprentice to steal a wedder, and Dugald himself to steal kail. It was also agreed that they should, after being in possession of their booty, meet in the kirk-yard, where they were pretty sure of not being molested, as it got the name of being haunted by a ghost. Dugald, as may well be supposed, arrived first at the place of rendezvous, and, sitting on a grave-stone, amused himself with eating kail-custocks until the apprentice should arrive with the wedder. In a neighboring farm-house a cripple tailor happened to be at work; and the conversation having turned upon the story of the kirk-yard being haunted, the tailor boldly censured some young men present for not having the courage to go and speak to the supposed apparition, adding, that if he had the use of his limbs, he would have no hesitation in doing it himself. One of the young men, nettled at the tailor's remarks, proposed taking the tailor on his back to the kirk-yard; and, as the tailor could not well recede from what he had said, off they went. The moment they entered the kirk-yard, Dugald M'Caule saw them; and, thinking it was the apprentice with a wedder on his back, he said, in a low tone of voice, as they approached him, "Is he fat?" "Whether he be fat or lean," cried the young man, "there he is to you!" and, throwing down the tailor, ran

off as hard as he could. To his utter astonishment, he found the tailor close at his heels, on entering the farm-house,—intense fear having supplied him with the long-lost use of his limbs, which it is said he retained ever after.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

AN elderly fat gentleman, in discussing a warm beef-steak at a Highland inn, called to the waiting-boy, "Donald, bring me more bread, for I eat a great deal of bread to my steak." Donald answered, with much modest simplicity, "Ay, and please your honor, and ye eat a great deal of steak to your bread."

HUGO ARNOT.

HUGO ARNOT one day, while panting with asthma, was almost deafened by the noise of a brawling fellow who was selling oysters below his window. "The extravagant rascal!" said Hugo, "he has wasted as much breath as would have served me for a month."

AN unprincipled debtor being informed by his friend that one of his creditors wished to receive the *interest*, as he could not obtain the *principal*, he replied, with more wit than honesty: "It is not my *interest* to pay the *principal*, nor my *principle* to pay the *interest*."

AN ordinary domestic clock having unfortunately run down, it was observed that it had come to an untimely end!

AUTHORITY.

THE following anecdote proves how much presence of mind in a man in office is necessary to check the insults of authority. One day, the Duke of Orleans, tired with the reiterated remonstrances made in relation to his arrangements about the mint, gave the magistrate who had been speaking to him this brutal answer, "Go, and be d——d!" The magistrate, without being disconcerted, replied, "Does your Highness command that this answer should be registered?" The prince, whom this gravity brought to himself, changed his language, and expressed himself with the dignity that became him.

MAGNANIMITY.

THE Chevalier de Menilles, being implicated in the conspiracy against the Duke of Orleans, was thrown into prison. The allegation against him was, the not having betrayed those who had intrusted him with the secret. A Marquis of Menilles, of another family, went to the Duke of Orleans, to assure him that the chevalier was neither a relation nor friend of his. "So much the worse for you," replied the regent; "the Chevalier de Menilles is a very gallant gentleman."

EDMUND BURKE.

MR. BURKE was about five feet ten inches high, well-made, and muscular; of that firm and compact frame that denotes more strength than bulk. His countenance had, in his youth, been handsome. The expression of his face was less striking than one who had not seen him would have anticipated.

CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS.

THE Bishop of Avranches discoursing with the Archbishop of Cambray on the subject of the code of criminal laws in France, approved, in contradiction to the archbishop, of the number of executions for capital offences. "I maintain," said he, "that such criminals are not fit to live." "But, my friend," replied Fenelon, "you do not reflect that they are still less fit to die."

WHEN Voltaire's tragedy of Algira was first performed, in 1716, it was reported by many persons that it was not the work of Voltaire. "I hope the report is true," observed a wit. "Why?" asked another. "Because," replied the former, "we shall then have two good poets, instead of one."

COL. BODENS, who was very fat, being accosted, by a man to whom he owed money, with a "how d'ye?" answered, "Pretty well, I thank you; you find I hold my own." "Yes, sir," rejoined the man, "and mine, too, to my sorrow."

A BOY who in term-time picked a pocket fled inside the bar for protection. He was asked the reason of this strange conduct, and replied that "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety."

DURING the census in this city, an ancient dame returned herself as a "Congregational *Decanter*,"—meaning, in correct language, "dissenter."

DEAN SWIFT.

DEAN SWIFT was one day in company, when the conversation fell upon the antiquity of the family. The lady of the house expatiated a little too freely on her descent, observing that her ancestors' names began with De, and, of course, of ancient French extraction. When she had finished, "And so," said the Dean, "you will be so kind as to help me to piece of that Dumpling."

THE HUSBAND'S FEAR.

AN Irishman, who had often experienced his wife's ill-humor, opposed her with no other weapon but silence. Whereupon a friend told him, "It is easily seen you are afraid of your wife." "It is not she that I am afraid of," replied the husband; "it is the noise."

AN old Chevalier de Maltha, of ancient *noblesse*, but in circumstances, was in a coffee-house at Paris, where was then, the great manufacturer at the Gobelins of the fine tapestry, so much distinguished both for the figures and colors.

The chevalier's carriage was very old. Says Julien, in a plebeian insolence, "I think, sir, you had better have your carriage new painted." "Well, sir, you may take it and dye it." All the coffee-house rejoiced at Julien's fusion.

IN a certain court of justice in Vermont, a sheriff, or crier, ordered to call the defendant, or the cause would proceed *parte*. Not understanding the meaning of the words *ex parte*, he declared that it would proceed the *next fair day*.

IRISHMAN AND TEA-KETTLE.

THE servant of a naval commander, an Irishman, one day let a tea-kettle fall into the sea, upon which he ran to his master, "Arrah, an' plase your honor, can anything be said to be lost, when you know where it is?" "Certainly not," replied the officer. "Why, then, by my soul and St. Patrick, your tea-kettle is safe, for it is at the bottom of the sea."

DARKNESS VISIBLE.

AN Irishman, being at a town in the west of England on a winter night, observed to an inhabitant, rather shrewdly, "One thing is *clear*, that your town is very *dark*."

ELOQUENCE.

MR. BURKE'S colleague for Bristol, it would appear, was not remarkable as an orator. It is reported that, after Mr. Burke had delivered one of his best speeches at Bristol, Cruger rose up, and exclaimed, "I say *ditto* to Mr. Burke; I say *ditto* to Mr. Burke."

JAMES CHARLES FOX.

MR. FOX (afterwards Lord Holland) made it a rule, in the tuition of his children, to follow and regulate, but not restrain, nature. At table, Charles, when a boy, was permitted to enter into the conversation of men, and acquitted himself to the astonishment of all present. Perhaps the early habit of thinking with freedom, and speaking with readiness, may have contributed to that *prompt exertion* of his

great talents which makes a considerable part of his senatorial excellence. When Mr. Fox was Secretary of State, young Charles used to read his despatches; and when not ten years of age, one day told his father that a paper, which he had just read, was too feeble, and threw it into the fire. The secretary made out another copy, without the slightest reprimand. Most parents would agree in thinking that the father's indulgence, even to Charles Fox, was excessive. Few, very few, can have an opportunity of ascertaining its effects on *such a subject*.

Two sailors, being in company together, were relating the most remarkable accidents that happened in their voyages. One swore they found it so excessively hot, going to Guinea, that they used no fire to boil their kettle, but dressed all their meat above deck, in the sunshine; and could bake, boil, fry or stew, as well as at a large fire.

The other said, "I never was in so hot a climate as that; but I have been so many degrees to the northward, where it has been so cold, it has frozen our words in our mouths, that we could not hear one another speak, till we came into a warmer latitude to thaw them; and then all our discourses broke out together like a clap of thunder, that there was never such a confusion of tongues heard at Babel."

WHEN Marshal Tallard was riding with the Duke of Marlborough in his carriage, after the victory of Blenheim, "My Lord Duke," says the marshal, "you have had the honor of beating the best troops in the world." "I hope," replied the duke, "you except those who have had the honor of beating them."

A CURIOUS MANNER OF PUNISHING THOSE GUILTY OF A
LIBEL, IN RUSSIA.

WE complain very heavily of the men who write libels, but the method we take to punish has not the effect which is intended. It does not deter the offenders, nor terrify others from committing the same crime. Imprisonment, pillory, burning the libel, and some other things of the same sort, are what these gentlemen earnestly desire; it saves them the expense of advertising. They manage these things differently in Russia. A gentleman in Petersburg thought fit to publish a quarto pamphlet, reflecting upon the unlimited power of the sovereign, and exposing the iniquity with which it was exerted. The offender was immediately seized, by virtue of a warrant signed by one of the principal officers of state, was tried in a summary way, his book determined to be a libel, and he himself, as the author, condemned to eat his own words. The sentence was literally carried into execution. A scaffold was erected in the most public street in the town, the imperial provost was the executioner, and all the inferior magistrates attended the ceremony. The book was severed from the binding, the margins were cut off, and every leaf was rolled up in the form of a lottery-ticket when it was taken out of the wheel at Guildhall. The author was then fed with them separately by the provost. The gentleman had received a complete mouthful before he began to chew; but he was obliged, upon pain of the severest bastinado, to swallow as many of the leaves as the attendant surgeon thought it possible for him to do, without the immediate hazard of his life.

A COUNTRY squire introduced his baboon, in clerical habits, to say grace. A clergyman who was present imme-

diately left the table, asking ten thousand pardons for not remembering that *his lordship's nearest relation* was in orders.

HISTORY OF ALCOHOL.

ALCOHOL was invented nine hundred and fifty years ago, by the son of a strange woman, Hagar, in Arabia. Ladies used it with a powder to paint themselves, that they might appear more beautiful; and this powder was called alcohol. During the reign of William and Mary an act was passed encouraging the manufacture of spirits. Soon after, intemperance and profligacy prevailed to such an extent that the retailers in intoxicating drinks put up signs in public places informing the people that they might get drunk for a penny, and have some straw to get sober on.

In the sixteenth century distilled spirits spread over the continent of Europe. About this time it was introduced into the colonies, as the United States were then called. The first notice we have of its use in public life was among the laborers in the Hungarian mines, in the fifteenth century. In 1751 it was used by the English soldiers as a cordial. The alcohol in Europe was made of grapes, and sold in Italy and Spain as a medicine. The Genoese afterwards made it from grain, and sold it as a medicine in bottles, under the name of the water of life. Until the sixteenth century it had only been kept by apothecaries as medicine. During the reign of Henry VII. brandy was unknown in Ireland, and soon its alarming effect induced the government to pass a law prohibiting its manufacture.

About one hundred and twenty years ago it was used as a beverage, especially among the soldiers in the English colonies in North America, under the preposterous notion that it

prevented sickness, and made men fearless on the field of battle. It was looked upon as a sovereign specific. Such is a brief sketch of the introduction of alcohol into society as a beverage. The history of it is written in the wretchedness, the tears, the groans, poverty and murder, of thousands. It has marched the land with the tread of a giant, leaving the impress of its footsteps in the bones, sinews and life's blood, of the people.

NO PAY NO PLAY.

WHEN the first Musical Festival took place at Edinburgh, there was a great bustle, for some time before, among the musicians, and much fear was expressed lest there should not be a sufficient number of *violin-players* in town to fill that department of the orchestra. An old woman, who conducted a wretched performer — her husband — through the streets, and who thought, perhaps, that the Musical Festival would be an affair little better than a penny wedding, hearing of the great demand for fiddlers, remarked one day to a friend, "Faith, they'll no get our John, unless they *pay him weel!*"

AN Irish servant, being struck by his master, cried out, "Devil take me if I am certain whether he has killed me or no; but, if I am dead, it will afford me great satisfaction to hear the old rogue was *hanged* for killing me."

A GENTLEMAN, being jolted by a sailor, vociferated that he would *give* him a flogging. "No," says the son of Neptune, "you shan't *give* it to me; I will return it, and *pay interest* besides."

CAPITULATION.

SOME years ago, a gentleman in Galloway, when walking on his estate, observed a country boy rapidly mounting to the top of a very high tree, in search, no doubt, of a crow or pyet's nest. Being concerned for the little fellow's safety, as well as anxious to banish such mischievous intruders from his plantations, he bawled out, "Ho, ye little scoundrel! what are you about there? Come down immediately, and never let me see your face in this place again!" The climber, nowise alarmed at this address, rested himself on a branch, and answered, very laconically, "Na; if I was to come doon, you would lick me." "No," said the gentleman, "although you well deserve to be punished, I won't beat you for this offence; so come down immediately." "Say as sure's death ye'll no lick me," rejoined the culprit, "and I'll come doon." "What, you impudent rogue! do you presume to doubt my word, and treat me like one of your school-boys?" "I dinna ken," whimpered the pertinacious boy "but unless you say as sure's death, I'll no come doon the day." The gentleman, who was a distinguished humorist, had now great difficulty in preserving his gravity; and, finding further remonstrance vain, he at last fairly capitulated with the enemy, and agreed to grant him his own terms, and to let him march off with all the honors of war.

A GENTLEMAN, who had been very silly and pert in a lady's company, at last began to grieve at remembering the loss of his child, lately dead. A bishop, sitting by, advised him to make himself easy, because the child was gone to heaven. "I believe, my lord," said the lady, "'tis that which makes him grieve, because he is sure never to see his child there."

BLACK AS EVER.

A GENTLEMAN crossing the water lately below Lime-house, where laborers were at work in a tier of colliers, and wanting to learn the price of coals in the Pool, hailed one of the men with "Well, Paddy, how are coals?" "Black as ever, your honor," replied the Irishman, with a hearty laugh.

PADDY AND THE GAME-CKOCKS.

A GENTLEMAN, having engaged to fight a main of cocks, directed his feeder in the country, who was a son of the sod, to pick out two of the best, and bring them to town. Paddy, having made his selection, put the two cocks together into a bag, and brought them with him in the mail-coach. When they arrived it was found that upon their journey they had almost torn each other to pieces; on which Paddy was severely taken to task for his stupidity in putting both cocks in one bag. "Indeed," said the honest Hibernian, "I thought there was no risk of their falling out, as they were going to fight on the same side."

THE IRISH METHOD OF RUINING A BANKER.

IN a late Irish rebellion, J. C. Beresford, Esq., a banker, and member for Dublin, rendered himself so very obnoxious to the rebels, in consequence of his vigilance in bringing them to punishment, that whenever they found any of his bank-notes, in plundering a house, the general cry was, "By Jasus, we'll ruin the rascal! we'll destroy every note of his we can find!" and they actually destroyed, it is supposed, upwards of twenty thousand pounds of his notes during the rebellion.

ODD PROCLAMATION FOR HOLDING A FAIR AMONG THE SCOTCH.

O YES! and that's e'e time; O yes! and that's twa times; O yes! and that's theird and last time. All manner of pearson or pearsons, whosoever, let 'em draw near, and I shall let 'em kenn that there is a fair to be held at the muckle town of Langholm, for the space of aught days, wherein if any hustrin, custrin, land-lopper, dub-skouper, or gang-the-gate-swinger, shall breed any hurdam, durham, rabblement, brabblement, or squabblement, he shall have his lugs tacked to the muckle throne, with a nail of a twa-a-penny, until he down on his hobshanks, and put up his muckle daups, and pray to hea'en neen times,—God bless the king, and thrice the muckle laird of Relton, paying a groat to me, Jemmy Ferguson, Bailly of the aforesaid manor.—So you heard my proclamation, and I'll gang heam to my dinner.

RISE OF THE CITY OF GLASGOW.

THE late Provost Cochrane, who was eminently wise, and who had been a merchant at Glasgow for near seventy years, being asked to what causes he imputed the sudden rise of the city of Glasgow, said it was all owing to four young men of talents and spirit, who started at one time in business, and whose success gave example to the rest. The *four* had not *ten thousand pounds* amongst them when they began.

IRISH CAPITALS.

THE preceding anecdote was related by the Earl of Chesterfield in answer to some observations as to the poverty of Ireland. His lordship was for maintaining "the chain of

causes and effects to be as absolute in the moral and political, as the natural world." Certainly the argument that, because the Irish have small capitals, they will not obtain trade, is an argument for children.

LITERARY ANECDOTE.

THE performance known by the name of "Burn's Treatise on the Office of a Justice of the Peace" was written by a poor clergyman in the north of England. He went to London to sell his manuscript, and inquired of the landlord at the inn where he lodged if he was acquainted with any bookseller. The master of the house introduced him to a person in the trade, who, after keeping the manuscript for examination eight days, at last offered him twenty pounds for it. After a variety of disappointments of the same kind, the author waited on Mr. Miller, who was rising fast in fame and fortune. He had sufficient strength of mind to see that "honesty was the best policy;" and, by treating every writer with justice, and often with generosity, he acquired a most opulent fortune. He had in his employment gentlemen in every different branch of learning, who were to report to him of the different books submitted to their inspection. The manuscript in question was transmitted to a Scotch student in the Temple, and Burn in the mean time received a general invitation to Mr. Miller's table. In eight or ten days the manuscript was returned to Mr. Miller, with a note that it would be an excellent bargain at two hundred pounds. Next day, after dinner, when the glass had begun to circulate, he asked Burn what was the lowest sum he would take. The poor man replied that the highest offer he had received was twenty pounds,—a sum too small to defray the expenses of his journey. "Will you accept of two hundred guineas?"

said Mr. Miller. "Two hundred guineas!" cried the parson, clapping his hands; "I am extremely fortunate." The book went through many impressions, and Miller, of his own good will, paid the clergyman an hundred pounds additional for each of them. As the author loved port, the bookseller gave him a letter of credit for the purchase of a pipe of wine per annum, during the rest of his life, in any wine-cellar in London where he thought proper. "After all this," added Miller, in telling the story, "I have lived to clear eleven thousand pounds by the bargain."

MAKING A WIFE A NURSE.

A BACHELOR of seventy and upwards came one day to Bishop Alexander, of Dunkeld, and said he wished to be married to a girl of the neighborhood, whom he named. The bishop, a non-juring Scotch Episcopalian of the middle of the last century, and himself an old bachelor, inquired into the motives of this strange proceeding, and soon drew from the old man the awkward apology, that he married to have a nurse. Too knowing to believe such a statement, the good bishop quietly replied, "See, John, then, and mak her ane."

TEXT FOR TEXT.

THE Duke of Bouillon, whom Louis XIII. had just pardoned for a conspiracy, met the Cardinal of Valette, who said to him, "*Beati quorum remissa sunt iniquitates.*"—"Blessed are they whose sins are forgiven them." As this cardinal had been suspected of being also engaged in another conspiracy, the duke answered him, "*Et quorum tecta sunt peccata.*"—"And under whose roof there are no

faults." This answer is the more happy, as being chosen from the same Psalm.

POPE ALEXANDER THE SIXTH,

HAVING expended large sums in building a magnificent palace, the poor, who suffered greatly, murmured at it, and wrote these words upon the gates of it: "*Dic ut lapides isti panes fiant.*"—"Command that these stones be made bread."

TWO REVEREND DRONES.

A CERTAIN reverend drone in the country was complaining to another that it was great fatigue to preach twice a day. "O," said the other, "I preach twice every Sunday, and make nothing of it."

A DISTINCTION.

AN Irish gentleman, by way of complimenting the king, said, "That the only difference he knew between the Pope and his majesty was, that the first was *infallible*, and the second *could do no wrong*."

No man, for any considerable period, can wear one face to himself, and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the truer.

If any inducement could influence angels to leave heaven to dwell on earth, it would be to associate with and wipe the tears of sorrow from the eyes of the fairest daughters of our world.

A FINE ANSWER.

SHORTLY after his accession, Louis XIV., then very young, asked one of the oldest of his courtiers ~~which he liked best,~~ the last age or the present. "Sire," answered he, "I passed my youth in respecting the old, and I now pass my old age in respecting the young."

CHOICE OF DEATH.

A COURT buffoon having offended his sovereign, the monarch ordered him to be brought before him, and with a stern countenance reproached him. "Wretch! you shall receive the punishment you merit; prepare yourself for death." The culprit, in great terror, fell upon his knees, and cried for mercy. "I will extend no other mercy to you," said the prince, "except permitting you to choose what kind of death you will die. Decide immediately, for I will be obeyed." "I adore your clemency," said the crafty jester; "I choose to die of old age."

MR. CURRAN.

THIS celebrated orator, once passing through an obscure alley in Dublin, observing a broken pane patched by a page of a very dull book, exclaimed to his companions, "'T is the first time, I believe, that the author has *thrown light upon any subject.*"

A MELTING sermon being one day preached in a country church, all the congregation fell a weeping, except one man, who begged to be excused, as he *belonged to another parish.*

CAPTAIN GROSE

HAD illustrated the Antiquities of England and Wales, in four volumes quarto, and of Scotland, in two volumes. He was executing a work of the same kind relative to Ireland, when he died at Dublin, in May, 1791. He also published "A Provincial Glossary, with a Collection of Local Proverbs, &c.," and a very eccentric performance, entitled, "A Classical History of the Vulgar Tongue." He was a man of much humor, and remarkably familiar with his domestics. Though a military officer, his figure was so remarkably thick and short that he was supposed by many a kind of burlesque on the military character. He delighted much in punning upon his own figure, of which the following anecdote is an instance, as it is also a proof of his familiarity and good-nature. In a culinary tête-à-tête with his housekeeper, she thus expostulated with him: "Sir, as you are inclinable to be fat, you should not eat food of a nourishing kind; you should ——" "You jade," replied he, "I am not inclinable to be fat; that I am fat is wholly against my inclination; I consider it as a misfortune to be fat. For the future, therefore, remember that I am disinclined to be fat."

BAUCHIE LEE.

BEFORE the Bridge of Dalserf, in Lanarkshire, was built, about forty years ago, a ferry-boat was kept there by one Bauchie Lee, a rough, uncultivated being, but possessed of great shrewdness and humor. The late Earl of Hyndford (the last of the title) had occasion very frequently to pass the ferry, when he generally gave Bauchie a shilling, although the charge was only one penny. His lordship

cracked many a joke with Bauchie, who, in return, used a good deal of freedom : but the former, on a particular occasion, determined to give the ferryman a puzzler. So, accordingly, having got across the river, his lordship leapt out of the boat without so much as putting his hand into his pocket. Bauchie, apparently thunderstruck at the occurrence, for a while eyed the earl, who, before he had gone many paces, was interrupted with the vehement vociferation of, "My lord ! I have only to say to your lordship, that if you have lost your purse, recollect it has not been in my boat." The good earl laughed heartily, retraced his steps, and rewarded Bauchie with a double gift.

ANECDOTE OF A HISTORIAN.

MR. DAVID HUME often met with illiberal treatment from the clergy of Scotland, who took every opportunity to asperse his character, on account of his free opinions. Observing a certain zealot of this class always leave the room when he entered it, he one day took an opportunity to address him as follows : "I am surprised, friend, to find you express an aversion to me ; I would wish to be upon good terms with you here, as it is very probable we shall be both doomed to the same place hereafter : you believe I shall be damned for want of faith, and I fear you will be damned for want of charity."

A PERSON said to a physician, "Well, doctor, Mr. B. is dead, notwithstanding you promised to cure him." The doctor replied, "You were absent, sir ; you did not follow the progress of the cure. *He died cured.*"

ANECDOTE OF LORD SOMERS AND MR. JOHNSTONE.

LORD SOMERS, when Chancellor, hired a little house near Twickenham Common, in which parish Mr. Johnstone, Secretary of State for Scotland, built that beautiful villa, late in the possession of Sir George Peacock. The Chancellor of England invited the Secretary of Scotland to a convivial dinner, and the secretary, during dinner, entertained the company with a long story of a countryman of his own, concluding with "Notwithstanding all this, he was a d—d knave." "What!" in a start, exclaimed Somers; "you, Mr. Johnstone, declare a Scotchman to be a knave?" "Take no heed about that, sir," says the secretary; "for, as I shall answer to the Lord, we have more knaves in Scotland than ye have honest men in England."

TRUCKLE-BEDS

AMONG the furniture of our old colleges, truckle-beds are very frequently enumerated. Shakspeare, painting (it is presumed) the manners of his own times, makes the truckle-bed part of the furniture of his facetious knight. (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv. scene 5); and Hall, who wrote 1597, satirizing a "gentle squire" and a domestic tutor, represents it as the first condition requisite in the latter,

"That he sleep upon the truckle-bed,
While his young maister lieth o'er his head."

RINGS.

THE use of rings is of high antiquity in Ireland. In a translation of a fragment of Icelandic history, entitled "*A Voyage from Ireland to Iceland*," in the possession of the

Earl of Moira, an Irish princess, resident in Iceland, presents to her son, on the eve of his departure for Ireland, a ring, saying, "My father made a present of this gold ring to me on the appearance of my first tooth; I hope that he will know it again."

JOURNEY OF CHARLES I. INTO SPAIN, IN 1628.

It appears by the Inrollment Book in the office for auditing the public accounts, vol. III. fol. 175, that the prince's expenses for his journey into Spain, during his abode there, and for his return from thence, amounted to fifty thousand and twenty-seven pounds; which was paid in part out of the king's exchequer, and in part out of the prince's treasury.

SEDITIONOUS SERMONS.

IN the year 1622, the Privy Council, by the direction of King James, wrote to the university concerning a wicked sermon preached by one Knight, who sheltered himself under the doctrine taught by Parens in his Commentary on the 13th chapter of Romans, which the bishops had declared seditious, scandalous, and contrary to the Scriptures. The heads of the University were, therefore, enjoined to stop such doctrines, and to search all the libraries, and in case any such books were found there to burn them.

DUTCH HOSPITALITY.

AN Irish soldier, who came over with General Moore, being asked if he met with much hospitality in Holland, "O yes," he replied, "too much; I was in the hospital almost all the time I was there."

AN IRISH WARNING.

"Do not send for Dr. S——," said Captain O'Neak; "do not send for Dr. S——; for he once attended a young officer of our regiment, and, upon my conscience, he stuffed the poor lad so unmercifully with potions and draughts, that he continued sick for a fortnight after he was quite well."

SUWARROW.

THE singularity of his manners is as striking as the eccentricity of his mind. He retires to rest at six in the evening, and rises at two in the morning, when he bathes himself in cold water, or causes pails of water to be thrown over his naked body. He dines at eight, and his dinner, like his breakfast, consists of the coarsest and commonest food of the soldiers, and brandy; a man trembles to be invited to such a repast. Often, in the middle of the entertainment, one of his aids-de-camp rises, and, approaching him, forbids him to eat any more. "By whose order am I forbidden?" demands Suwarrow. "By order of the Marshal Suwarrow himself," answers the aid-de-camp. Suwarrow, rising, then says, "He must be obeyed." In the same manner, he causes himself to be commanded in his own name to walk, or do any other necessary thing.

A METHOD OF SUPPRESSING A MOB WITHOUT BLOODSHED.

IN the year 1792 the women of Toulon declared themselves in a state of insurrection, and, assembling in great crowds, threatened to hang the magistrates, if they did not lower the price of sugar. The procurator Snyder at first laughed at their threats, but the multitude refusing to dis-

perse, he assembled the Council General of the commune, and ordered the fire-engines, with a plentiful supply of water mixed with soot, to be drawn out in battle array. By a vigorous discharge of this smutty artillery, the insurgents in petticoats were completely routed, and retired peaceably to their homes.

AN IRISH HAND-BILL.

THE following remarkable hand-bill was printed and stuck up in several parts of the city of Dublin: "This is to certify, that I, Daniel O'Flanagan, am not the person that was tarred and feathered by the liberty mob on Tuesday last; and I am ready to give twenty guineas to any one that will bet me fifty that I am the other man who goes by my name. Witness my hand, this 30th of July. — DAN. O'FLANAGAN."

WIGS.

It is said that the first person by whom a wig was worn in Ireland was a Mr. Edmund O'Dwyer, who lost his estate by joining in opposition to Cromwell's forces. He was known by the appellation of "Edmund of the Wig."

AN Irish gentleman, having a party to meet at a tavern, exclaimed, on arriving (finding the room empty), "So I am first, after all." The waiter informed him that he was mistaken; that his friends had been there, but were gone. "Very well," replied the Hibernian, "then I have made no mistake; for, as they were all here before me, surely I was right in saying I was first, *after all*."

THE "SHIPWRECK" OF AND BY WILLIAM FALCONER.

PERHAPS the incidents connected with the fortunes of this amiable, accomplished and ingenious writer, are unexampled. It is to the honor of Scotland, so prolific in great literary talents, that William Falconer was a native of that country. He published, in 1762, a charming pathetic poem, called "The Shipwreck," formed on a disaster which happened to himself some years before. Had he not experienced the perils which he so feelingly describes in that poem, he could not possibly have related them with so much pathos. It is very remarkable that, in the second calamity of the same kind, he probably lost his life; for he went out, in 1769, in the *Aurora* frigate, which was never heard of after sailing from the Cape of Good Hope for the East Indies. Mr. F. was secretary to the supervisors who were on board.

Two brothers having been sentenced to death, one was executed first. "See!" the other brother said, "what a lamentable spectacle my brother makes! In a few minutes I shall be turned off,—and then you will see a pair of spectacles!"

A COACHMAKER, remarking the fashionable stages of carriages, said that a *sociable* was all the ton during the *honey-moon*, and a *sulky* ever after.

~~ACT~~ "You are always yawning!" said a woman to her husband. "My dear friend," replied he, "the husband and wife are *one*, and when I am *alone* I grow weary."

A FRENCHMAN, calling at a federal tavern for a gill of wine, which was brought him, observed that the quantity was very small, and that it was the custom in France to bring liquor in a measure. "Ay," said the landlord, "but we don't wish to introduce *French measures* here."

A VERY plain man was acting the character of Mithridates on a French theatre, when Monima said to him, "My lord, you change countenance." A young fellow in the pit cried, "For Heaven's sake, let him!"

ENVY shoots at others, and wounds itself.

Praise makes a wise man modest, a fool arrogant.

He is unworthy to live who lives only for himself.

Discovery often becomes a crime, and doubt of established error, treason.

The defects of the mind, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.

Better is a poor and wise child, than an old and foolish king, who will no more be admonished.

Introduce changes in your reading and studies. Who reads but little at a time retains that little the better.

Youth endures nothing more easily than poverty, if only a love, either of a heart or a science, illuminate its dark present.

To answer a bully with the courteousness of a gentleman, is like defending yourself with a foil against a two-handed sword.

AN impudent fellow from Scotland was described to Dr. Johnson, as affecting to be a savage, and railing at established systems. He observed, "There is nothing surprising in this. He wants to make himself conspicuous. He would tumble in a hog-sty so long as you looked at him and called to him to come out. But let him alone; never mind him, and he will soon give it up."

DURING the engagement between the American frigate *Constellation* and the French national frigate *La Vengeance*, an American sailor, intent on nothing but capturing the Frenchman, exclaimed, "Blast it, lieutenant, don't put any more balls in the guns; you will spoil the prize."

AN Irish painter declares, in an Irish journal, that, among other portraits, he has a representation of *Death*, as large as *life*.

A FRENCH actress recited imprecatory verses with terrible gestures, but as soon as she had done her face remained quite composed, without dumb play. Mr. Garrick said of her, "She is a good girl; she puts herself in a terrible passion, but she bears not the least shadow of malice."

A LITTLE boy having been much praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman observed when children were so keen in their youth they are generally stupid and dull as they advance in years. "What a very sensible boy you must have been, sir, then!" replied the child.

EXAGGERATION OUT-EXAGGERATED.

NOTHING is more common than to make extravagant and improbable assertions, as if a rational conversation could not be supported but by the marvellous. The best answer that can be made to such is, if possible, to exceed the absurdity. A gentleman was boasting, in company with Boursault, of his very strong sight, and, just at the moment, looking through the window, said, "I can discern from hence a mouse on the top of that high tower." "I do not see it," answered Boursault, "but I hear it running."

IMITATING HANNIBAL.

THE magistrates of Marseilles having, on some great public anniversary, waited on Henry IV. of France, and prepared for the purpose a long and learned harangue, which, for the greater satisfaction of the king (who loved brevity and despatch), was to be delivered by the chief magistrate, who had a very ungraceful and drawling delivery,—he began thus: "Sire, Hannibal, on quitting Carthage—" At these words, the king interrupted him, by saying, "Hannibal, when he quitted Carthage, had dined, and I will go and do the same."

A DEVILISH GOOD FORTUNE.

"It is an ill wind," says the old adage, "that blows nobody any good;" the higher the better for the Bricklayer's Company, who have a rich harvest, which they continue to reap for a fortnight afterwards. They exclaim, with David, "Praise the Lord, O ye winds, for he rideth in the tempest." One of them, looking very earnestly at a pavement almost wholly covered with the tiles that were blown down by a tre-

mendous storm, said to an Irishman who stood by, "The devil has been very busy abroad to-night; can you account for it?" "Yes," answered Patrick, "I can; he has married his eldest daughter to a bricklayer, and, as he had no money to fortune her, he has given her a high wind for a portion."

A HIBERNIAN EPISTLE.

THE following letter from an Irish soldier on duty at the Tower was written to the warden: "My wife is very ill; prays your honor's worship to let me sleep out at night, promising most faithfully never to go out till after the gates are locked up at night, and always to come in before the gates are opened in the morning; for which your petitioner shall ever pray."

HENRY IV., King of France, always made his children call him papa or father, not the usual title of Sir, or, Your majesty. He used frequently to join in their amusements; and, one day, as he was going on all fours, with the dauphin, his son, on his back, an ambassador entered his apartment suddenly, and surprised him in this attitude. The monarch, without moving from it, said to him, "Monsieur L'Ambassadeur, have you any children?" "Yes, sire," replied he. "Very well, then," said the king; "I shall finish my race round my chamber."

A DUMB ANIMAL.

A GENTLEMAN threatening to beat a dog which barked intolerably, "Why," exclaimed an Irishman who was present, "would you beat the poor dumb animal for making a noise?"

EFFECTS OF SPREEING.

"PATRICK, do you know the *fate* of the drunkard?"
Pat.—"Fate? Don't I stand upon the most beautiful *pair* you ever seen?"

A POOR ARABIAN.

A POOR Arabian of the desert, ignorant as most Arabians are, was one day asked how he came to be assured that there was a God. "In the same way," replied he, "that I am able to tell by the print impressed on the sand whether it was a man or a beast passed this way."

No lady who has any regard for herself, or any respect for the society in which she moves, will be slovenly in her appearance, or careless in her attire.

What is the highest beauty of literature, poetry, fiction, and the fine arts, but a moral beauty, which genius has bodied forth for the admiration of the world?

He who violates his promise to pay, or withholds the payment of a debt when in his power to meet his engagement, ought to be made to feel that in the sight of all honest men he is a swindler.

When I see a young profligate squandering his fortune in bagnios, or at the gaming-table, I cannot help looking on him as hastening his own death, and, in a manner, digging his own grave.

One of the worst things to fat on is envy. It is as difficult for a grudging man to raise a double chin as it is for a bankrupt to raise a loan. Plumpness comes not from roast beef, but from a good heart and a cheerful disposition.

DISCERNMENT.

THE Earl of Stair's discernment appeared in the choice of the three friends whom he carried in his coach to London, to provide for:—the late Sir John Pringle, afterwards President of the Royal Society; Mr. Keith, afterwards ambassador at Berlin and Vienna; and Sir Lawrence Dundas,—men of superior talents in their respective lines, and of good birth, but at that time no favorites of fortune. He was well repaid. I have seen the two first, at fourscore years of age, cry when the name of Stair was mentioned.

SELF-DEFENCE.

JAMES MASSEY DAWSON, Esq., independent of his own personal prowess (which many remember as being the terror of all the hackney-coachmen within the bills of mortality), was commonly attended in his perambulations by an extraordinary number of very fierce dogs. One of them having assailed a paver, and fastened on his leg, the paver, *se defendendo*, killed the animal. His master, enraged, demanded compensation, and had the chief of the rammer and pickaxe brought before a magistrate. On being asked why he killed the dog, he answered that "the animal would have bit him." "But why," said the magistrate, "not strike him with the handle of the pick, instead of the point?" "So I should," answered Paddy, "if he had attempted to bite me with his tail, instead of his teeth."

A CRIMP, endeavoring to inveigle a young shepherd to enlist by the promise of making him a sergeant, was archly answered that he was already a *field officer*.

FAITH.

FREDERICK THE GREAT having embellished a Lutheran church with a new altar-piece, the ministers represented to the king that their flock could not read the canticles, which were done in very small print. His majesty, considering that the advanced state of the building rendered this fault irremediable, returned their remonstrance, having first written at the bottom of it these words, "Happy are they who believe and see not."

AN old French nobleman told a lady that formerly his polite attentions were taken for declarations of love, but that now his declarations of love were taken for polite attentions.

A FRENCH gentleman had courted a young lady some months; at last the mother asked him whether, by thus continuing his courtship to her daughter, he meant to marry her, or otherwise. "To tell you the truth, madam," replied he, "it is for *otherwise*."

A FOOLISH fellow said in company, "An idea strikes me." A wag replied, "I am surprised at it."

VISCOUNT S. once met M. de V., and said to him, "Is it true, sir, that in a house where I am thought to be witty you said that I had no wit at all?" M. de V. answered, "My lord, there is not a word of truth in the matter; I never was in a house where you were thought to be witty, and I never had occasion to tell anybody you had no wit at all."

FRAGMENT OF A SERMON,

BY DR. CHENEY, BISHOP OF GLOSTER, WHO WAS DISSATISFIED WITH THE REFORMATION.

"THESE new writers," says his lordship, "in matters of controversy, as Mr. Calvin and others, agree not together, but are at dissension among themselves, and are together by the ears; therefore, take heed of them. Yet read them; for in opening the text they do pass many of the old fathers, and they are excellently well learned in the tongues; but in matters now in controversy follow them not, but follow the old fathers and doctors, though Mr. Calvin denies some of them. As for your new doctors, it is good to pick a *salad* out of them, now and then. 'Scriptures, Scriptures,' do you cry? Be not too hasty; for so the heretics always cried. I would ask this question: I have to do with an heretic, I bring scripture against him, and he will confess it to be scripture, but he will deny the sense that I bring for it; how, now, how shall this be tried? marry, by the fathers only, and not by others. In reading the Scriptures, be you like a snail, which is a goodly figure; for when he feels a hard thing against his horns, he pulls them in again. So do you; read Scriptures, in God's name; but when you come to matters of controversy, go back again, and pull in your horns."

THE famous Fermier general, Mons. Bouret, was a man of immense fortune, but stupid even to a proverb. Being one day in the king's apartment at Versailles, called L'œuil de Bœuf, where two noblemen were engaged in a party at piquet, one of them happened to play the wrong card, and by that lost the game; when he exclaimed, "O, what a *Bouret* am I!" Offended at this liberty, Bouret instantly resented it in these

words: "Sir, you are an *ass*!" "The very thing I meant," replied the other, with a *sang froid* that gave the epigram its full poignancy.

ANECDOTE OF PIGALLE.

PIGALLE, the celebrated artist, who had laid by twelve Louis d'ors for his journey from Lyons to Paris, seeing one day a man who was walking with visible marks of deep-felt sorrow in his countenance, boldly accosted him, and asked him if he could any way relieve him. "Ah, sir!" exclaimed the stranger, "for want of ten Louis, I must be dragged this evening to a dungeon, and be separated from a tender wife and numerous family." "Is that all?" replied the humane artist. "Come along with me; I have twelve of them in my trunk, and they are all at your service." A friend, who met him by chance next day, asked him whether he had relieved the distresses of a poor man, as was publicly reported at Lyons. "Ah, mon ami," said Pigalle, "what a delicious supper did I make last night upon bread and cheese, with a family who blessed me at every mouthful they ate, which was moistened with the tears of gratitude!"

ANECDOTE OF DR. HOUGH.

DR. HOUGH, Bishop of Worcester, who was as remarkable for the evenness of his temper as for many other great qualities, having a good deal of company at his house, a gentleman present desired his lordship to show him a weather-glass, which the bishop had lately purchased, and which cost him above thirty guineas. The servant was accordingly desired to bring it, who, in delivering it to the gentleman, accident-

ally let it fall, and broke it all to pieces. The company was all a little deranged from this accident, but particularly the gentleman who asked to see it, and who was making many apologies for the accident. "Be under no concern, my dear sir," said the bishop, smiling; "I think it is rather a lucky omen. We have hitherto had a very dry season, and now I hope we shall have some more rain; for I protest I do not remember ever to have seen the glass so low in my life."

A TRIFLER.

"I WILL forfeit my head, if you are not wrong," exclaimed a dull and warm orator to the president Montesquieu, in an argument. "I accept it," replied the philosopher; "any trifle among friends has a value."

SAVING ONE'S BACON.

A BOY, who had not returned after the holidays to Winchester school, which the master charged him to do, came back at last loaded with a fine ham, as a bribe to the master, who took the ham, but flogged the lad, and told him, "You may give my compliments to your mother for the ham, but I assure you it shall not save your bacon."

A NEGRO, having purchased a hat, was observed to take it from his head on the fall of a slight shower of rain, and to manifest considerable alarm to preserve it from the wet. On being remonstrated with for his supposed stupidity in thus leaving his head exposed, he wittingly observed, "Hat belong to *me*, head belong to *massa*."

BUILDING CASTLES IN THE AIR.

DURING the civil war, some persons of the royal party having mixed with the republicans in company, were talking of their future hopes. "'T is all building castles in the air," observed a surly republican. "Where can we build them else?" replied a cavalier; "you have robbed us of every inch of land."

STORY RAISED.

MR. CONGREVE going up the water in a boat, one of the watermen told him, as they passed by Peterborough House, at Milbank, "that the house had sunk a *story*." "No, friend," said he; "I rather believe it is a *story* raised."

CURE FOR DUMBNESS

AN Irish soldier got discharged by pretending to be dumb. Soon after, enlisting in another corps, he was met and recognized by a former comrade, who asked him how he had learned to speak so as to get into a new regiment. "By St. Patrick," answered the Milesian, "ten guineas would make any man spake."

IN the beginning of the British treaty fever, an honest-hearted, blunt, careless fellow was met by an old man, who in a solemn tone exclaimed, "Is it possible?" and, still shaking his gray locks, said, "They do say General Washington is a going to sell his country." "Well, and who has a better right?" returned the wag. "It is a country of his own making; he has *suckled*, and *nursed*, and *tended*, and *fatted* it, till, faith, I am not afraid to trust him with it in any market under heaven.'

THE FRIAR IS GOOD, BUT THE ABBOT IS BETTER.

FRANCIS I. playing at tennis with a friar, who struck the ball well, the king said, "That's a good stroke for a friar." "I'll give it the stroke of an abbot, if your majesty please."

PAINTING'S PLUS ULTRA.

NANTEUIL said "he could paint the portrait of an absent, upon the report of an intelligent man, who would satisfactorily answer him all the questions he might ask."

We think this proud boast of Nanteuil very practicable; the lineaments of nature, as to the expression of the passions, &c., on the human face, are invariable, though in different degrees of operation. History and Memoirs present characteristic traits of distinguished personages; perhaps, more unerring traits for the canvas than the living subject. "Equally," said Horace Walpole, "with painted portraits of memorable persons, I admire written portraits, in which the character is traced with those minute touches that resemble life itself."

ROYAL FAVOR.

A POOR Irishman was one day bragging to his friends that the king had spoken to him. On being asked what his majesty said to him, he replied, "Arrah, my dear honey, he only axed me to get out of the way."

CURRAN.

CURRAN was once asked what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue. "I suppose," replied the wit, "he's trying to catch the *English accent*."

INSTANCE OF UNCOMMON AFFECTION.

RELATED BY MR. COXE, IN HIS ACCOUNT OF THE PRISONS AND HOSPITALS
IN RUSSIA, SWEDEN, AND DENMARK.

WITHIN the court of the prison of the police of Moscow a gentleman is confined, who alone, of these prisoners, is refused the privilege of ever coming out; and yet this punishment is scarcely adequate to the enormity of the crime, — having whipped several of his peasants in so cruel a manner that they died in consequence of the stripes. In Russia the lords have great power over their peasants; but the fate of this tyrant shows that they are amenable for any wanton abuse of it.

A mark of attachment in a domestic once belonging to this man must strongly interest the feelings of humanity. Close to the prison door of this unhappy wretch an old woman of about seventy years of age has built a miserable shed, that scarcely repels the common violence of the weather; there she resides, from pure motives of compassion to the prisoner. She had been his nurse, and continues with him (at least, at the time when Coxe travelled into the northern kingdoms), in order to render him all the service which might happen to be in her power. Such another instance of affection, says Mr. Coxe, is not to be met with; for it must be absolutely disinterested, as the prisoner, considering the greatness of his crime, can never have any hopes of being released, nor can she ever expect any recompense but what she derives from her own feelings. Mr. Coxe gave her a small piece of money, and she immediately handed it to the prisoner.

A GAZETTEER inserted in his paper, "Some say that Cardinal Mazarin is dead, others that he is still living: as to me, I believe neither the one nor the other."

ANECDOTE OF A MODERN GREEK.

THE following anecdote helps to prove that even among the present Greeks, in the gloomy day of servitude, the remembrance of their ancient glory is not totally extinct.

When the late Mr. Anson (Lord Anson's brother) was upon his travels in the East, he hired a vessel to visit the Isle of Tenedos. His pilot, an old Greek, as they were sailing along, said with some satisfaction, "There it was our fleet lay!" Mr. Anson demanded, "What fleet?" "What fleet!" replied the old man, a little piqued at the question; "why, our Grecian fleet at the siege of Troy."

IN the battle of Monmouth, General Lee, who commanded the advance of the American army, had beaten a retreat, and met the intrepid Washington marching to his support with the whole line of the army. General Washington, with surprise, immediately accosted him with, "What is the reason of this extraordinary retreat?" "Sir," replied Lee, "your troops will not fight British grenadiers." Washington immediately retorted, "Sir, *you never tried them.*"

A LADY, who gave herself great airs of importance, on being introduced to a gentleman for the first time, said, with much cool indifference, "I think, sir, I have seen you *somewhere.*" "Very likely," replied the gentleman, with equal *sang froid*, "you may, ma'am, as I have been *there* very often."

THE more servants a man keeps, the more spies he has upon his actions.

IRISH LEARNING.

A NUMBER of gentlemen having visited a country school in Ireland, the master, wishing to show off his scholars, and also his own learning, called up one Mike Bryan, who was his chief exhibition-boy. Mike appeared, clothed in something which had once been breeches, but which now served no other end than to throw the spectator into a wilderness of doubt as to the possibility, in case of Mike ever throwing them off, of his ever again being able to find his way into them. The master, after requesting this important pillar of his establishment "not to stand there *making a looking-glass of his sleeve*, but to blow his nose and shut the door," desired him to spell "Constantinople." The boy really did contrive, though with some difficulty, to get through this mighty exercise; when the rejoiced pedagogue, patting him on the head, and calling him an American chief, turned round to the visitors, and gravely remarked, "See what it is to understand *navigation*!"

EFFICACY OF A PUN.

A MEMBER of Parliament, having brought in a bill that required an amendment, which was denied him by the house, frequently repeated that "he *thirsted* to mend his bill." At length another member rose and addressed the speaker, humbly moving that, as the honorable member who spoke last *thirsted* so very much, he might be allowed to *mend his draught*." This put the house into good humor, and his petition was granted.

THE late witty Earl of Kelly, in the younger part of his life, was terribly addicted to dissipation. One day his mother

took him very severely to task for a debauch, and advised him to profit by the example of a certain gentleman, whose constant food was vegetables, and his drink pure water. "What! madam," said his lordship, "do you wish me to imitate a man who eats like *a beast* and drinks like *a fish*?"

A SMART fellow, thinking to show his wit one night at a tavern, called to the drawer, "Here, Mercury," said he, "take away this bottle full of emptiness." Said one of the company, "Do you speak that, Jack, of your own head?"

DINNER-TIME.

IN the war carried on by the Pope at the camp of Picene, a general engagement became, from the position of the armies, unavoidable. The cardinal went through the ranks exhorting the papal troops to exertions for the honor and states of the Holy See; following this up with a complete remission of all their sins, and concluding with an assurance that such of them as died that day would dine with the angels in heaven. After this seasonable harangue, his Eminence was retiring, which a soldier observing, said to him, "And you, my Lord Cardinal, won't you remain with us, and go and dine in Paradise?" "My friend," answered the cardinal, "I should gladly be of the party, but my dinner-hour has not yet come, for I have no appetite."

THE Duke of Richmond, being asked why he ordered a captain's guard to mount on the kitchen, replied that he wished to accustom the captains of the militia to *stand fire*.

GRADATION OF LIQUORS.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, dining one day at Sir Joshua Reynolds', said, "*Claret* for boys, *port* for men, *brandy* for heroes." "Then," said Burke, "let me have *claret*; I love to be a boy, and to have the careless gayety of boyish days." Though Burke relished a cheerful glass, he did not exceed; and did not prefer strong wine.

RETALIATION.

AN American General L—— was in company where there were some few Scotch. After supper, when the wine was served up, the general rose, and addressed the company in the following words: "Gentlemen, I must inform you, that when I get a little groggish, I have an absurd custom of railing against the Scotch; I hope no gentleman in company will take it amiss." With this, he sat down. Up starts M——, a Scotch officer, and, without seeming the least displeased, said, "Gentlemen, I, when I am a little groggish, and hear any person railing against the Scotch, have an absurd custom of kicking him out of the company; I hope no gentleman will take it amiss." It is superfluous to add that that night he had no occasion to exert his talents.

SCOTCH DELIBERATION.

"SHOULDER arms!" exclaimed the captain, in a voice intended to resemble thunder. But the execution of the order was anything but simultaneous; and one man, it was observed, was standing still at ease. Upon being challenged by the captain why he had not shouldered along with the rest, "What the de'il's a' the haste?" quoth he; "canna ye wait till a body tak a snuff?"

CHURCH CANDIDATES.

AT a church in Scotland, where there was a popular call, two candidates offered to preach, of the names of Adam and Low. The last preached in the morning, and took for his text, "Adam, where art thou?" He made a most excellent discourse, and the congregation were much edified. In the evening Mr. Adam preached, and took for his text, "Lo, here am I!" The impromptu and his sermon gained him the church.

A LACHRYMOSE MAJOR.

BEFORE the accession of the late Duke of York to the office of commander-in-chief, when the army abounded in abuses of all kinds, children were sometimes gifted with commissions, in acknowledgment of the services of their fathers, or for worse reasons. A late Scotch judge had a son who, before he was eleven years of age, rose to the rank of major. One morning, the mother of this valiant officer, hearing a noise in the nursery, rang to know the cause of it. "It's naething," answered the servant, "but *the major greeting* (crying) *for his parritch.*"

SIR GEORGE LISLE signalized himself upon many occasions in the civil war during the reign of Charles I., particularly in the last battle of Newbury, where, in the dusk of the evening, he led his men to the charge in his shirt, that his person might be more conspicuous. The king, who was an eye-witness of his bravery, knighted him on the field of battle. In 1648 he rose for his majesty in Essex, and was one of the royalists who so obstinately defended Colchester, and who

died in its defence. The brave man, having tenderly embraced the corpse of Sir Charles Lucas, his departed friend, immediately presented himself to the soldiers, who were ready for his execution. Thinking that they stood at too great a distance, he desired them to come nearer. One of them said, "I warrant you, sir, we shall hit you." He replied, with a smile, "Friends, I have been nearer you, when you have missed me."

RECEIPT TO WRITE WELL.

Two Jesuits of the college of Port Royal called one day on Rousseau, for the purpose of requesting him to disclose the secret he seemed to possess, which enabled him to write upon all subjects with such warmth and eloquence. "I have, indeed, one secret," answered Rousseau, "and I am sorry it is not generally adopted by mankind; it is, never to speak that which I do not think."

THE following is an advertisement of Fleet, for the sale of a negro woman. It is short and pithy, namely: "To be sold by the printer of this paper, the very best negro woman in this town, who has had the small-pox and the measles, is as hearty as a horse, as brisk as a bird, and will work like a beaver."

Book
"HAVE you the "*Lays of the Last Minstrel*?" said a city miss, addressing a young man who stood behind the counter of a country store. "No, we have n't any o' them kind," said the clerk; "but we have good fresh hen's eggs, that we can warrant were laid last week"

HOWLET-FACE

ROBERT BURNS, being informed that a little girl, in the company where he was, had been rudely designated "howlet-face" by a gentleman present, on account of a certain disagreeable peculiarity in her visage, which reminded him of an owl, he immediately wrote this verse, and handed it to the person concerned :

" And did he ca' ye Howlet-face,
The vile, unseemly spectre !
Your face has been a looking-glass,
In which he 's seen his picture."

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

SHORTLY after the commencement of the last war, a tax was laid on candles, which, as a Ricardo lecturer would prove, made them dearer. A Scottish wife, in Greenock, remarked to her chandler, Simon Macbeth, that the price was raised, and asked why. "It's a' owin' to the war," said Simon. "The war!" said the astonished matron; "gracious me! are they gaun to fight by cancell light?"

"SINCE time," says Goethe, "is not a person we can overtake when he is past, let us honor him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing."

CICERO calls gratitude the mother of virtues; reckons it as the most capital of all duties; and uses the words grateful and good as synonymous terms, inseparably united in the same character.

A GOOD REASON, AND A FINE COMPLIMENT.

LE SEUR was employed by the Friars of Toulouse to make a painting representing the temptation of our Lord in the desert. The artist represented Satan in the habit of a friar. The reverend fathers, extremely offended, made most violent complaints to the painter, who answered them "that the enemy of the world could not have taken more likely means to seduce our Lord Jesus Christ than by wearing the garb of virtue."

A GENTLEMAN, who had been desired by his wife to make a purchase for her at a milliner's, being requested by a friend on his return to call in, begged to be excused from stopping, as he had bought a bonnet for his wife, and was afraid *the fashion would alter before he got home.*

THE Lacedemonians refused to send any deputies to the assembly held at Corinth. Philip complained of their neglect, with haughtiness, but only received the following answer: "If you imagine yourself to be grown greater since your victory, measure your shadow; you will find that it has not lengthened a single inch." Philip, irritated, replied, "If I enter Laconia, I will drive you all out of the country." They returned him for answer the single word "If."

IN order to render yourself acceptable in society, correct every appearance of harshness in behavior. Let that gentleness distinguish your manners which springs, not so much from trying to be polite, as from a mild and guileless heart.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD GROG.

THE British sailors had always been accustomed to drink their allowance of brandy or rum clear, till Admiral Vernon ordered those under his command to mix it with water. This innovation gave great offence to the sailors, and for a time rendered the admiral extremely unpopular. The admiral at that time wore a program coat; for which reason, they nick named him *Old Grog*. And hence, by degrees, the mixed liquor he constrained them to drink universally obtained among them the appellation of *grog*.

GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH.

SOME of the friends of Vander Kabel, a famous Dutch painter, observed to him that they had never heard any praises but of his worst paintings. "True," answered he, "for the best will always praise themselves."

A PERSON reading a paragraph in the papers that a large piece of land was *washed away* by an inundation, but that the account was not fully confirmed, was stopped short by a gentleman, who observed, "that if it was even true, there was no *ground* for the report."

THE grave is indeed hallowed when the grass of the churchyard can cover all memory save that of love. We dwell on every good gift of the lost one, as though no unworthy thought could cross that little mound of earth, the barrier between the two worlds.

IRISH NATION.

THERE are different ways of conducting different nations; but the fairest and gentlest are generally the most easy. Sir John Dalrymple says that he once asked the late Lord Harcourt, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, how he contrived to carry all the points of government, and yet to be the favorite of the people. He made this golden answer, "I never trick the Irish."

WIT IN A HOBNAIL.

A PROUD parson and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, in a new coat. The parson asked, in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat. "The same people," said the shepherd, "that clothe you,—the parish." The parson, nettled a little, rode on murmuring a considerable way, and sent his man back to ask the shepherd if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man went to the shepherd accordingly, and delivered his master's message, concluding that his master really wanted a fool. "Are you going away, then?" said the shepherd. "No," answered the other. "Then you may tell your master," replied the shepherd, "his living won't maintain *three* of us."

HIGH STYLE.

THE late Mr. Andrew B-lf—r, one of the judges in the Commissary Court of Edinburgh, used to talk in a very pompous and inflated style. Having made an appointment with the late Hon. Henry Erskine, on some particular business, and failing to attend, he apologized for it by telling the learned barrister that his brother, the Laird of B-lb—nie, in passing from one of his enclosures to another, had fallen

down from the stile, and sprained his ankle. This trifling accident he related in language highly pedantic and bombastical. The witty advocate, with his usual vivacity, replied, "It is very fortunate for your brother, Andrew, that it was not from *your style* he fell, or he would have broken his neck, instead of spraining his ankle!"

During the time the above gentleman presided in court, his sister, Miss B-lf-r, happened to be examined as a witness in a cause then depending before the court. Andrew began, in his pompous way, by asking, "Woman, what is thy name? what is thy age? and where is thy usual place of residence?" To which interrogatories Miss B-lf-r only replied by staring him broad in the face; when the questions were again repeated, with all the grimace and pedantry he was master of; which the lady observing, said, "Dear me, Andrew, do ye no ken your ain sister?" To which the judge answered, "Woman, when I sit in this court to administer justice, I know no one,—neither father nor mother sister nor brother!"

DR. PARR.

DR. PARR was not very delicate in the choice of his expressions, when heated by argument or contradiction. He once called a clergyman a *fool*, who, indeed, was little better. The clergyman said he would complain of this usage to the bishop. "Do," said the doctor, "and my Lord Bishop will *confirm* you."

LIEUTENANT S—— being extremely ill, and almost dead for want of rest, it was thought expedient to give him an opiate. Whilst it was preparing, his disorder being at a crisis, he fell into a profound sleep. His friend and country

man, Lieutenant A—— P——, who had attended him with the most unremitting care, seeing the state he was in, shook him violently by the shoulder, exclaiming, "Arrah, my good friend, don't be after sleeping now, but wait till you have taken your sleeping stuff!"

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE II.

WHEN Lord Chesterfield was in administration, he proposed a person to George II. as proper to fill a place of great trust, but which the king himself was determined should be filled by another. The council, however, resolved not to indulge the king, for fear of a dangerous precedent. It was Lord Chesterfield's business to present the grant of the office for the king's signature. Not to incense his majesty by asking him abruptly, he, with accents of great humility, begged to know with whose name his majesty would be pleased to have the blanks filled up. "With the devil's!" replied the king, in a paroxysm of rage. "And shall the instrument," said the earl, coolly, "run as usual,—our trusty, well-beloved cousin and counsellor?"—a repartee at which the king laughed heartily, and with great good humor signed the grant.

WEST-INDIAN BEES.

A TRAVELLED man was descanting one day upon what he had seen in his peregrinations. He was particularly impressive on the largeness to which common reptiles and insects grew in tropical climates. "In the West Indies," said he, "bees are about the size of our sheep." "And how large may the bee-hives be?" inquired one of the company. "O, about the ordinary size," said the traveller, without thinking of the exaggerated size he had just ascribed to the tenants of

these receptacles. "Then," said the inquirer, "how do the bees get into the hives?" "O," replied the detected Munchausen, "let the bees look to that!"

A FAULT IN CANDLES.

RALPH WEWITZER, ordering a box of candles, said he hoped they would be better than the last. The chandler said he was very sorry to hear them complained of, as they were as good as he could make. "Why," says Ralph, "they were very well till about half burnt down, but after that they would not burn any longer."

BEST BODY OF DIVINITY.

PARKER, Bishop of Oxford, being asked by an acquaintance what was the best body of divinity, answered, "That which can help a man to keep a coach and six horses."

RECEIVER AS BAD AS THE THIEF.

THE motto which was inserted under the arms of William Prince of Orange, on his accession to the English crown, was "*Non rapui sed recepi*:"

"I did not steal, but I received."

This being shown to Dean Swift, he said, with a sarcastic smile, "The receiver is as bad as the thief."

AN arch boy, having taken notice of his school-master's often reading a chapter in the Corinthians, wherein is this

sentence, "We shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye," privately erased the letter *c* in the word *changed*. The next time his master read it, "We shall all be *hanged* in the twinkling of an eye."

JUSTICE.

A FRENCH nobleman, who had been satirized by Voltaire, meeting the poet soon after, gave him a hearty drubbing. The poet immediately flew to the Duke of Orleans, told him how he had been used, and begged he would do him justice. "Sir," replied the duke, with a significant smile, "it has been done you already!"

ANECDOTE OF ROCHEFOUCAULT.

ROCHEFOUCAULT, the French Rochester of Louis the Fourteenth's court, having offended the king, hired a dung-cart, and, stripping himself quite naked, got up to the chin in it, just as his majesty was passing through the streets of Paris in state. The dung-cart man, as instructed, immediately fell a wrangling with one of the king's postilions, which occasioned so much noise that the king put his head out of the window to know what was the matter. Rochefoucault watched the opportunity, raised himself forward in the cart, all bemired as he was, and, bowing very respectfully to his majesty, "Nothing at all, sire, but that your coachman and mine have had a fracas together."

A LATE French paper states, among its anecdotes, that a well-preserved widow in Paris recently married a youthful

poet. After the wedding she took him aside, and, in a penitential tone, begged his forgiveness for having deceived him in declaring that her income amounted to two thousand dollars a year. "And you have n't it?" asked the poet; adding, after a moment, "Well, it's of no consequence, don't trouble your head about such trifles." "But you misunderstand me," said the bride; "I only misstated the amount—it is twenty thousand!" The account states that the poet pardoned her, the other way, with equal facility.

EXTINCTION OF NOBILITY.

THE celebrated physician, M. Marphoy, who set himself up as a man of great importance, said that he ranked none but people of quality among his patients; and, as two of noble birth had lately died under his hands, some one said, "If we leave him alone, he will render this country like Switzerland, — he will exterminate all the nobility."

SINGULAR TASTE

ONE particularity of Bayle is very singular. This great genius could not resist the desire he felt to see *rope-dancing*. Whenever any was to be seen at the Hague, or at Rotterdam, he muffled himself up in his cloak, ran to see it, like a child, and never quitted the spectacle till the last.

A POOR Irishman applied at the church-warden's office, at Manchester, for relief, and upon some doubt being expressed as to whether he was a proper object for parochial relief, he enforced his suit with much earnestness. "Och, yer honor,"

said he, "sure I'd be starved long since, but for my cat." "But for what?" asked the astonished interrogator. "My cat," rejoined the Irishman. "Your cat! how so?" "Sure, yer honor, I sould her eleven times for sixpence a time, and she was always home before I'd get there myself."

WHEN the mother of the late King of Spain was on her road to Madrid, she passed through a little town in Spain, famous for the manufacturing of gloves and stockings. The honest magistrates of the place thought they could not better express their joy for the reception of the new queen than by presenting her with a sample of those commodities for which alone their town was remarkable. The major domo who conducted the queen received the gloves very graciously; but when the stockings were presented, he flung them away, with great indignation, and severely reprimanded the magistrates for this egregious piece of indecency. "Know," says he, "that a queen of Spain has no legs." The poor young queen, who at that time understood the language but very imperfectly, and had been often frightened with stories of Spanish jealousy, imagined they were going to cut off her legs; upon which she fell a crying, and begged them to conduct her back to Germany, for that she never would endure that operation; — and it was with some difficulty they could appease her. Philip IV., it is said, never in his life laughed heartily but at the recital of that story.

AN officer was defending himself before Sir Sidney Smith, for not having attacked a certain post, because he had considered it *inattackable*. "Sir," said the gallant chief, "that word is not English."

INSTANCE OF A CONTEMPT OF PAIN.

MR. MEARES, in speaking of the natives of Prince William's Sound, says, "They are certainly a very savage race of people, and possess an uncommon degree of insensibility to corporal pain. Of this we had a very singular proof on the following occasion. In the course of the winter, among other rubbish, several broken glass bottles had been thrown out of the ship, and one of the natives, who was searching among them to see what he could find, cut his foot in a very severe manner. On seeing it bleed, we pointed out what had caused the wound, and applied a dressing to it, which we made him understand was the remedy we ourselves employed on similar occasions. But he and his companions instantly turned the whole into ridicule; and, at the same time, taking some of the glass, they scarified their legs and arms in a most extraordinary manner, informing us that nothing of that kind could ever hurt them."

WHEN a noted state criminal was tried at Edinburgh for sedition, the Lord Justice Clark asked him, "Hae ye ony coonsel, mon?" "No." "Do you want to hae ony appointed?" "I only want an interpreter, to make me understand what your lordship says."

LORD KELLY once asking one of your gentle shepherds for a toast, he gave "Mirth and Innocence." The next toast being his lordship's, he gave "Milk and Water."

A PICTURE of a certain divine, well known by the nick-name of *Snake*, having appeared at one of the exhibitions of the

Royal Academy, the following pungent paragraph, published in a morning paper, was made the subject of a prosecution in the Court of King's Bench, when Lord Mansfield observed that he should be apt to excuse the libel for the sake of the wit :

"An artist admires the picture of the reverend Parson Snake, in the exhibition, where he is drawn at full length in a beautiful landscape, with a large tree, and attended with his faithful *Fidel*. He thinks, however, the *tree* wants *execution*, and that the painter has not done justice to the *dog*."

ANECDOTE OF THE CELEBRATED GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

GUSTAVUS entered the town of Mew in the evening, extolling the fidelity of the inhabitants and bravery of the garrison to the highest degree, and allowing no man's good services to pass by unrewarded. In the hurry and confusion of this conflict, Gustavus fell twice into the enemy's hands. How he escaped the first time, cannot well be ascertained. He was extricated a second time by the admirable presence of mind of a Swedish horseman, who, to conceal his majesty's rank, cried out to the Polanders, "Have a care of yourselves, for we will rescue our brother!" The king had three or four companions at his elbow. This task he performed in an instant. Not long afterwards, Gustavus perceived his deliverer made prisoner; and, putting himself at the head of five or six cavaliers, brought him off triumphantly. "Now," said he, "brother-soldier, we are upon equal terms; the obligation is become reciprocal."

SO IT IS.—Masters are generally the greatest servants in the house.

A DOVETAILER OF SERMONS.

THE Rev. Dr. B—— was what is commonly termed “a popular preacher;” not, however, by drawing on his own stores, but by the knack which he possessed of appropriating the thoughts and language of other great divines, who had gone before him, to his own use; and, by a skilful splicing and dovetailing of passages, so as to make a whole. Fortunately for him, those who composed his audience were not deeply skilled in pulpit lore, and with such he passed for a wonder of erudition. It happened, however, that the doctor was detected in his literary larcenies. One Sunday, a grave old gentleman seated himself close to the pulpit, and listened with profound attention. The doctor had scarcely finished his third sentence, before the old gentleman said, loud enough to be heard by those near him, “That’s Sherlock.” The doctor frowned, but went on. He had not proceeded much further, when his grave auditor broke out with, “That’s Tillotson.” The doctor bit his lips, and paused, but again went on. At a third exclamation of, “That’s Blair,” the doctor lost all patience, and, leaning over the side of the pulpit, “Fellow,” he cried, “if you do not hold your tongue, you shall be turned out.” Without altering a muscle, the old cynic, looking the doctor full in the face, says, “That’s his own.”

HONORS GENEALOGICAL.

AT the reception of Marshal Luxembourg in Parliament, a dispute upon the subject of precedence arose between him and the Dukes of Gesores and Villeroi. The lawyer who pleaded the marshal’s cause said merely, “’Tis very surprising, gentlemen, that the descendants of two notaries, who

have formerly signed the contract of marriage of Marshal Luxemburgh's great-grandfather, should at this day dispute with him the point of precedence." He justified the assertion by producing the contract, with the signatures.

A SAVING CLAUSE.

THE Count de Charolois, prince of the blood, was famous for the ferocity of his manners. In his youth he took a dreadful and barbarous pleasure in killing a man, as children do in crushing a fly. But, when he went to ask his pardon, he always represented the murder as the effect of an unlucky mischance, or of necessity. On one of these occasions, when the king (Louis XV.) was giving him his pardon, he said to him, "Here it is; but I declare to you, at the same time, that I have a pardon ready for any one who shall kill you."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

C. J. Fox, when fourteen years of age, was carried by his father, just created Lord Holland, to Spain, and was allowed five guineas a night for a faro-bank,—an allowance which generated his propensity for gaming.

"JOHN," said a traveller to a farmer's boy, who was hoeing in the field, "your corn is very small." "Yes, we planted the small kind." "But it looks dwarfish and yellow." "Yes, we planted the yellow sort." "I mean you will not have half a crop,—do you understand me?" "O, yes, I understand; we don't expect to, for we planted on the shares."

REGRET AT PARTING.

THE President de Maisons happened to die at the time of his appointment to the employment of attorney-general. Penetrated with regret, his last words were, "Must one die at the eve of being invested with the highest employments?"

THE SWIMMING CHALLENGE.

A SECOND Leander has made his appearance in the shape of a German, who says he is "but a looker-on here in Vienna," and is anxious, like Commodore Stevens, for a little nautical exercise with any John Bull who feels disposed to swim with him from Dover to Calais, for two, three, or four thousand dollars. This German Leander differs from his Grecian prototype in more particulars than one. The swimming feat of the latter was "all for love;" but a check on the London banker is the hero that attracts the other. The width, too, of the Hellespont, though it stretches from Europe to Asia, is but a mile and a half across at its widest part, and only half a mile at its narrowest, while the distance from Dover to Calais is twenty-one long miles. Byron rivalled Leander, and is his own hero of the tale; but he who floats from France to England had better be a Cork man than a German cousin to anything short of a steamer.

ANECDOTES OF ROMAN LUXURY.

Q. HORTENSIVS had the honor of being the first Roman that introduced the peacock to the table, as a great dainty in a magnificent feast which he made on his being created Augur. The price of a peacock, says Arbuthnot, page 129,

was fifty denarii,—that is, one pound twelve shillings threepence. A flock of one hundred was sold at a much dearer rate, for three hundred and twenty-two pounds eighteen shillings fourpence, of our money. M. Aufidius Lurco, according to Varro, used to make every year, of his peacocks, four hundred and eighty-four pounds seven shillings sixpence.

Juvenal speaks of a fish called the *mullus* (which is supposed to be what the French and we call *sourmouellet*), bought for forty-eight pounds eight shillings ninepence. According to Macrobius, there was paid for another fifty-seven pounds ten shillings one penny. For a third, according to Pliny, sixty-four pounds eleven shillings eightpence. Our age is as yet unacquainted with the niceness of the ancients in weighing their fishes at table, and beholding them expire. The death of a mullus, with the variety and change of colors in its last moments, was reckoned one of the most entertaining spectacles in the world by the men of taste at Rome.

“TWIT, TWIT, TWIT!”

“Twit, twit, twit, eh?—yes, I’ll soon twit you!” A gentleman fond of gunning, but who was a poorer marksman than those who are generally fond of the sport, got the loan of an excellent pointer. The dog, nothing loth, ranged, quickly formed, and stood steadily. Up walked our gentleman gunner: “Twit, twit, twit,” went the birds; bang, bang, went the gun, and away the birds flew. The dog gave a significant look at his companion, as much as to say, “You must mend this.” “Twit, twit,” went the birds, and off went the gun. Again and again, with no better effect than at first, the dog watched the flight of the birds till out of

sight. He then gave the gentleman a most expressive look of contempt, and trotted home to his master.

DR. BUTLER.

DR. BUTLER was a man of peculiar manners. Being sent for to a lady's house, the lady desired a servant to ask him what he would have for supper. "A roasted horse," said the doctor. The man stared, and vanished; but, turning upon the stairs, soon reappeared, and said to the reverend divine, "Sir, will you please to have a pudding in his belly?" Butler, laughing, said, "Thou hast a pudding of wit in thy head, and I like thee well. But why ask me what I choose for supper? I came here to give advice, and not to eat. I shall eat as the rest."

SINCERITY.

ON the discovery of the conspiracy against him, King William treated the framers of it with great generosity. Several of the Scotch nobility had been seized, but orders were given to set them at liberty, if they would give their words of honor not to disturb the government. Lord Arran, with that undaunted spirit which sprang from the blood of the great families of Douglas and Hamilton united in his person, refused to give his word, "because," he said, "he was sure he could not keep it."

IN May, 1784, a bill intending to limit the privilege of franking was sent from the Parliament of Ireland for the royal approbation. In it was a clause enacting that any member who, from illness or *other cause*, should be unable to

write, might authorize another person to frank for him, provided that, on the back of the letter so franked, the member gave a certificate, under his hand, of his inability to write.

FOR BACHELORS.

IN a late work on suicide it is said that marriage is, to a certain extent, a prevention of suicide. It has been satisfactorily established that, among men, *two-thirds that destroy themselves are bachelors!*

VERY GOOD.

THE New Orleans Times, speaking of the little birds, says, "How happy must they be! They find their subsistence in a thousand ways, and are never happier than when *eggs are high.*"

AN Irish drummer, who now and then indulged in a noggin of right good potten, was accosted by the reviewing general, "What makes your nose so red?" "Plase yer honor," replied Pat, "I always blush when I spake to a general officer."

A GENTLEMAN being at a church, had his pocket picked of his watch; and, complaining of it to a friend of his, he replied, "Had you watched as well as prayed, your watch had been secure. But the next watch you carry about you, remember these lines:

'He that a watch would wear, this he must do,
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.'"

A PERSON who dined in company with Dr. Johnson endeavored to make his court to him by laughing immoderately at everything he said. The doctor bore it for some time with philosophical indifference; but the impertinent *ha, ha, ha!* becoming intolerable, "Pray, sir," said the doctor, "what is the matter? I hope I have not said anything that *you* can comprehend."

"WE talked," says Boswell, "of the education of children, and I asked what he thought was best to teach them first." *Johnson*. — "Sir, it is no matter what you teach them first, any more than what leg you shall put into your breeches first. Sir, you may stand disputing which is best to put in first, but in the mean time your breech is bare. Sir, while you are considering which of two things you should teach your child first, another boy has learned them both."

AN Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living, said the Welshman, "There is such noble house-keeping in Wales, that I have known about a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner." "Ay," answered the Englishman; "that was because every man toasted his own cheese."

ON the master tailors and their journeymen going to law, a gentleman observed that the suits with which these worthies thus furnish each other will probably last longer than any they ever supplied their customers with, if the observation of the learned Daniel Burgess be true, that a *law suit* is a *suit for life*.

HANGING TOGETHER.

A SCOTCH clergyman, in the great rebellion, said in his prayer, "Lord, bless the Grand Council the Parliament, and grant they may all hang together." A country fellow standing by said, "Amen, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; and I am sure 'tis the prayer of all good people!" "Friends," says Mess John, "I don't mean as that fellow means; but pray that they may all hang together in accord and concord." "No matter what cord," answered the rustic, "so 'tis but a strong cord!"

THE desire of gain will sometimes inspire with dishonest cunning an illiterate savage. After a successful attack on the royal party, in 1745, a Highlander had gained a watch, as his share of the spoils of the vanquished. Unacquainted with its use, he listened with equal surprise and pleasure to the ticking sound with which his new acquisition amused him; after a few hours, however, the watch was down, the noise ceased, and the dispirited owner, looking on the toy no longer with any satisfaction, determined to conceal the misfortune which had befallen it, and to dispose of it to the first person who offered him a trifle in exchange. He soon met with a customer; but, at parting, he could not conceal his triumph, and exultingly exclaimed, "Why, she died last night!"

TWO Irishmen one day a-gunning, a large flock of pigeons came flying over their heads. Patrick, elevating his piece and firing, brought one of them to the ground. "Arrah!" exclaimed his companion, "what a fool are you to waste your ammunition, when the bare fall would have killed him!"

ELWES, THE MISER.

THE eldest son of Elwes, the celebrated miser, having fallen down with a ladder when pulling some grapes, had the precaution to go into the village to the barber and get bled. On his return, he was asked where he had been, and what was the matter with his arm. He told his father what had happened, and that he had got bled. "Bled!" said the old gentleman; "but what did you give?" "A shilling," answered the boy. "Psha!" returned the father, "you are a block-head; never part with your *blood*."

Elwes had two country-seats, the one in Suffolk and the other in Berkshire; of these he gave the preference to the former, because his journey from town thither cost him twopence-half-penny, that into Berkshire amounted to fourpence. At this time he was worth eight hundred thousand pounds.

A GOOD TOAST.

THE following characteristic toast was given at an agricultural dinner, by Thomas G. Fessenden, Esq., editor of the New England Farmer:

"The battle of the *Cowpens*: May *Americans* always beat in *Cow pens*, *Calf pens*, *Sheep pens*, *Pig pens*, *Authors' pens*, and all other pens."

A GENTLEMAN lying on his death-bed called to his coachman, who had been an old servant, and said, "Ah! Tom, I am going a long and rugged journey, worse than ever you drove me." "O, dear sir," replied the fellow (he having been an indifferent master), "never let that discourage you, for it is all down hill."

HENRY, PRINCE OF CONDÉ.

THIS prince, father of the great Condé, wishing privately to mortgage his estate of Muret, went incognito to an adjacent village, where lived one Arnoul, a notary. The notary was at dinner, and his wife waited without in the hall till he had dined. The prince inquired for Arnoul; the woman answered, in her patois, "Arnoul is at dinner; sit you down on the bench there; when Arnoul is at dinner, not a soul can speak with him, i'faith." The prince patiently sat down, waiting the event of Arnoul's dinner. When it was ended, he was introduced; the notary drew out the writing, leaving the names blank; and, having read it aloud, asked the prince (whom he did not know either in person or as proprietor of the estate) his name and designation. "They are short," answered the client; "put Henry of Bourbon, Prince of Condé, First Prince of the Blood, Lord of Muret." Guess the poor notary's amazement! Throwing himself on his knees, he begged pardon for his ignorance. The prince raised him, saying, "Fear nothing, my worthy friend. Arnoul was at dinner, you know." The story spread, and became a provincial proverb, when one did not choose to be disturbed by an intrusion,—*"Arnoul is at dinner."*

A FRENCH officer, more remarkable for his birth and spirit than his riches, had served the Venetian republic with great valor and fidelity for some years, but had not met with preferment adequate, by any means, to his merits. One day, he waited on an "illustrissimo" whom he had often solicited in vain, but on whose friendship he had still some reliance. The reception he met with was cool and mortifying; the noble turned his back on the necessitous veteran, and left him to

find his way to the street through a suite of apartments magnificently furnished. He passed them, lost in thought, till, casting his eyes on a sumptuous sideboard, where stood, on a damask cloth, as a preparation for a showy entertainment, an invaluable collection of Venice glass, polished and formed to the highest degree of perfection, he took hold of a corner of the linen, and, turning to a faithful English mastiff who always accompanied him, said to the animal, in a kind of absence of mind, "There, my poor old friend! you see how these scoundrels enjoy themselves, and yet how we are treated!" The poor dog looked up in his master's face, and wagged his tail, as if he understood him. The master walked on, but the mastiff slackened his pace, and, laying hold of the damask cloth with his teeth, at one hearty pull brought all the sideboard in shivers to the ground, and deprived the insolent noble of his favorite exhibition of splendor.

COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

THE chief apprehension of the Duke of Newcastle (the minister) was that of catching cold. Often, in the heat of summer, the debates in the House of Lords would stand still till some window were shut, in consequence of the duke's orders. The peers would all be melting in sweat, that the duke might not catch cold.

When Sir Joseph Yorke was ambassador at the Hague, a curious instance happened of this idle apprehension. The late king going to Hanover, the duke must go with him, that his foes might not injure him in his absence. The day they were to pass the sea, a messenger came, at five o'clock in the morning, and drew Sir Joseph's bed-curtains. Sir Joseph, starting, asked what was the matter. The man said he came

from the Duke of Newcastle. "For God's sake," exclaimed Sir Joseph, "what is it? Is the king ill?" "No." After several fruitless questions, the messenger at length said, "The duke sent me to see you in bed, for in this bed he means to sleep."

RIGHT CONJECTURE.

A BUCK parson, going to read prayers at a village in the west of England, found some difficulty in putting on the surplice. "D—n this surplice!" said he to the clerk; "I think the devil is in it." Amen, astonished, waited till the parson had got it on, and then answered, "I think as how he is, zur."

WALKING BY FAITH.

A PERSON saying that he would not believe there was any devil, because he had never *seen* him, was answered by another, "By the same rule, I should believe you to have neither wit nor sense."

A GOOD EXCUSE.

THE judges of the Court of Session, in case of their being unable to attend, always send an excuse to the Lord President. On one occasion, when Lord Stonefield sent an apologetic note, Lord Braxfield asked the president, in his broad dialect, "What excuse can a stout fellow like him hae?" "My lord," answered the president, "he has lost his wife." "Lost his wife!" exclaimed Braxfield, whose connubial lot was not the most happy; "that is a good excuse, truly; I wish we had a' the same!"

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Two gentlemen happening to meet, the one observed, "Is our friend ———, the attorney, is dead." "Yes, and I hear he left very few *effects*." "It could not be otherwise; he had very few *causes*."

EXTREMELY POLITE.

A GOOD story is told of a sheriff who came near being cut down by a person it was in the line of his duty to hang. "Sir," said the gentleman, as the sheriff was carefully adjusting the rope, "really, your attentions deserve my thanks. In fact, I do not know of one I should rather have hang me." "Really," said the sheriff, "you are pleased to be complimentary. I do not know of another individual it would give me so much pleasure to hang."

A GENTLEMAN of the bar in Ireland walking one day with a friend, who was extremely precise in pronunciation, the latter hearing a person near him say *curosimy* for *curiosity*, exclaimed, "How that fellow *murders* the English language!" "Not so bad," said the other; "he has only knocked an *I* out."

IN a remote part of Bavaria, Bayard Taylor stopped for breakfast at an inn, where there was a young man who was to start the next morning, an emigrant to New York. They plied our friend with questions; but what most troubled the youth's father was, "the fact he had heard that no one was allowed to sit down in an American inn, but each one must drink his beer standing, and immediately walk out."

IN the Limerick paper, an Irish gentleman, whose lady had absconded from him, thus cautions the public against trusting her : " My *wife* has eloped from me without *rhyme or reason*, and I desire no one to trust her on my account, *for I am not married to her !* "

PYRRHO, the head of the sect called after his name, asserted that there was no difference between life and death. Some person, in ridicule of this absurd position, asked Pyrrho why he did not die, as life and death were the same. " For that very reason," replied he, " because there is no difference between the two states. "

SEVERAL of the British dames are very fond of the Trafalgar garter, on which is inscribed the memorable signal, " England expects every man will do his duty. "

A CERTAIN noted physician at Bath was lately complaining in a coffee-house in that city that he had three fine daughters, to whom he should give ten thousand pounds each, and yet that he could find nobody to marry them. " With your *love*, doctor," said an Irishman who was present, stepping up and making a very respectful bow, " I'll take *two* of them ! "

A COUNTRY actor, performing the part of Richmond in the tragedy of Richard III., had the misfortune to find his memory completely fail when he had reached the words, " Thus far into the bowels of the land have we marched on without

impediment." After having repeated these words several times, the audience testified their displeasure by a general hiss, when, coming forward, he thus addressed them: "Ladies and gentlemen, thus far into the bowels of the land have we marched on without impediment, and I declare I cannot get any further."

"But, as I said before, we have proved to you where that town-line is. Yes, gentlemen of the jury, there it is, and there it will remain forever; and all the ingenuity of my learned brother can never efface it — can never wash it out. No, gentlemen, he may plant one foot on the utmost verge of the outermost ring of the planet Saturn, and plant the other on Arcturus, and seize the Pleiades by the hair and wring them till they are dry, but he cannot wash out that town-line."

THE following is a copy of a joiner's bill for jobbing in a Catholic church in Bohemia: "For solidly repairing St. Joseph, 4*d.*; for cleansing and ornamenting the Holy Ghost, 9*d.*; for repairing the Virgin Mary, before and behind, and making her a child, 5*s.*; for furnishing a nose for the devil, putting a horn on his head, and gluing a piece to his tail, 4*s.* 6*d.*"

BACK AGAIN.

A POOR fellow in Scotland, creeping through the hedge of an orchard, with an intention to rob it, was seen by the owner; who called out to him, "Sawney, hoot man, where are you gangin'?" "*Back again,*" said Sawney.

HORRIBLE INSTANCE OF REVENGEFUL JEALOUSY.

THE Marchioness of Astorgass, who lived in the time of Charles the Second, King of Spain, suspected the fidelity of her husband. Having discovered that he had engaged in an amour with a young lady distinguished almost beyond the rest of her sex by the graces of her person and the beauties of her countenance, she flew at once to this unfortunate object of her resentment, murdered her, tore out her heart, and then, returning home, had it served up among the dishes at the table of her husband. When he had eaten of it, she asked him whether the dish she had purposely prepared for him proved agreeable to his palate. He answered that he had found it delicious. "At this," said she, "I am not surprised, for it is the heart of the woman whom you so much adored." Scarcely had she uttered these words, when, taking from a cabinet the bloody head of this devoted victim to her jealousy, she rolled it along the table at which her husband and several of his friends were sitting. Availing herself of the first moments, in which they remained motionless and astonished at the horror of the scene, the marchioness instantly disappeared, took refuge in a convent, and there, becoming a lunatic, expired under an agony of mind too shocking to admit of a description.

WISDOM CONCEALED.

Two men conversing, one asked the other what was the reason men were afraid, some of one thing, and some of another. The other said he did not know, but he was more afraid of a dog than he was of a man; and, turning to Mr. Broughton (seeing him very serious), asked him the same question. Seeing their sportive intentions, Mr. Broughton

replied, "The reasons are easily assigned; man can be reasoned with, but not a dog." They lowered their lofty mottiff tails, and went their way, saying, "He is a man of sound intellect."

A MATRIMONIAL PAIR OF ANECDOTES OF CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

As an old man of the name of Michael Young, who lived at the bottom of the West Lomond Hill in Fife, was breathing his last, his wife, somewhat tired with her long vigil over his latter illness, breathed the following affectionate hint into his ear: "Be wearin, Michaelie; be wearin (*going*). Ye ken the candle's wastin, and the folks wearyin. Be wearin, Michaelie, my man."

The wife of a small farmer in Aberdeenshire having been long confined to bed before the time when her last moment approached, the husband, who was of a very niggardly disposition, at length grudging to let her have so much as a light by the side of her bed. One night, when in this dark condition, she exclaimed, "O, isna this an unco thing, that a pair body can get nae licht to see to die wi'!" The husband instantly rose up, lighted a candle, and, bringing it forward hastily to the bottom of the bed, said, "There, die now!"

DELICATE CONSCIENCE.

DUNCAN M'IVER, a Highland clergyman, having raised what is called an action for augmentation of stipend before the Court of Sessions, thought proper next Sunday to apologize to his parishioners for what he had done, in the following manner: "In the day of joodgment, the gude Lord'll say to me, 'Wha's this ye hae wi' ye the day, Duncan? Ye

'ane there, Duncan.' Then I'll pe say to thé gude hey're a' your ain pairns, I hae brought up for ye, d.' He'll pe say, 'That's weel dune, Duncan; e doubt hae paid ye weel for that?' But I'll joost , and draw up my shuthers ; for Duncan M'Iver to tell lies."

APPLICATION OF SCRIPTURE.

NNOCENT the XI. was the son of a banker. He d on the day of St. Matthew ; and from that day, ays,—"*Invenerunt hominem sedentem in telo-* They found the men sitting at the seat of ex-

y, Lord Kelly, whose frequent sacrifices to Bac- iced a rubicund nose that would have done honor to himself, called on Mr. Foote, at his villa at Fulham. r," says the wag, "I am very glad you are come. es are very backward ; do, for God's sake, hold over them for two or three hours!"

hman (according to Sir Jonas Barrington), having ded in the side in a duel, was asked to describe ion caused by the stroke of the pistol-bullet. "It the wounded man, "as if I had been punched by ast of a seventy-four."

AIN auctioneer, having become an innkeeper, and being thrown into prison, the following paragraph

respecting him appeared in the morning papers: "Mr. who lately left the *pulpit* for the *bar*, is now promoted *bench*"

PARIS NEWS COURIER.

AT the time of the disputes between the Jesuits & Jansenists, a paper entitled *Ecclesiastical News* was particularly distinguished for wit and delicacy, as much for its tenderness, irony, and satire. For the space of two years the vigilance of the Paris police was in vain exerted against its authors and distributors. A wager was laid by M. Herault, lieutenant of the police, that this should be done in Paris, at such a turnpike, on such a day, and at such an hour, and yet that it should escape the vigilance of the clerks. In fact, agreeably to these conditions, and as usual at the appointed place, a man makes his appearance, is stopped, and searched with the greatest strictness, but in vain. No notice was taken of a shagged dog he had with him, and who was trained to this business. [A] common dog, who, under his coat, thick set with hair, carried a number of these light papers. The magistrate learned the trick, and owned himself outwitted. At length, more fortunate; one of the printers was discovered. This incident did not put a stop to the publication; the censure of the Parliament of Paris and the archbishop's decree to destroy it *made the publication revive*.

AN ECCENTRIC DIVINE.

SOME years since there resided in R—— an eccentric but most worthy divine of the Baptist persuasion, by the name of Driver,—yet more familiarly known by the name of

Driver,— who loved a good joke, no matter whom it hit, provided it wounded not too deeply. One day, while returning from a visit to a brother clergyman of an adjacent town, meeting a man with an *exceedingly poor* yoke of oxen, and an unusually large load of hay, which was so deeply in the mire that the united efforts of the cattle could not start it from its position, he accosted him with, “Well, friend, what is the matter?” “Matter enough; I’m in the mud, and can’t get out.” “Your oxen are too lean for such a load. You should give them more to eat, for you know that the Bible says, ‘Whoso giveth to the *poor* lendeth to the Lord.’” The farmer replied that that was not the reason. “Well, what is it, then?” asked the divine. “Why, they are just like the North Baptist Church at R——,” replied the farmer, pettishly; “they want a darned sight better *Driver* than they’ve got now.”

AN ignorant person applied to a gentleman to be his bailiff on a farm; and, willing to convey an idea of his skill in the treatment of cattle, informed the gentleman that he had always been *beastly inclined*.

Two soldiers being condemned to death, the general, being prevailed upon to spare one of them, ordered them to cast a die upon the head of a drum for their lives. The first, throwing two sixes, fell a wringing his hands; but was agreeably surprised, when the other threw two sixes also. The officer appointed to see the execution ordered them to throw again. They did so, and each of them threw two fives; at which the soldiers round shouted, and said neither of them were to die. Hereupon the officer acquainted the council of war, who

ordered them to throw again; which they did, and threw two fours. The general, being made acquainted with it, sent for the two men, and pardoned them. "I love," said he, "in such extraordinary cases, to listen to the voice of Providence."

LOVE.

"MARTHA, does thee love me?" asked a Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart's holiest feelings had been offered up. "Why, Seth," answered she, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?" "Ah, Martha, but does thee regard me with the feeling the world calls love?" "I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have greatly feared that my heart is an erring one. I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting rather more than thy share."

AN Irishman was seen in the upper part of the city, with the words "A Tenant Wanted" in letters painted on a piece of pasteboard, suspended around his neck. Pat was asked who wanted a tenant. "And it's meself," he replied, "that wants the tenant." "For what house?" "I don't care what kind of a house, so as it is a dacent one and sure wages." "You are a fool, Paddy, or else somebody has been making a fool of you; why don't you say 'a situation wanted' on your show-bill?" "Aha! my darlint," replied the Irishman, "and it is there ye are? I want to be occupied, and can I be occupied widout having a tenant?"

A GENTLEMAN, on his travels, called his servant to the side of the post-chaise. "Tom," says he, "here is a guinea

which is too light, and I can get nobody to take it; do you, and part with it, some how or other, on the road." "Yes, sir," says the footman, "I will endeavor." When they came to their inn at night, the gentleman called to his servant, to know if he had passed off the guinea. "Yes, sir," says the man, "I did it, slyly." "Ay, Tom," says the master, "I fancy thou art a sly sort of fellow; but tell me how." "Why, sir," says the footman, "the people refused it at breakfast, and so they did where your honor dined; but, as I had a groat to pay at the turnpike, I whipped him between the half-pence, and the man put it into his pocket, and never saw it."

KINDNESS OF A CARPENTER.

A CARPENTER, having neglected to make a gibbet (which was ordered by the executioner), on the ground that he had not been paid for the last that he had erected, gave so much offence that the next time the judge came the circuit he was sent for. "Fellow," said the judge, in a stern tone, "how came you to neglect making the gibbet that was ordered on my account?" "I humbly beg your pardon," said the carpenter, "had I known it had been for your lordship, it should have been done immediately."

ONE AT A TIME, GENTLEMEN.

ONE Sunday evening, when the weather was extremely hot, the windows of a parish church in the diocese of Gloucester were set open to admit more air, while the congregation was assembled for divine service. Just as the clergyman was beginning his weekly discourse (who, by the by, was not much celebrated for his oratorical powers), a jackass,

which had been grazing in the church-yard, popped his head in at the window, and began braying with all his might, as if in opposition to the reverend preacher. On this, a wag present immediately got up from his seat, and, with great gravity of countenance, exclaimed, "One at a time, gentlemen, if you please!" The whole congregation set up a loud laugh, when the jackass took fright, and gave up the contest; though, from the clergyman's chagrin and confusion, he would probably not have been the worst orator.

ROMAN BON MOT.

METELLUS, whose mother had been a Roman of great gallantry, meaning to reproach Cicero with the meanness of his birth, "Learn," said Metellus, "who was your father." "It would be much more difficult for you," answered Cicero, "to learn who your father was."

DELICATE REPROOF.

CICERO, seeing Tullia, his daughter, walking with too much precipitation, and her husband too slow for a man, reprehended them both, by saying to Tullia, in the presence of Piso, "Look at your husband,—it is thus a woman should walk."

WE sometimes get jokes from Illinois, and the latest is the following. It is a good bit of drollery, quite original, we believe, and we must put it on file among the funny things of the times. A constable that had lately been inducted into office was in attendance on the court, and was ordered by the judge to call John Bell and Elizabeth Bell. He immediately began, at the top of his lungs: "John Bell and Elizabeth

Bell!" "One at a time," said the judge. "One at a time, *one at a time*, ONE AT A TIME," shouted the constable. "Now you've done it," exclaimed the judge, out of patience. "Now you've done it, *now you've done it*, NOW YOU'VE DONE IT!" yelled the constable. There was no standing this; the court, bar and bystanders, broke into a heavy laugh, to the perfect surprise and dismay of the astonished constable.

"TO SHAME A LIAR, TELL A GREATER LIE."

SIR PATRICK BLAKE was once in company where a nobleman — since dead — was relating many wonderful accounts of echoes which he had heard abroad, more particularly one in the ruins of a temple on the Appian way, about twelve miles from Rome, which, he said, "repeated any words seventy times." "That," replied Sir Patrick, who had listened with great attention to much more than he believed, "is nothing wonderful. There is an echo on my brother's estate, near the lake of Killarney, in Ireland, to which I have frequently said, "Good-morrow, Madam Echo!" and it has immediately answered, "Good-morrow, Sir Patrick Blake; how do you do?" The nobleman never afterwards told his wonderful tale of echoes before Sir Patrick.

A GOLDEN COVEY.

DOMINICO, the celebrated harlequin, going to see Louis XIV., at supper fixed his eye on a dish of partridges. The king, who was fond of his acting, said, "Give that dish to Dominico."—"And the partridges, too, sire?" Louis, penetrating his art, replied, "And the partridges, too." The dish was gold.

METAPHYSICS.

A SCOTCH blacksmith, being asked the meaning of metaphysics, explained it as follows: "When the party who listens disna ken what the party who speaks means, and when the party who speaks disna ken what he means himself,—that is metaphysics."

DOCTOR MACK NIGHT.

THE Rev. Doctors Henry and M'Knight, of Edinburgh, used occasionally to meet in the evening at an old lady's house in Merchant-street, where, after tea, the newspapers were commonly produced. On one of these nights, while Dr. H. was reading, he desired Dr. M'K. to snuff the candle, which, in the attempt, he extinguished. "Well done, Dr. Mack-night," said Dr. H., ironically.

ANECDOTE OF A LATE PASHA OF GRAND CAIRO.

A LATE Pasha of Grand Cairo, in Egypt, a man of keen parts, and, for a Turk, tolerably well versed in the history of antiquity, finding himself reduced to one of those miserable expedients of extortion by which the Ottoman Empire subsists, ordered the most opulent individuals of the Jewish nation, who are rich and numerous at Grand Cairo, to appear before him. The anxious infidels approached the dread divan. "I have been reading, ye caffres! (*Anglice*, scoundrels) the annals of your people," said the pasha; "and I find, by your own confession, that your forefathers borrowed of mine an immense quantity of jewels, plate and money, which have never been repaid. Begone, this moment! Make up your accounts, and bring me in the balance, or, by the beard of the holy prophet ——" The terrified Hebrews ran home, and

returned back to the divan with their hearts full of sorrow, and their purses filled with sequins. The pasha approved their account, accepted the balance, and gave them a regular discharge.

ALL ABOVE-BOARD.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT being urged to give battle in the night, "No," said he, "I will not allow it to be said that I am indebted to darkness for victory."

The same prince refused to see a beautiful woman whom he had made prisoner, "For fear," said he, "I should be captivated by my captive."

MILITARY ELOQUENCE.

AN officer in the army of Henry IV., who commanded a regiment very ill-clothed, seeing a party of the enemy advancing, who appeared newly equipped, said to his soldiers, "There, my brave fellows, go and clothe yourselves."

PREACHERS.

THE following eulogium was given to a great preacher: "His audience, apprehensive that his discourse was drawing to a conclusion, were continually in pain."

OVER a door, in the neighborhood of Lincoln's Inn-fields, is written, "J. *Death*, dealer in *spirit-ous* liquors."

A WAG at Manchester advertised threepence reward for the sight of a guinea, as the greatest rarity of the times.

WHEN Cherry formed the scheme of taking a company to Calcutta, the terms *talked of* were enormous. A lac of rupees per month was promised to the walking gentlemen, &c. &c. The question went round, "What is a lac of rupees?" None of the actors were sufficiently acquainted with the course of exchange to reply; but Munden, who was opposed to the scheme, said, "Do you know what a lack of money is?" "Yes, yes." "Then that means *exactly the same thing*." The result proved that Joey was right.

PHILANTHROPOS, walking in Bowdoin-street the other day, observed a heavy cart, which two poor, jaded horses were attempting to draw up the hill. They arrived about half way, when their strength failed them, and they could neither draw nor remain where they were, and the team began backing down the hill. The teamster sought for a stone to block the wheels, when Philanthropos, in his eagerness to lend his aid, rushed forward and put his new hat under the wheel. The team was not stopped, but his hat was.

AN Irish student was once asked what was meant by posthumous works. "They are such works," says Paddy, "as a man writes after he is dead."

CHARLES JAMES FOX, canvassing for an election, asked the vote of an honest mechanic, who was bitterly opposed to his interests. The fellow refused it, but presented him with a halter. "Pray, sir, keep it," says the wit, "for I presume it must be a *family* piece."

ABERCORN FAMILY.

SIR GEORGE HAMILTON, fourth son of James, first Earl of Abercorn, married Mary, third sister to James, Duke of Ormond; her nieces, daughters of the Duke of Ormond, Lady Mary, wife of the Earl of Devonshire, and Elizabeth, second wife of the Earl of Chesterfield, were the reigning beauties of the age. The scandalous chronicles of these times charge the husband of the Countess of Chesterfield with having caused her to take the sacrament upon her innocence respecting any intimacy with the Duke of York, and having then bribed his chaplain to put poison into the sacrament cup, of which she died. His son, Lord Stanhope, by his third wife (father of Lord Chesterfield, the author), married Gertrude Saville, daughter of the Marquis of Halifax. The marquis and earl quarrelled, and the latter made his son bring his wife to Litchfield, breaking off all intercourse between the families. Lady Stanhope had always on her toilet her father's "Advice to a Daughter;" her father-in-law took it up one day, and wrote in the title-page, "Labor in vain." On her side, the lady made her servant out of livery carry in his pocket a bottle of wine, another of water, and a cup; and whenever she dined or supped in company with her father-in-law, she never would drink but of those liquors from her servant's hand, as a hint to the earl, and society present, of what his lordship was suspected of having effected by a similar beverage.

THE learned Dr. West having married a lady by the name of Experience, who was very tall, being asked what he thought of the married state, replied that "by *long Experience* he had found it a good thing to be married."

A SURGEON, being sent for to a gentleman who had just received a slight wound in a rencounter, gave orders to his servant to go home, with all the haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaster. The patient, turning pale, exclaimed, "Look, sir, I hope there is no danger!" "Yes, indeed there is," answered the surgeon; "for, if the fellow does not make haste, it will heal before he returns."

NERVES.

A DOWAGER Duchess of Bedford, in her eighty-fifth year, was living at Buxton at a time when it was the medical fad of the day for the faculty to resolve every complaint of whim and caprice into "a shock of the nervous system." Her grace, after inquiring of many of her friends in the room what brought them there, and being generally answered "for a nervous complaint," was asked, in her turn, what brought her to Buxton. "I came only for pleasure," answered the hale old lady; "for, thank God, I was born before nerves came into fashion."

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

A FELLOW went to the parish priest, and told him, with a long face, that he had seen a ghost. "When and where?" said the pastor. "Last night," replied the man, "I was passing by the church, and up against the wall of it did I behold the spectre." "In what shape did it appear?" asked the priest. "It appeared in the shape of a great ass." "Go home, and hold your tongue about it," rejoined the pastor; "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened by your *own shadow*."

NEW OPPOSITIONIST.

A dog having one day got into the House of Commons, by his barking interrupted Lord North, who happened to be opening one of his budgets. His lordship pleasantly inquired by what new oppositionist he was attacked. A wag replied, "It was a member for *Bark-shire*."

FOX AND SHERIDAN.

SHERIDAN was down at Brighton one summer, when Fox, the manager, desirous of showing him some civility, took him all over the theatre, and exhibited its beauties. "There, Mr. Sheridan," said Fox, who combined twenty occupations, without being clever in one, "I built and painted all these boxes, and I painted all these scenes." "Did you?" said Sheridan, surveying them rapidly; "well, I should not, I am sure, have known you were a Fox by your *brush*."

ACCOUNT OF MULY MOLUC.

WHEN Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muly Moluc, Emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable; — however, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was, indeed, so far spent with his sickness that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but, knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the

engagement they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle began, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding, afterwards, the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge, which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the part of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but, finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter, where, laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers, who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture, with scarcely a groan.

CURIOUS TYPOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTE.

It is well known to literary people that, in preparing works for the press, it is usual for the printer, after the proof-sheets have been seen by the author, to go over them again, and clear them of what are called typographical errors, such as wrong spellings, inaccuracies of punctuation, and similar imperfections. In performing this office for a celebrated northern critic and editor, a printer, now dead, was in the habit of introducing a much greater number of commas than it appeared to the author the sense required. The case was provoking, but did not produce a formal remonstrance, until Mr. W—n himself accidentally afforded the learned editor an opportunity of signifying his dissatisfaction with the plethora of punctuation under which his compositions were made to labor. The worthy printer, coming to a passage one day

which he did not understand, very naturally took it into his head that it was unintelligible, and transmitted it to his employer, with a remark on the margin that "there appeared some obscurity in it." The sheet was immediately returned, with this reply, which we give *verbatim*: "Mr. J. sees no obscurity here, except such as arises from the d—d quantity of commas, which Mr. W—n seems to keep in a pepper-box beside him, for the purpose of dusting all his proofs with."

BETTER OR WORSE.

"I PRAY you, dear Thomas, don't rave thus, and curse ;
You know that you took me for better or worse."
"So I did," replied Thomas, "but, then, madam, look ye,
You proved, upon trial, much worse than I took ye."

NO ATTORNEYS ADMITTED.

A MAN who had a case in court said that if he lost it in the Common Pleas he would appeal to the Supreme Court, and from there to the United States Court, and from there to heaven. "Certainly, then," replied a gentleman, "you will be defeated; for you will not be present to answer for yourself, and no attorney is ever admitted there!"

A COUNTRY girl riding by a turnpike-road without paying toll, the gate-keeper hailed her and demanded his fee. On her demanding his authority, he referred her to his sign, where she read, "A man and horse, six cents." "Well," says she, "you can demand nothing of me, as this is but a woman and a mare."

HIGHLAND CHRISTIANITY.

A HIGHLANDER was visited on his death-bed by his clergyman, who exhorted Donald to prepare himself for another world by a sincere repentance of all the crimes he had committed on earth, and strongly urged the absolute necessity of forgiving his enemies. Donald shrugged up his shoulders at this hard request; yet he at last agreed to forgive every person who had injured him, except one, who had long been the Highlander's mortal foe, and of whom Donald hoped the parson would make an exception.

TWO BITES OF A CHERRY.

MR. A. CHERRY, the performer, was written to, a few years ago, with the offer of a very capital engagement from a manager, who, on a former occasion, had not behaved altogether well to him. Cherry sent him word that he had been bit by him once, and he was resolved that he should not make *two bites of A. Cherry*."

A BACCHANALIAN candidate offering for a country borough in England, the electors unanimously agreed that he was a very proper man to *sup-PORT*.

SEVERAL gentlemen were assembled opposite a tavern in Augusta, viewing a very small horse. One of the company observing that he had never seen so small a one before, an Irishman present declared that he did not think him a small horse at all, "for I have seen one in Ireland as little as *two* of him."

SERMONIZING MOVINGLY.

THE Abbé Dufont, who in general was a good preacher, was apt, on some subjects, to be immoderately tedious. Whenever the founder of the Jesuits was introduced, he never failed to enter on a tiresome panegyric on his favorite saint. One day he compared him with all the celestial hierarchy, and could find no place honorable enough for him, while his long paragraphs were ever closed with the exclamation, "Where shall we place this great patriarch?" An auditor, whose patience was exhausted, rose up, and said, "Since you are so puzzled, he may have my place, for I am going."

A ROUSER.

FATHER SERAPHIN, a noted Capuchin, of pious simplicity, was preaching before Louis XIV. at Versailles, when he perceived the Abbé Fenelon asleep. Stopping in the midst of his discourse, he said, "Wake that abbé who is asleep, and who perhaps only attends here to pay his court to the king." Louis smiled, and pardoned the disrespect, in consideration of the father's simplicity of character."

MARGAROT.

MARGAROT, one of the English members of the British Convention which met at Edinburgh in the year 1792 for the avowed purpose of revolutionizing the British nation,—a man preëminent in effrontery and profligacy,—was, on the day of his trial before the High Court of Justiciary, accompanied by the lowest rabble of Edinburgh, who took the horses from the carriage in which he was conveyed, and

dragged him to the Parliament House. On entering the court, he was complaining bitterly of a blow he had received on one of his legs. "Poh, man! be comforted," cried one of the macers that accompanied him, "I suppose 'tis only one of your *horses* has given you a kick."

NO SINECURE.

COLONEL M., of the Perthshire Cavalry, was complaining that, from the ignorance and inattention of his officers, he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment. "I am," said he, "my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own cornet," — "And *trumpeter*, I presume," said a lady present.

COSMO DE MEDICIS.

THE Duke of Tuscany complained to an ambassador from the republic of Venice that his predecessor had behaved very ill during his residence at Florence. "Your highness must not be surprised," said the ambassador, "for I can assure you we have many fools at Venice." "We have also fools at Florence," replied the duke, "but we take care never to send them out of the country on public business."

THE cook of one of the colleges at Cambridge was lately ordered into the room to receive a lecture, for ~~sending~~ sending up a dish that appeared dirty, in which there was a calf's head. The cook denied the charge, and, looking at the person who made the complaint, said, "I beg your pardon, sir; the dish is so clean that you may see *your face* in it."

WHEN Dr. Johnson was told that Rousseau's Confessions would contain every motive that had induced him to act in every situation, "Then," replied he, "if he was an *honest man*, his book will not be worth a farthing."

STEPHEN KEMBLE happening to pass through Newport Market, the butchers set up their usual cry of "What d'ye buy? What d'ye buy?" Stephen parried this for some time, by saying he did not want anything. At last a butcher started from his stall, and, eying Stephen's figure from top to bottom, which certainly did not indicate that he fed on air, exclaimed, "Well, sir, though you do not now want anything, only *say* you buy your meat of me, and you will make my fortune."

AN Irish conjuror and ventriloquist, of the name of Ray, but who called himself "Le Sieur Ray," to blarney his countrymen (though he spoke a brogue thick enough to have been cut with a knife, as Bowles used to say), exhibiting before their late majesties, refused to perform his grand deception till the queen said *cockalorum*, in which he pretended the charm consisted. Her majesty thought the word either difficult or indelicate, and declined; but the king was so bent upon the great astonishment, that he turned round to her good-naturedly, and said, "Say cockalorum, Charlotte, — say cockalorum."

DR. A —, physician at Newcastle, being summoned to a vestry in order to reprimand the sexton for drunkenness, dwelt so long on the fellow's misconduct, as to raise his choler

and draw from him this expression: "Sir, I was in hopes you would have treated my failings with more gentleness, or that you would have been the last man alive to appear against me, as *I have covered so many blunders of yours!*"

FLATTERY BY THE TON.

LOUIS XIV., having asked Boileau in what year he was born, that poet answered him, "I came into the world one year before your majesty, to announce the wonders of your reign."

ROYAL GRAVITATION.

WHEN all the court were sliding on the Seine, which was frozen over, Henry IV. wished also to join them; the Marshal Bassompierre prevented him. "The others are sliding," said Henry IV. "Ah, sire," answered Bassompierre, "but you are of greater weight than the others."

A FINE REPLY OF A SOLDIER.

A SOLDIER, in the army of Marshal Turenne, took the name of that general, who reprimanded him for it. "How am I to blame, general?" said the soldier. "I have my choice of names; if I had known one more illustrious than yours, I should have taken it." This ingenious answer procured him a reward.

THE most loquacious persons frequently are the slowest to perform.

Everywhere endeavor to be useful, and everywhere you will be at home.

AN IMPORTED PAT-RIOT ON HIS COUNTRY-SEAT.

HERE, reader, is a pat-riot sample of one of the monthly editions made to our maternal census every month by the humane (a fruitful importation law); but we have a very good road country, and broader charity, and I suppose we might just as well make up our minds to take them as they come,—good, bad, and very bad. One of these citizens had the good luck to be landed on our country coast a few days ago, with all his 'arthly possessions, which were an empty chest, a tobacco-pipe, and a shillelah; when, seating himself upon his box, which had served as a table, trunk, bedstead and chair, and gazing round upon a very large prospect of the land of liberty, he thus broke out, in modern Greek: "Hurrah! och, be St. Paddy, an' its here I am on my country-seat, in the best land of liberty, where whiskey runs as clear as mud, where tobacco grows right up, too,—yes, ready to be smoked; just where paratees peel themselves ready for the pot, an' where there's nothin to do at all, at all, but to improve the breed of the shillelah by knockin one another down, till ye get up into the first office in the counthry. Och, the swate liberty of dyin in a row, for the sake o' seein' yourself laid out an' buried with the honors o' the cudgel; mate three times a day, an' pig for dinner; and, above all, to live in a house wid a bit of a steeple on it to escort the smoke out, an' a separate lodgin' for the sow and pigs jist. Hurrah for swate Amerikee! Lord bless the ship that transported me over the water!"

FOLLY is a bad quality; but never to endure it in others is a greater folly.

No man ever did an injury designedly to another, that did not injure himself the most.

HOW TO FIND YOUR MAN.

A PERSON having unprovokedly struck Æsop, the latter said, "I am greatly obliged to you;" and, giving him a piece of gold, "though I cannot afford, at present, to give you more, I'll show you a person presently who can: give this man coming up to us such a blow, and you will be well rewarded." The aggressor, being pot-valiant, and moreover fool enough to follow Æsop's counsel, struck the gentleman. He happened to be a magistrate. Æsop's *friend* was seized, imprisoned, and held himself very fortunate to escape with a severe flagellation.

AN Irishman, on board a man-of-war, was desired by his messmate to go down and fetch a can of small beer. Teague, knowing that preparations were making to sail, absolutely refused. "Arrah, my shoul," says he, "and so, when I am gone into the cellar to fetch beer, the ship will sail away, and leave me behind."

AT a rehearsal of Artaxerxes, the celebrated Mrs. Badely, who sustained the principal female character, called out, in a peremptory manner, "Fellow, bring me my crook." Mr. Simonds immediately replied, "Madam, *your fellow* is not in the world."

JEAN PAUL says love may *slumber* in a lady's heart, but it always *dreams*.

The fool has one advantage over an educated man,— he is always contented with himself.

Those who have had the most forgiven them should be the least addicted to slander.

ANECDOTE OF JAMES V.

KING JAMES THE FIFTH, in one of his pedestrian tours, said to have called at the village of Markinch, in Fife; and, going into the only change-house, desired to be furnished with some refreshment. The gudewife informed him that her only room was then engaged by the minister and schoolmaster, but that she believed they would have no objection to admit him into their company. He entered, was made very welcome, and began to drink with them. After a ~~tough~~ ~~abanch~~ of several hours, during which he succeeded in ~~completely ingratiating~~ himself with the two parochial dignitaries, the reckoning came to be paid, and James pulled out money to contribute his share. The schoolmaster, on this, proposed to the clergyman that they should pay the whole, as the other had only ~~recently acceded~~ to the company, and was, moreover, entitled to their hospitality as a stranger. "Na, na," quoth the minister, "I see nae reason in that. This birkie maun just pay higglety-pigglety wi' oursels. That's the law in Markinch. Higglety-pigglety's the word." The schoolmaster attempted to ~~repel this selfish and unjust reasoning~~; but the minister remained perfectly ~~obdurate~~. King James at last exclaimed, in a ~~pet~~, "Weel, weel, higglety-pigglety be't!" and he immediately made such arrangements as insured ~~an equality of stipend~~ to his two drinking companions; thus at once testifying his disgust at the meanness of the superior, and his admiration of the generosity of the inferior functionary. ~~To this day~~ the salaries of the minister and schoolmaster of Markinch are nearly equal,—a thing ~~as singular~~ as it may be ~~surprising~~. Our authors for this story, as Pitscottie would say, are fifteen different clergymen, resident at different corners of the kingdom, all of whom told it in the same way, adding, as an

attestation of their verity, that they heard it discussed its bearings, times innumerable, at the breakfasts given to the professors of divinity; on which occasions, it seems that the bationers are duly informed of the various stipends, &c., of the parishes of Scotland, as they are instructed at another period of the day, in the more solemn mystic of their profession.

A CERTAIN Dutch Justice of the Peace, in the State of New York, having issued a summons made returnable on the next bath-day, the constable into whose hands it was preserved, being a fellow of humor, returned the summons agreeably to date. The justice, expecting it to be of another nature, perused it, and finding what it was, set on a great passion, "Vat de tivel you brings dis to-day?" "Why," replied the constable, "see whether or no it is returnable this day; and, should I neglect my duty, I would no doubt, with great propriety, report to the jury, and in all probability have me severely fined." At this the justice, with a loud voice, proclaimed, "I adjudge this court till next Wednesday;" and calls to his ser- vant, "Hauns, look off de almanac, and sees as dat vil- lains do the Sunbath's-day."

- ~~OVER-EARNEST~~ asseverations give men suspicion that the speaker is conscious of his own falsities.

It is a complaint against some young ministers that their bodies are in the pulpits, their hearts are in the

→ Chill penny weighs down the heart itself; and though it is sometimes endured with calmness, it is but the calmness of despair.

ANECDOTE OF THE GOOD HUMOR OF KING GEORGE I.

ON one of his journeys to Hanover his coach broke. At a distance in view was a chateau of a considerable German nobleman. The king sent to borrow assistance. The possessor came, conveyed the king to his house, and begged the honor of his majesty's accepting a dinner while his carriage was repairing; and, while the dinner was preparing, begged leave to amuse his majesty with a collection of pictures which he had formed in several tours to Italy. But what did the king see, in one of the rooms, but an unknown portrait of a person in robes, and with the regalia of the sovereigns of Great Britain! George asked whom it represented. The nobleman replied, with much diffident but decent respect, that in various journeys to Rome he had been acquainted with Chevalier de St. George, who had done him the honor of sending him that picture. "Upon my word," said the king, instantly, "it is very like to the family." It was impossible to remove the embarrassment of the proprietor with more good breeding.

A POOR man, who had a termagant wife, after a long dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last word, told her if she spoke one crooked word more, he would beat her brains out. "Why, then, ram's-horns, you rogue," said she, "if I die for it!"

A YOUNG excomb, with a very fine hat, told a poor fellow with a shabby one, "he scorned to keep company with such wool-headed fellows." "Sir," answered the other, "you disparage your own judgment; for, whatever you think, my hat is as good a beaver as ever was felt."

JOCKEYSHIP.

LOUIS XI., when he was a youth, used to visit a peasant whose garden produced excellent fruit. Soon after he ascended the throne, this peasant waited on him, and brought his little present,—a turnip, from his garden, of an extraordinary size. The king smiled, remembered his past pleasures, and ordered a thousand crowns to the peasant.

The lord of his village, hearing of this liberality, argued with himself thus: "If this peasant have a thousand crowns for a turnip, I have only to present a fine horse to this magnificent monarch, and my fortune is made." As others might entertain the same idea, he loses no time, but mounts one horse, and leads in his hand a beautiful barb, the pride of his stable. He arrives at court, and requests the king's acceptance of his little present. Louis highly praised the steed; and the donor's expectations were raised to the utmost, when the king exclaimed, "Bring me my turnip;" and added, in presenting it to the seigneur, "Hold! this cost me a thousand crowns. and I give it you for your horse."

THE NEW CUT.

AN old Scotch clergyman, who had an old tailor for his man, was one day riding home from a neighboring parish, where he had been assisting in the celebration of the sacrament. "John," cried he, "how comes it, do you think, that my young brother there should have such great assemblages of people hearing him, when I, for instance although preaching the same sermons I ever preached, am losing my hearers daily?" "Lord bless ye, sir," answered his sage valet, "it's just wi' you as it's wi' mysell. I sew just as weel as ever I did; yet that pair elf —— has ta'en

My business maist clean awa. It's no the sewing that'll do, sir; it's the new cut; it's just the new cut."

ALLAN RAMSAY.

RAMSAY'S patroness, Susanna, Countess of Eglintoun, to whom he dedicates his immortal "Gentle Shepherd," once sent him a present of a basket of fine fruit. No poet of the last century could let such a circumstance pass unsung. Accordingly, honest Allan composed the following complimentary epigram, which he returned in his note of acknowledgment to the countess:

"Now, Priam's son, ye may be mute,
For I can bauldly brag with thee:
Thou to the fairest gave the fruit—
The fairest gave the fruit to me."

Not content with sending this to the person for whom it was most particularly intended, he enclosed a copy to his friend Budgell, who soon sent him back the following comment upon it:

"As Juno fair, as Venus kind,
She may have been who gave the fruit;
But had she had Minerva's mind,
She'd ne'er have given 't to such a brute."

AN Irish clergyman, having gone to visit the portraits of the Scottish kings in Holyrood House, observed one of the monarchs of a very youthful appearance, whilst *his son* was depicted with a long beard, and wore the traits of extreme old age. "Sancta Maria!" exclaimed the good Hibernian, "is it possible that this gentleman was an *old man* when his FATHER was born?"

COMPARISON.

REMARKING on an actress of Drury-lane Theatre, remarkable for her coquetry, "That lady," said Mr. Garrick, "is like those sparkling wines, which every one tastes, but none buys."

SALVATION.

// MARSHAL BASSOMPIERRE was a favorite of Henry IV., and wielded the sword and pen equally well. His memoirs are (as most of the French memoirs) ~~very~~ entertaining. He was confined in the Bastille under Louis XIII. Being found one day reading the Bible, he said to the keeper, "Don't be alarmed at my employment; I am searching for a passage to save myself."

BREVITY.

f ~~Dallan~~ AN officer demanding, with much ~~importance~~, an audience of ~~Frederick the Great~~, it was granted, on condition that he should say only two words. He accordingly presented himself with a petition in his hand, in which he requested a pension. "~~Simply~~ said he, "sign." *here*

LORD NAIRN.

LORD NAIRN took refuge, after the Forty-five, in some small French town, where there was no other Scotsman but himself. Having been all his life accustomed to the deep drinking of his native country, and now requiring more than ever perhaps to amuse himself by that means, he took very ill with the sobriety of the French, none of whom he could ever prevail upon to sit a single moment after dinner. At

last, it fortunately happened that a few more of his ~~unhappy~~ ~~countrymen~~ came to ~~reside~~ at the same place, and supplied him with ~~company to his mind~~. The first day they dined together his lordship felt quite ~~in ecstasy~~; and, on handing the bottle down the table to his friends, said, "I canna express to ye, gentlemen, the satisfaction I feel in ance mair getting some men o' sense about me, after being plagued for a twelvemonth wi' a set o' fools, nae better than brute beasts, than winna drink mair than what serves them."

PRODIGALITY.

Two young gentlemen, who were ~~emulous~~ of extravagant expense, and one day, on some expensive freak, in Madame Sevigné's presence, that lady said, "It seems to me as if I saw them saluting each other at the door of an ~~alma-house~~, and each inviting the other to go in first."

WHEN Kemble was rehearsing the romance sung by Richard in the play of Richard, Shaw, the leader of the ~~band~~, called out from the orchestra, "Mr. Kemble, my dear Mr. Kemble, you are murdering time." Kemble, ~~calmly~~ and ~~coolly~~ taking a pinch of snuff, said, "My dear sir, it is better for me to murder time at once, than to be constantly beating him, as you do."

~~Economy~~ is the ~~parent~~ of integrity, of liberty, and of ~~ease~~; and the sister of temperance, of cheerfulness, and health; — and ~~profuseness~~ is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in ~~dependance~~ and debts, — that is, ~~fetters~~ them with "irons that enter into their souls." //

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

A MEMORABLE instance of William Rufus' expedition and valor is recorded. In 1099, as he was hunting in the New Forest, Hampshire, a messenger from the continent brought intelligence that the city of Mons was besieged. William ordered the man to return with speed, and tell the garrison to hold out, for that he would be with them in eight days. Then, turning his horse, he rode directly to the sea-coast, and desired all his attendants to follow him. At Dartmouth he found an old vessel, on board of which he instantly embarked, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the master, who told him he could not put to sea without the utmost peril. The wind, however, changing favorably, they arrived safe at Barfleur the next morning, and proceeded to Mons, where his unexpected appearance had such an effect that the siege was instantly raised.

Tyrrel, who is said to have pierced the king accidentally with an arrow, retired to France in consequence of that ~~unlucky~~ circumstance; where he declared, upon oath, that he was not nigh the king in the chase all that fatal day. And, if the tyrannical conduct of Rufus be duly considered, it seems more than probable that, having strayed from his attendants, he was found alone by some secret enemy, who took good aim, and deliberately assassinated him. The joy which all ranks of people discovered at his death warrants this conjecture.

M. DESMARET was the comptroller-general of the finances under Louis XV. From him descended the family of Mallebois. He left three sons, who were men of small stature, and who, on that account, were named at court "The Terriers."

FATE.

ZENO was a native of Cyprus. He taught in the Portico of Stoa, in Athens; hence STOIC, the appellation of his followers, amongst whom are to be ranked the greatest characters of antiquity; as Cato, Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Antonius. A servant of Zeno, being told that the plea of *fate* would exculpate him from any fault he should commit, exclaimed to his master, as he was undergoing punishment for theft, "It is my *fate* to be a thief." "Yes," replied Zeno, "and it is your *fate* to be punished for it."

The aptitude and quaintness of remark frequently made by the sons of Neptune are almost proverbial. Sleeping, one night, with that worthy and meritorious officer, Captain Colby (then a midshipman, but now Admiral Thornborough's captain, on board the Royal Sovereign), it occurred to me that I had drawn too large a portion of the bed-covering from him; and, as the weather was severe, I kindly inquired if he was in want of any *clothes*? He replied, laconically, "I want a COAT most amazingly."

SOME years ago, the junior Sheridan, who inherited a large portion of the wit and genius of his father, was dining with a party of his father's constituents at the Swan, in Stafford. Among the company were, of course, a great many shoe-makers (I beg their pardon, I mean shoe *manufacturers*). One of the most eminent of them was in the chair, and, in the course of the afternoon, he called upon young Sheridan for a sentiment. This call not being immediately attended

to, the president, in rather an angry tone, repeated it. Sheridan, who was entertaining his neighbor with a story, appeared displeased at this second interruption, and, desiring a bumper might be filled, he gave, "May the manufacture of Stafford be *trampled upon* by all the world." It is needless to say that this sentiment, given with apparent warmth, restored him to the good graces of the president.

LIVING WITHOUT BRAINS.

As the late Professor H—— was walking near Edinburgh, he met one of those beings usually called fools. "Pray," says the professor, accosting him, "how long can a person live without brains?" "I dinna ken," replied the fellow, scratching his head; "how long have you lived yoursell, sir?"

CAPITAL offences are not often committed in Sweden; many of the towns in which there are provincial courts of justice are, therefore, without an executioner. In one of these a criminal was sentenced to be hanged, which occasioned great embarrassment. It was found necessary to engage a hangman who lived at a considerable distance, who would require the expenses of his long journey to be paid, as well as the customary reward of two crowns. A young tradesman just admitted into the city council (according to the practice upon these occasions) delivered his sentiments first upon this business, and hoped his brethren would approve of his proposal. "Gentlemen," said he, "I think we had better give the malefactor the two crowns, and let him go and get hanged where he pleases."

NATIONALITY.

THE Abbé Raynal came, with some Frenchmen of rank, to see Mr. Walpole, at ~~Strawberry-hill~~. They were standing at a window, looking at the ~~prospect~~ to the Thames, which they found flat, and one of them said in French, not thinking that Mr. W. and a Mr. Churchill overheard them. "Everything in England serves to recommend France to us the more." Mr. Churchill, ~~somewhat piqued~~, instantly stepped up, and said, "Gentlemen, when the Cherokees were in this country, they could eat nothing but train-oil."

A MERCHANT who had failed in business held the following consultation with his clock: "You," said he, "are a mechanical affair, while I have the principal action in myself." "Very true," replied the clock; "but, when you wind up your affairs, you stop business; when my affairs are wound up, I go the longer for it."

DANCING TO SOME TUNE.

THE ~~celebrated dancer~~, Barberini, was, for some time, engaged at the king's theatre, at Berlin. He was a little in love with her, ~~because she had legs like a man~~; but the thing most of all ~~incomprehensible~~ was, he gave her a salary of upwards of ~~thirteen hundred pounds~~. His Italian poet, who put the operas into verse, had little more than ~~a thirtieth~~ part of the sum; but it ought to be remembered he ~~was very~~ ugly, and could not dance. In a word, Barberini touched, for her share, more than all of his ministers of state put together.

RETROSPECT.

THE Abbé de Choisi, having incurred some heavy debts, was under the necessity of selling his fine estate in Normandy. Passing, some time afterwards, the seat of his former wealth, and being extremely hungry, he exclaimed, as he looked at it, "O, how I should like to dine with you to-day !"

A SCOTCHMAN and an Irishman were sleeping at an inn together. The weather being rather warm, the Scotchman put his leg out of bed. A person, seeing him in this situation, gently fixed a spur on Sawney's heel, who, drawing his leg into bed, so disturbed his companion, that he exclaimed, "Arrah, my dear honey, have a care ! for, by my shoul, you have fractured the *skull-boon* of my shin, with those nails of yours, I belave." The Scotchman being sound asleep, but restless in his dreams, still scratching poor Teague, till his patience being quite spent, he succeeded in rousing Sawney ; who, not a little surprised at finding a spur on his heel, loudly exclaimed, "The ostler has ta'en off my boots last night, and left on the spur."

A VETERAN toper complained to Dr. W., of Boston, that, from long use of spirituous liquors, they *palled* upon his palate, and failed to exhilarate his spirits. The doctor, in a sportive mood, inquired if he had ever used *aqua fortis*, and recommended it to his patient, diluted with water. The toper immediately procured a considerable quantity, which he at first mixed with water, but afterwards took in its crude state : however, in a few months the aqua fortis afforded him

as little pleasure as common New England ~~white-face~~. Soon after, the unfortunate tippler, meeting the doctor, addressed him thus : " Doctor, the aqua^{*}fortis won't do ; can't you give me something stronger ? Do, dear doctor, *for the love of grog*, let me have a little *aqua fifties*."

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AND A POOR SOLDIER.

SOON after victory had declared itself in favor of the British arms at the memorable battle of Blenheim, the Duke of Marlborough, in traversing the ranks, observed a soldier leaning, in a pensive manner, on the butt-end of his musket. His Grace immediately accosted him thus, " Why so pensive, my friend, after so glorious a victory ? " " It may be glorious," replied the son of Mars ; " but I have only earned *four-pence*, by contributing to all this acquisition of fame ! " The subsequent conduct of the duke, on this occasion, is not known.

BON-MOTS OF THE HONORABLE HENRY ~~ERSKINE~~

THIS celebrated wit, of whom it might be said, more truly, perhaps, than of any other man that ever breathed, that

" ——— he could not open
His mouth, but out there flew a trope,"

was one day at a large dinner-party, where Miss Henrietta ——— was also present. This lady had been the most admired beauty of her day, in Edinburgh ; but, at the time in question, was a little past the meridian of life. It must also be premised of her, that her name was usually abbreviated into *Hennie*. " Mr. Erskine," said the lady, as the wine was beginning to circulate, " they say that ye're a

great man for making puns : could ye mak a pun, d' ye think on me?" "Od, Hennie," the wit instantly replied, "you might be making puns yourself, now; I'm sure, *Hennie* though ye be, ye're *nae chicken*."

Being one day in London, in company with the Duchess of Gordon, he asked her, "Are we never again to enjoy the honor and pleasure of your Grace's society at Edinburgh?" "O!" said she, "Edinburgh is a vile, dull place; I hate it!" "Madam," replied the gallant barrister, "the sun might as well say, There's a vile, dark morning; I won't rise to-day."

SUPERLATIVE VANITY.

A VISIONARY who flourished in the last century was at the expense of having a plate engraved, in which he was represented kneeling before a crucifix, with a label from his mouth, "Lord Jesus, do you love me?" From that of Jesus proceeded another label, "Yes, most illustrious, most excellent, and most learned Sigerus, crowned poet of his Imperial Majesty, and most worthy rector of the University of Wittenberg, — yes, I do love you."

DRY IN CHURCH.

THE Rev. Doctors H—— and M—— were colleagues in the Old Church of Edinburgh. One Sunday, when it was Dr. M——'s turn to preach, he had got himself very much wetted by a heavy rain, and was standing before the session-room fire, drying his clothes, when Dr. H—— came in, whom he requested would that day take his place, as he had escaped the shower. "O, by no means," replied the doctor: "gang up to the poopit, — ye'll be *dry enough there*."

HONOR.

M. DE FABIN, being ordered, by the Duke of Vendome, in a ~~very perilous service~~, in which ~~personal animosity~~ was supposed to dictate, some of his brother officers were supplying pretences for evading the service. "I can very easily save my life," answered M. de Fabin, "but who will save my honor?"

A VALETHUDINARIAN complained of a violent pain in one of his legs. His wife made use of embrocations and flannel to no purpose: the patient continued his groaning. A surgeon was called in, who, on examining the leg, declared it was sound. "Then it must be the *other*," replied he.

HACKSTOUN OF RATHILLET.

THE son of this celebrated Covenantanter was a Jacobite, and turned out in the Fifteen. A future representative married into the family of Hay of Naughton, which was unfortunately tainted with a strain of madness. The offspring of this marriage was a son, named Helenus, who, along with the talent inherent in his father's family, had, moreover, a great portion of the insanity of his other parent. Old Hackstoun used to say to this youth, on observing any symptom of extravagance, "Helenus, Helenus, ma man, I doot ye've owre muckle mither wit."

This Helenus married a lady who had previously had two husbands; and he was never after free from quarrels and law-suits with his wife's various families and connections. In the course of one of these suits, he published an account of his family, with an appendix, containing letters that passed

between himself and his opponents' party,— the names all in blanks, and, therefore, the whole quite unintelligible, except to himself. He used to come to Edinburgh, and ride through the streets in a carriage, the panels of which were all covered over with devices, in the shape of coats-armorial, allusive to the circumstances of his law-suits. These were of his own invention; and, if we are not mistaken, he also painted them himself. One may serve as a specimen of the whole. He had a gentleman, of the name of Baillie, one of his wife's sons, represented sitting in the corner of a room, upon a large egg, titled with the word "Plot." This was one of his enemies, he said, hatching a plot against him. In such drivels ended the line of the stern murderer of Archbishop Sharpe.

Old Hackstoun one day said to Mr. Smibert, the minister of Cupar, who was also blessed with a foolish, or rather wild youth, for a son, "D' ye ken, sir, you and I are wiser than Solomon?" "How can that be, Rathillet?" inquired the startled clergyman. "Oo, ye see," said Hackstoun, "Solomon didna ken whether his son was to be a fool or a wise man; but baith you and I are quite sure that *our sons are fools.*"

SOME gentlemen being in a tavern, as they were in the height of their jollity, in came a friend of theirs, whose name was Sampson. "Ah," said one, "we may now be securely merry, fearing neither sergeant nor bailiff; for, though a thousand such Philistines should come, here is Sampson, who is able to brain them all." "Sir," replied Sampson, "I may boldly venture on so many as you speak of, provided you lend me one of your jaw-bones."

THE following epigram was occasioned by Miss H.'s elopement from Oxford with her footman, at the time a gentleman called by the wits of the University Dr. *Toe*, from his peculiarity of walking, was paying his addresses to her.

"Twixt footman John and Dr. Toe
A rivalry befell,
Which should be the happy beau,
And bear away the belle.

"The footman gained the lady's heart,
And who can blame her? — No man!
The *whole* prevailed against *its part*, —
"T was *Foot-man* versus *Toe-man*."

AN Irish gentleman, in company, a few nights since, observing that the lights were so dim as only to render the darkness visible, called out, lustily, "Here, waiter, let me have a couple of *dacent* candles, that I may see how those others burn."

A GASCON officer, demanding his salary from the minister of war, maintained that he was in danger of dying of hunger. The minister, who saw that his visage was full and ruddy, told him his face gave the lie to his statement. "Ah! sir," said the Gascon, "don't trust to that! This face is not mine; it belongs to my landlord, who has given me credit for a long time."

A COUNTRYMAN being requested to help a member of Congress out of a ditch, replied that he had no hand in *State affairs*.

READ SERMONS.

THE antipathy entertained by the Scotch of the lower orders against *read sermons* is the subject of various good jokes, but of none, perhaps, better than the following. A country clergyman, on the north side of the Forth, who had the most zealous respect for true religion and sound toryism, was guilty of this fault to a great degree,—was, indeed, as his parishioners said, *a perfect slave to the paper*. At the acquittal of the pure and lovely Queen Caroline, in 1821, the inhabitants of the village where this clergyman's manse stood resolved on having an illumination, as well as their neighbors, and the bellman was sent round to announce the event. In the course of his peregrinations, John stopped opposite the manse, and read his proclamation. The news of a radical illumination in the parish alarmed the minister extremely; he ran out, crying, "Stop, John; wha bade ye cry that? Ye souldna cry that, John." "'Deed, sir," answered John, "I'll just cry what I'm paid for, and ne'er speer wha gies me the paper." The minister, seeing that no good was to be done in this way, made up to John, and, snatching the paper from him, ran off. "Hoot, man," cried the sardonic Scot; "ye needna rin sae fast; though ye canna tell your story wanting your paper, d'ye think I canna do wanting mine?"

THE TWO STORY-TELLERS.

THE clergymen of two adjoining parishes in Forfarshire, about the end of the last century, were both alike remarkable for an infinite fund of anecdote, as well as for a prodigious willingness or rather eagerness, to disclose it. When one of them happened to be present in any company, he generally

monopolized, or rather prevented, all conversation; when both were present, there was a constant and keenly-contested struggle for the first place. It fell out, on a certain morning, that they breakfasted together, without any other company; when the host, having a kind of right of precedence, in virtue of his place, commenced an excellent but very long-winded story, which his guest was compelled to listen to, though disposed, at the end of every sentence, to strike in with his parallel and far more interesting tale.

THE CONTEST OF ART—ZEUXIS AND PARRHASIUS.

MANY curious anecdotes are related of the former of these celebrated painters. His dispute with Parrhasius is thus related by Pliny: Zeuxis had painted some grapes so naturally that the birds used to come and peck at them; and Parrhasius had represented a curtain so artfully, that Zeuxis, mistaking it for a real curtain, which hid his rival's work, ordered it to be drawn aside, that he might see the painting behind it. Discovering his mistake, he confessed himself outdone, since he had only imposed upon birds, but Parrhasius had deceived even those who were judges of the art. Another time he painted a boy loaded with grapes, when the birds flew again to his picture. At this he was exceedingly vexed, and frankly acknowledged that it was not perfectly finished, since, had he represented the boy as naturally as the grapes, the birds would have been afraid of him. One of Zeuxis' finest pieces was a Hercules strangling some dragons in his cradle, in the presence of the affrighted mother. Some are of opinion, however, that Helena was the picture by which he gained the greatest reputation. He died immensely rich.

Valerius Flaccus says that his death was occasioned by an immoderate fit of laughter, on looking at the picture of an old woman he had drawn.

A GENTLEMAN who was always very generous to his rich relations, and took no notice of his poor ones, was once riding through a river, in the midst of which his horse stood still and staled; whereupon his servant wittily said to him, "Sir, your horse now resembles yourself, for he bestows his moist bounty to the overflowing streams, when the ground is almost barren for want of water."

WHEN Queen Elizabeth, in one of her progresses, soon after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, visited Shrewsbury, the mayor, on congratulating her on the memorable event, said, "When the King of Spain attacked your majesty, egad! *he took the wrong sow by the ear!*" The queen could not help smiling at this; and her admiration was further heightened when, at her departure, he begged permission "to attend her majesty to *the gallows!*" which stood a mile out of town.

REDEMPTION.

THE Count de Melas, a Spanish officer, debarred himself and his soldiers, not only of every comfort, but even of necessities; and the effect of his extreme severity was the ruin of the health of many. He died at Milan, where some of his officers put upon his tomb these words of the creed: "*Qui propter nos et propter nostram salutem, descendit ad infernos.*"—"Who for us," &c.

ANECDOTES OF DOCTOR FRANKLIN.

DOCTOR FRANKLIN once examining a boy, at the request of his father, relative to the progress he had made in his learning, found him offering *excuses* for almost everything which he should have done. This he listened to for some time with great patience, and very much to the boy's satisfaction, who thought he had deceived him. At last he said, in his usual grave manner, "I grant you, young gentleman, you have been very *ingenious* in your apologies for not doing your duty, and as such I must report you to your father; but this I must likewise tell him, as well as you,—that the boy who is good at excuses is generally good for nothing else."

When people who had got together a little money in trade used to be capriciously wishing to live in the country (without having a single quality or habit to fit them for agriculture, its pursuit or enjoyments), he would dryly ask, "What do you think of the country for?" "O, because I am *tired* of the town." "And for this reason," replied he,—“you want to *re-tire* in the country.”

When he heard people say "they were tired of a thing," merely through the want of proper perseverance, he used to reply, "Well, do as married people do,—*tire and begin again*."

Franklin's father was a Puritan of the old stamp, and, with other peculiarities of this sect, was accustomed to precede all his meals with long prayers, and sometimes to say grace over every particular dish. This not agreeing with the impatience of young Franklin's appetite, who was then about eleven years old, he determined to give his father a broad hint. Accordingly, when, at the beginning of winter, he was, as

usual, busy in salting provisions for the season, he asked his father "whether it would not be better to crave a blessing, once for all, on the whole cask of provisions, *then*, as it would be a wonderful saving of time in future."

His peculiar talent was that of illustrating subjects by apposite anecdotes. When he was agent in England for the province of Pennsylvania, he was frequently applied to by the ministry for his opinion respecting the operation of the Stamp Act; but his answer was uniformly the same, "that the people of America would never submit to it."

IN an advertisement of a house in the country, it is mentioned, as one of the great advantages of its situation, that, in all probability, *a new road will be cut through it.*"

A CLERGYMAN, preaching some time ago in the neighborhood of Wapping, England, observing that most of his audience were in the seafaring way, very properly embellished his discourse with several nautical tropes and figures. Among other things, he advised them to be "ever on the *watch*, so that on whatever *tack* the devil should *down upon them*, he might be *crippled* in the action." "Ay, master," cried a jolly son of Neptune; "but, let me tell you that will depend upon having the *weather-gauge* of him."

A LADY told her husband she read the *Art of Love* on purpose to be agreeable to him. "I would rather have *love without art*," replied he.

PROFESSIONAL SENSIBILITY.

AN Italian painter has been seen to bedew with tears his palette and pencils, because he was employed to cover with a drapery the greatest part of one of Raphael's paintings, in which an infant Jesus appeared too naked.

RED HAIR.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY, in a recent number, has an amusing article on "Red Hair," which, for some reason or other, has always been disliked in various parts of the world; though one of its shades, the auburn color, running into brown, has always been as much admired as the bright red has been condemned. Red hair has been considered as betokening a cruel and fiend-like disposition, and as appropriate to executioners. Scott, in the "Talisman," gives Richard's headsman a "huge red beard mingling with shaggy locks of the same color," and, on the other hand, the Queen Berengaria is introduced with "golden tresses."

Red hair is also regarded as a mark of craftiness and treachery. In Spain it is called the hair of Judas, and he is distinguished by it in the Spanish paintings. Shakspeare makes Rosalind say of her lover, "His hair is of the dissembling color;" to which Celia replies, "Something browner than Judas."

Among the ancient nations, the Egyptians are most remarkable for their aversion to red hair, and were accustomed annually to offer a burnt sacrifice, in honor of their devil, Typho, of a red-haired man; but it is humanely suggested, by way of mitigation, that they had long waged war with a nation whose hair was of a reddish hue, and the victim was only a prisoner of war!

The Chinese picture their devil as white, with red hair, and denominate the English "red-haired devils, or barbarians." A French traveller, more liberal than the Chinese, says, "I spik always de trut, and I vill say dat I have seen English vich had not red hair."

In the Highland clans, in Scotland, red hair is regarded as a deformity. A nobleman, visiting a Highlander, inquired for one of his sons, who was kept out of the way upon an excuse which led to the supposition that he was infirm or daft. But, on the father's producing a fine, handsome young man; the nobleman exclaimed, "I see nothing the matter with him!" to which the father sorrowfully replied, "Nothing the matter with him? Look at his hair!" It was red.

The ancient Romans and the modern Italians have been great admirers of women of golden-colored hair.

In our country red locks are not considered as contributing to beauty, in either sex; but the red-haired people are usually more than commonly endowed in their mental constitution, and can afford to offset brains against hair. Some of the greatest men have been crowned with red hair; among them that vigorous old pirate, William the Conqueror, of England, the blood of whose followers still flows in the veins of New England men.

CARRYING BUNDLES.

MANY people have a contemptible fear of being seen to carry any bundle, however small, having the absurd idea that there is a social degradation in the act. The most trifling as well as weighty packages must be sent to them, no matter how much to the inconvenience of others. This arises from a low kind of pride. There is a pride that is higher, that arises

consciousness of there being something in the individual not to be affected by such accidents — worth and weight of character. This latter pride was exhibited by the American of Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte. While he was in England, at Cambridge, he was one day carrying to his room a broom he had just purchased, when he met a friend, who, seeing the broom with surprise, exclaimed, "Why did you bring it sent home?" "I am not ashamed to carry home a broom which belongs to me," was the sensible reply of Jerome Bonaparte. Very different pride was this from that of a young lady whom we know, who always gave her mother bundles to carry when they went out together, because she thought it vulgar to be seen with one herself.

A MATCH FOR SHERIDAN.

SHERIDAN sometimes met with his match, and that in places where it might have been least expected. He was once endeavoring to cut a suit of new clothes out of a tailor's shop in the city. Flattery was the weapon he employed. "In my word," said he, "you are an excellent finisher; your snips in the West End hollow. Why don't you show your thimble amongst us? I'll recommend you everywhere. Upon my honor, your work does you infinite credit." "No," replied the artist, "I always take care that my work has long credit, but the wearers ready money."

A CHEMIST, discoursing of drugs, asserted that all bitter medicines were hot. "No," observed one present; "there is a difference of a very different quality, and that is a bitter cold."

BENEFIT OF STAMMERING.

A STAMMERING Lord Deloraine, being in a cock-pit and offering several bets which he would have lost if he could have replied in time, at length offered ten pounds to a crown. A gambler, who stood by, said "Done;" but his lordship's fit of stammering happening to seize him at that moment, he could not repeat the word "Done" till the favorite cock was beat. "Confound your stuttering tongue!" cried the *leg*; "if you could speak like other folk, you would be ruined."

ALL OR NONE.

AT the siege of Charleroi, the Duke of Marlborough ordered an officer to take twelve volunteers out of his regiment for an exploit of peculiar hazard. The officer signified the order to his regiment; all remained silent and motionless; three times the question was received in silence. "How is this?" exclaimed the officer; "do you hear me?" "You are heard, sir," cried one in the ranks; "but why do you call for twelve volunteers? We are all so; you have only to choose."

GENEROUS SENTIMENT.

M. FLECHIER, speaking of Marshal Turenne, says, "He reckoned his own misfortunes as faults; but, more indulgent to others, he reckoned their faults as misfortunes."

AT a late review of the militia, a young Englishman observed "they were not English troops." "No," replied his friend, "*but they beat them.*"

DR. JAMES.

DR. JAMES is said to have been indebted for the discovery of the celebrated powder long known by his name to a German called Swanberg ; but such is generally the fate of original inventors, that the German died almost starving, while James, and many of his successors in the sale of this medicine, rode in their coaches.

James being once asked his opinion of the difference between a doctor and an apothecary, replied, "It did not become him to decide on such a delicate point. However, he would tell the company an anecdote, which perhaps might elucidate the question. A monkey, belonging to a gentleman's house in the country, observed the butler one day go into the cellar, take the spigot out of the barrel, draw himself a jug of ale, and then return it into the barrel again. When the butler went away, Jacko, who wished to be *an imitator without the capacity of his original*, drew the spigot out of the barrel ; but, *not knowing how to stop it again*, let the beer run all about the place, while he frisked up and down stairs, in the greatest fright and confusion imaginable."

RUSTIC NOTION OF THE RESURRECTION.

It is the custom in Scotland for the elders to assist the minister, in visiting the sick ; and on such occasions they give the patient and the surrounding gossips the benefit of prayers. Being generally well acquainted in the different families, they often sit an hour or two after the sacred rites, to chat with those who are in health, and to receive the benefit of a dram. On one of these occasions, at the house of Donald M'Intyre, whose wife had been confined to her fire-side and arm-chair for many years, the elder and Donald grew *unco gracious*.

Glass after glass was filled from the bottle, and the elder entered into a number of metaphysical discussions, which he had heard from the minister. Among other topics was the Resurrection. The elder was strenuous in support of the rising of the same body; but Donald could not comprehend how a body once dissolved in the dust could be reanimated. At last, catching what he thought a glimpse of the subject, he exclaimed, "Weel, weel, Sandy, ye're richt sae far. You and me, that are strong healthy folk, *may* rise again; but that *peer* thing there *far* she sits (that poor thing there where she sits), *she* 'll ne'er rise again."

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE.

THIS great man left his estates to an heiress, who was married to the Earl of Bute. It is said that the earl married that young lady under very extraordinary circumstances, and after having practised a most laughable *ruse* upon her father. Entertaining no hope of procuring Sir George's consent to the match, his lordship went to him in the capacity of a client wishing to consult a lawyer, related to him all the circumstances of the case with the exception of the name of the young lady, and asked, in conclusion, how he should proceed; and if, in the event of their being married without the father's consent, they might be disappointed in enjoying his estates after his death. Sir George, totally unconscious that himself and his daughter were the persons concerned, gave an advice which tended to the very event he was expected to be adverse to,—the clandestine marriage of his daughter to the Earl of Bute.

EITHER the future or the past is written in every face, and makes us, if not melancholy, at least mild and gentle.

TWO POETS TO ONE COUPLET.

A YOUNG student, walking with another round the Calton Hill, at Edinburgh, began to expatiate on the matchless beauties and infinite variety of the views which were to be obtained from that site; and he at length confessed that, inspired by the admirable prospect of the coast of Fife, on the opposite side of the Firth of Forth, he had commenced a poem in its praise;—but he had, somehow, failed to get beyond the first line,—

“Again we see upon the northern shore.”

“Why, man,” answered his companion, “I think it would be no difficult matter to make that a couplet. Let me see,—

‘Kinghorn still standing where it stood before.’”

A ~~man~~ Irish soldier once returning from battle in the night, marching a little way behind his companion, called out to him, “Hollo, Pat, I have *catch* a Tartar!” “Bring him long, then; bring him along, then!” “Ay, but he won’t come.” “Why, then, come away without him.” “By ~~ago~~! but he won’t let me.”

A HORSE-STEALER was brought to be examined before a justice, who, finding the felony apparent, “Well, sirrah,” says he, “if thou art not hanged for this, I’ll be hanged for thou!” “I humbly thank your worship,” replied the thief, “and when the time comes I desire you not to be out of the way.”

IN Massachusetts there is sledding, in Virginia there is *Wheeling*.

ANECDOTE OF SIBBALD, EDITOR OF CHRONICLES OF SCOTTISH POETRY.

MR. JAMES SIBBALD, editor of the *Chronicles of Scottish Poetry*, was a man of eccentricity and humor. For three or four years he resided in London, without ever letting his Scotch friends know anything of his proceedings, or even where he lived. At last his brother, a Leith merchant, found means to get a letter conveyed to him, the object of which was to inquire into his circumstances, and to ask where he resided. Sibbald sent the following laconic reply :

" Dear Brother :

" I live in So-ho, and my business is so-so.

" Yours,

" JAMES SIBBALD.

AMBASSADOR.

PHILIP II. sent a young nobleman to Rome to congratulate Sixtus V. on his exaltation. Sixtus was dissatisfied at a young ambassador being sent, and, with his usual frankness, said, " Does your master want *men*, that he sends to me a beardless ambassador ? " " Had my sovereign thought," replied the haughty Spaniard, " that merit consisted in a beard, he would have sent you a *goat*."

" NEVER ENDING, STILL BEGINNING."

THE mania of Catharine II., Empress of Russia, to sketch everything, and complete nothing, drew from Joseph II. a very shrewd and satirical remark. During his travels in Tauris, he was invited by her to place the second stone of a town, of which she had herself, with great parade, laid the first. On his return, he said, " I have finished, in a single

very important business with the Empress of Russia; laid the first stone of a city, and I have laid the

STUCKLY once waited upon Sir Isaac Newton, a little inner-time; but he had given orders not to be called by anybody till his dinner was upon the table. At a boiled chicken was brought in, and Stuckly waited as near quite cold, when, being very hungry, he ate it. He ordered another to be dressed for Sir Isaac, who was down before the second was ready, and, seeing the dish of the first, which had been removed, he lifted up his head, and, turning to Dr. Stuckly, said, "What strange studious people are! I really forgot I had dined."

MR. NITELMAN, having put out a candle by accident ordered his waiting-man (who was a simple being) to go again in the kitchen. "But take care, John," added he, "that you do not hit yourself against anything, in the kitchen." Mindful of the caution, John stretched out both his arms full length before him; but unluckily a door, which was half open, passed between his hands, and struck him a blow upon the nose. "Dickens!" muttered he, when he recovered his senses a little; "I always heard that I had a very long nose, but I vow I never have thought before that it was longer than my arm."

PHARSIS, the Scythian sage, being asked in what respects learned men differed from unlearned, answered, "As the living differ from the dead."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SCOT AND A SOT.

HOVEDAN, a writer of the thirteenth century, informs us that Joannes Scotus, the early Scotch philosopher, being in company with Charles the Bold, King of France, that monarch asked him, good-humoredly, what was the difference between a Scot and a Sot. Scotus, who sat opposite the king, answered, "Only the breadth of the table."

PETER AND MARTIN.

THE sensible, ingenious and philanthropical Sterne, had brought up four dogs; one he called Peter, the other Martin. He had given to each a disciple, or proselyte, and had maintained between the parties a great animosity. Peter never saw Martin but he was ready to jump on and devour him; and Martin had an equal hatred for him. When Sterne wished to divert himself, he called Peter and Martin. Each took his place,—the one on his right hand, the other on his left; and each with his disciple beside him. Sterne then spoke to Peter, to invite him to agree with Martin. Peter, by his continual barking, and the sparkling of his eyes, seemed to say that he would listen to no accommodation. He afterwards turned to Martin, towards whom his wishes of union were equally unavailing. "Let us see," said Sterne, "if, by a conference, your spirits and sentiments may become more conformable." He brought them together. They at first conversed together, by barking gently. They seemed, by their growling, to answer each other, till at length they insensibly attacked each other in furious combat, and would probably have torn each other to pieces, had they not been parted. The amiable Sterne, as an excuse for the apparent folly of amusing himself in this manner, contended, with probably

great degree of truth, that the conduct of his dogs afforded him an apt type of the sanguinary animosities that have been produced, even in the most humane and generous nations, by religious controversy, or difference of opinion.

EXTRAORDINARY IGNORANCE.

SIR JOHN GERMAIN, ancestor of Lady Betty Germain, was a Dutch adventurer, who came over to England in the reign of King Charles II. He had an intrigue with a countess, who was divorced, and married him. This man was so ignorant that, being told that Sir Matthew Decker wrote St. Matthew's gospel, he firmly believed it. "I doubted," says Lord Orford, "this tale very much, till I asked a lady of quality, his descendant, about it, who told me it was most true. She added that Sir John Germain was, in consequence, so much persuaded of Sir Matthew's piety, that by his will he left two hundred pounds to Sir Matthew, to be by him distributed among the Dutch paupers in London."

DURING Lord Holland's late illness, George Selwyn called and left his card. Selwyn had a fondness for seeing dead bodies; and the dying lord, fully comprehending his feeling, is said to have remarked, "If Mr. Selwyn calls again, show him up. If I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am dead, he will like to see me."

THE greatest praise a preacher can receive is the silence of his auditors; for, when they leave church in a pensive manner, their silence is very expressive.

PRESBYTERIAN COMFORT.

A WITTY democrat, deploring the fate of Mr. Livingston, neglected by the house and maltreated by Porcupine, in spite of his eloquence and apt allusion to Shakspeare, applies to the New York orator a fragment from Dr. Watts :

"See, what a Living-stone
The builders did refuse !"

THE favorite way of committing suicide in this country, just now, is by using camphene and burning-fluid lamps. If somebody would invent a lamp for gunpowder, which would do the work of death still more effectually, it would undoubtedly become popular among the users of camphene.

A MAN, praising porter, said it was so excellent a food that, though taken in great quantities, it always made him fat. "I have seen the time," said another, "when it made you lean." "When, I should like to know?" said the eulogist. "Why, no longer since than last night — against the wall."

THERE has been, it seems, great slaughter among clergymen. The Burlington Sentinel heads the article about the explosion of the James Jackson as follows : "Terrible Steam-boat Accident! Thirty-five *parsons* killed and wounded!"

ONE being choked with a honeycomb, his friends began to bemoan him. "Why do you make such lamentation?" said another, "for never did any man die a sweeter death."

GOLDEN TIDE.

THE Duke of Bourbon had dipped deep in the stream of Mr. Law's System, and magnificently embellished his chateau of Chantilly, at which he received Louis XV. on his return from Rheims. This gave occasion to a pleasant remark, that "the river of Mississippi must necessarily have passed by Chantilly."

THE editor of the Gazette of the United States in the following caustic and witty manner notices the primary assemblies of our towns: "In the index to the second volume of the laws of New York (Greenleaf's edition), occurs this odd reference, 'SWINE,—see *Town-meetings*.'"

A lady at Wirtemberg has been suffocated lately by the fragrant effluvia of various kinds of flowers kept in her chamber. This, we suppose, is the death which Pope has so elegantly painted, in his poetical epistles to Bolingbroke:

"Or, quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain."

A MR. AUGER, in a southern paper, advertises a large tract of land for sale. We should advise adventurers to be careful how they purchase, as, from the name of the proprietor, we think there is a probability of their being *bored*.

TWO comedians having laid a wager as to which of them sang the best, they agreed to refer it to Kelley, who undertook to be arbitrator on this occasion. A day was accordingly

agreed upon, and both of the parties executed to the best of their abilities before him. As soon as they had finished, he proceeded to give judgment in the following manner: "As for you, sir," addressing himself to the first, "you are the worst singer I ever heard in all my life." "Ah," said the other, exultingly, "I knew I should win my wager." "Stop sir," said the arbitrator; "I have a word to say to you before you go, which is this,—that, as for you, you cannot sing at all!"

IN some parts of Maryland the corn grows so short that the farmers have to get down on their knees to pull it. Several years ago, Mr. Corwin, in company with a friend, was passing through the most sterile region of the western shore. Seeing a man on his knees in a field near the road, they accosted him, and inquired what he was doing. He answered that he was pulling corn. "Ah, I see," said Mr. Corwin, in a tone of apology and commiseration, "you must be very poor, indeed." "Not so very poor as you might imagine," replied the farmer, rising to his feet, and surveying the short group around him; "I don't own all this land."

THE notorious Burroughs, visiting a clergyman where he was not known, engaged to preach for him; but previous to Sunday morning decamped with his brother's cash, and left the following words for the morrow's text: "Ye shall seek me, and shall not find me."

THE following curious advertisement appeared in a Concord, N. H., paper: "Whereas I, Daniel Clay, through misrepresentation, was induced to post my wife Rhoda in the

papers, now beg leave to inform the public that I have taken her to wife, after settling all our domestic broils in an amiable manner; so that everything, as usual, goes on like clock-work."

"WHAT CAN ENNOBLE SLAVES, OR SOTS, OR COWARDS?"

AMONG the admirable axioms of Sir Thomas Overbury, there is one which places the knight's opinion of *family honours* in a very conspicuous point of view. He says that the man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato, *the only good thing about him is under ground.*

WHEN Foote was once walking with his friend Gahagan in Soho-square, they met a most miserable object, who earnestly begged their charity. Gahagan refused; and, on Foote giving a few pence, said, "I believe you are imposed upon, for I am morally certain that fellow is an impostor." "He is either the most distressed man, or the best actor, I ever saw in my life," replied the comedian; "and, as either one or the other, *he has a brotherly claim upon me.*"

A SOLDIER was sentenced, for deserting, to have his ear cut off. After undergoing the brutal ordeal, he was escorted out of the court-yard to the tune of "Rogue's March." He then turned, and, in mock dignity, thus addressed the musicians: "Gentlemen, I thank you; but I have no ear for music."

FOOTE, being upon a visit at Lord Townshend's, at Raynham, happened one morning to look into the pig-sty, and saw

a silver spoon among the pigs' victuals. One of the housemaids coming by, and perceiving Mr. Foote, cried out, "Plague on the pigs,—what a noise they make!" "Well they may," said Foote, "for they have but one silver spoon between them."

PAINTING.

"I WILL admit," said Hogarth, "all the world to be competent judges of my pictures, excepting those of my profession."

NOBLES TO NINE-PENCE.

THE predominant passion of Albert, Elector of Cologne, was the love of show and magnificence. His extravagance and profusion were very great. His prodigality gave birth to a curious manufacture,—that of Bantschow. It consisted of utensils for eating and drinking, made of wood, and then gilt. The elector made use of them as his *service of plate*, which he had been obliged to pledge.

A BONNE BOUCHE.

AN elderly lady, on a visit at Margate, went into the market, having made up her mind to buy a goose. There were but two in the market, both in custody of a little cherry-cheeked lass from Birchington, who, to the surprise of her customer, positively refused to sell one without the other. Recollecting that a neighbor had also expressed a wish for one, the lady was, without much difficulty, prevailed on to take both. When the bargain was concluded, however, she thought proper to inquire of the vendor why she had so peremptorily declined selling them separately. "If you please, my lady,"

was the *naïve* answer ; “ Mother said as how the geese had lived together *fifteen years*, and it would be cruel to part • them.”

EQUITY.

A GENTLEMAN resident at Harrow made frequent complaints to the masters of the great school there, of his garden being stripped of its fruit, even before it became ripe,— but to no purpose. Tired of applying to the masters for redress, he at length appealed to the boys, and, sending for one to his house, he said, “ Now, my good fellow, I’ll make *this* agreement with you and your companions. Let the fruit remain on the trees till it becomes ripe, and I promise to give you half.” The boy coolly replied, “ I can say nothing to the proposition, sir, myself, but will make it known to the rest of the boys, and inform you of their decision to-morrow.” To-morrow came, and brought with it this reply : “ The gentlemen of Harrow cannot agree to receive so *unequal* a share, since Mr. — is an individual, and we are many.”

STRONG LIKENESS.

JOHNSON, being asked if Edmund Burke resembled Tullius Cicero, answered, “ No, sir ; he resembles Edmund Burke.” The truth is that, being both men of extraordinary wisdom, they, upon practical subjects, argue as *all men of true wisdom argue*. They were both first-rate speakers, according to situation and country ; but their compositions were no more alike than those of Hume and Tacitus, or Robertson and Livy, because the two Britons resembled the two Romans in the general circumstances of being the first historians of their nation.

RESULT OF A QUARREL.

A VICAR and curate of a village, where there was to be a burial, were at variance. The vicar not coming in time, the curate began the service, and was reading the words, "I am the resurrection," when the vicar arrived, almost out of breath, and, snatching the book out of the curate's hands, with great scorn, cried, "*You* the resurrection! *I* am the resurrection;" and then went on.

A PERSON having a horse very hardy, and with but very little stomach, thought, by degrees, he might make him live without hay or oats, so subtracted daily something from his meat, till at last the horse died. Going to carry him off to the crows, his neighbor asked, "How came it to die?" "Why, I thought," answered he, "to make him live on nothing; and just as I brought him to it, he died."

AN Irish trader being on a visit in Flanders, his friend, after carrying him about the city to show him the curiosities, at length proposed to him to go to see Castor and Pollux, two celebrated statues. "Castor and Pollux," replied he, "I never heard of that house before. I suppose it has been lately established. Do they deal in linen?"

AN honest clergyman in the country was reproving a married couple for their frequent dissensions, seeing they were *both one*. "*Both one!*" cried the husband; "were you to come by our door sometimes when we quarrel, you would swear *we were twenty*."

PLURALITIES.

WHEN George I. landed at Greenwich, the inhabitants, after discussing the subject of what was the highest honor they could confer upon the newly-arrived sovereign, determined upon electing him church-warden, which was accordingly done. A dispute, however, afterwards took place in the vestry, as to whether he who was elected to serve the office of king could serve the office of church-warden at the same time.

LORD BARRYMORE.

ONE evening Lord Barrymore made a remark which transported Anthony Pasquin so much, that he vociferated for writing materials to note it down. The former called him to order, and asked what he wanted. "Ink — ink — ink, my lord!" he replied, striking his hand on the table. "Do you?" said his lordship; "wash your hands, and then you'll get a quart."

WITTY REJOINDER.

COUNCILLOR LAMB, an old man when the present Lord Erskine was in the height of his reputation, was a man of timid manners and nervous disposition, and usually prefaced his pleadings with an apology to that effect. On one occasion, when opposed to Erskine, he remarked that he "felt himself growing more and more timid, as he grew older." "No wonder," replied the witty but relentless barrister; "every one knows the older a Lamb grows, the more sheepish he becomes."

AMONG the advertisements in the London Times is one for a nurse in "a *small* gentleman's family."

THE SQUIRE AND HIS MISTRESS.

A COUNTRY squire being one day in company with his mistress, and wanting his valet, pompously cried out, "Where is the blockhead?" "Upon your shoulders," replied the lady.

PARDON OF INJURIES.

A SATIRIC poet had published some severe verses against the vizier of the Caliph Aziz, in which the caliph himself was not spared. The vizier complained of it, and demanded the punishment of the author. Aziz, having read the satire, said to him, "As I take part in the abuse, I desire that you will share with me the merit of pardoning him."

PASQUINADES.

PASQUINADES are a sort of satire which took their name from a mutilated statue, called Pasquin, to which they were attached. It is commonly supposed to have its name from a buffoon tailor of the neighborhood, whose shop was a sort of receptacle for news and satiric effusions. There was another statue, called Marsorio, to which, when the satire assumed a *colloquial* form, the answers were affixed.

A WEST INDIAN, who had a remarkably *fiery nose*, having fallen asleep in his chair, a negro boy, who was in waiting, observed a mosquito hovering round his face. Quashi eyed the insect very attentively; at last he saw him alight on his master's nose, and immediately fly off. "Ah, bless you heart!" exclaimed the negro, "me glad to see you burn you foot."

HAPPINESS !

THE answer of Jacob, Joseph's hoary father, to Pharaoh, ought to impress every one who can read. "What may your age be?" said the king to him. "An hundred and thirty years," answered the old man; "and, in this short pilgrimage, I have not seen one happy day."

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY NOT PAST.

At least, in one of its primary objects, which were, 1st. The protection of the ladies; 2d. The security of the public roads. Chivalry and knighthood began in the eleventh century, by an association of noblemen, who engaged, and even vowed solemnly, "to maintain the security of the public roads, and to protect the ladies." This association began in France, and soon spread through Europe. It seems to have continued longer in Spain than in any other country, from local and other causes.

AN honest Hibernian, whose bank-pocket (in his own words) had stopped payment, was forced to the sad necessity of perambulating the streets at Manchester two nights together, for want of a few pence to pay his lodging, when, accidentally hearing a person talk of the lying-in hospital, he exclaimed, "That's the place for me, honey,—where is it? for, by St. Patrick, I've been lying out these two nights!"

ALL artificial movements, which come not from the very heart of the people, but are made by money, are mere revolts. Revolutions are not possible only where there is a great reason for them. — *Kossuth*.

LUTHER.

THIS Augustinian friar was born at Isleb, in Saxony, in 1483. Want was his first inducement to embrace a monastic life; superstition determined him in it. Shocked by a clap of thunder, which killed one of his friends by his side, he threw himself, at two-and-twenty years of age, into a convent of Augustinian friars.

THE PREVIOUS QUESTION.

DURING the administration of the regent, Duke of Orleans, the favorites, mistresses, &c., made a trade of reducing the taxes. A certain contractor, who was taxed at fifty thousand pounds sterling, replied to a nobleman who offered to get him acquitted for twelve thousand five hundred pounds, "Faith, my lord, you come too late; I have already agreed with your lady for six thousand two hundred and fifty."

DIVERTING VAGABOND.

MOSSOP, the player, always spoke in heroics. A cobbler in Dublin, who once brought home his boots, refused to leave them without the money. Mossop came in whilst he was disputing, and, looking sternly, exclaimed, "Tell me, are you the noted cobbler I have often heard of?" "Yes," says the fellow, "and I think you the diverting vagabond I have often seen."

A WORD TO SNUFF-TAKERS.

A LADY asked her physician whether snuff was injurious to the brain. "No," said he, "for nobody who has any brains ever takes snuff."

SOLITUDE.

THE celebrated Dr. Young was fond of retirement. A young man, who observed him often walking alone, said to him, one day, in accosting him, "Sir, how can you bear this solitude?" "I had only begun to be alone," answered Young, 'at the moment you accosted me.'

VALUE OF JUSTICE.

M. CAMUS, having bought a charge of *bailiff* for his son, advised him never to work in vain, but to raise contributions on those who wanted his assistance. "What, father," said the son, in surprise, "would you have me sell justice?" "Why not?" answered the father: "is so scarce an article to be given for nothing?"

FEMALE QUARRELS.

THE *spretæ injuria formæ* is the greatest with a woman. The Earl of Chesterfield, hearing that two of his female relations had quarrelled, asked, "Did they call each other ugly?" "No." "Well, well; I shall soon reconcile them."

A DISSENTING minister, not many years since deceased, married three wives: the first, for her riches; the second, on account of her personal charms; the third, he married in old age, merely for the sake of securing her attention and his own comfort; this last, however, who survived him, proved an abominable shrew. "I have," said the reverend old man to a friend, "had, in my time, three wives; the *world*, the *flesh*, and the *devil*,—but the devil sticks by.'

LITERARY GUZZLEMENT.

HUME, Smith, and other literati of the last century, used to frequent a tavern in a low street in Edinburgh, called Potterrow; where, if their accommodations were not of first order, they had, at least, no cause to complain of scantiness of their victuals. One day, as the landlady bringing in a *third* supply of some particularly good dish, thus addressed them: "They ca' ye the *literawti*, I believe, if they were to ca' ye the *eaterawti*, they would be ne the mark."

ANECDOTE OF THE SHORTER CATECHISM.

A SCOTCH clergyman was one day catechising his flock in the church. The bedral, or church-officer, being somewhat ill-read in the Catechism, thought it best to keep a place near the door, in the hope of escaping the inquiries. But the clergyman observed him, and called him forth. "John," said he, "what is baptism?" "Ou, sir," answered John, scratching his head, "ye ken; it's just sax-pence me, and fifteen-pence to the precentor."

A MAN whose name was Herring, dropping accidentally into a river, desired one that stood on the bank to lend him his hand for the helping him out. "O, no," said he, "no means; for water is the Herring's proper element."

A BIOGRAPHY of Robespierre in an Irish paper contained thus: "This extraordinary man left no children behind except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

MRS. MURRAY KEITH, a venerable Scotch lady, from whom Sir Walter Scott derived many of the traditionary stories and anecdotes wrought up in his admirable fictions, taxed him one day with the authorship; which he, as usual, stoutly denied. "What," exclaimed the old lady, "d'ye think I dinna ken my ain groats among other folk's kail?"

REASONS FOR THE SCOTCH BEING GREAT SMUGGLERS.

AN Englishman once expressed great surprise, in a company of literati at Edinburgh, that the Scotch should be so much addicted to smuggling, seeing that they are a remarkably sober and moral people. He thought it must be much against their conscience. "O, not at all, sir," said Mr. R——d, a noted punster, who was present; "what is conscience but a '*small still voice*'?" "Further," added Professor W——, "it is '*the worm that never dies.*'"

BETTERTON.

ARCHBISHOP SANCROFT once asked this celebrated actor, "Pray, Mr. Betterton, can you inform me what is the reason you actors on the stage affect your audience by speaking of things *imaginary* as if they were *real*, while we in the church speak of things *real*, which our congregations receive only as if they were *imaginary*?" "Why, really, my lord," said Betterton, "I don't know; except it is, that we actors speak of things *imaginary* as if they were *real*, while you in the pulpit speak of things *real* as if they were *imaginary*."

A ROUGH ROAD.

A YOUNG Tennessean, who was taken by the enemy at New Orleans, on the night of the same day was asked how far it was to the city, and answered, "Six miles." They replied, "We will be there to-morrow." "It is not far," said he, "but it is a very rough road." "What is in the way?" "*Old Hickory*," replied the young man.

EXAMPLE.

MADAME DE LONGUEVILLE was advised to go to court, in order to give it a good example. "I cannot," said she, "show a better example than in quitting it."

SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.

SANTEUIL, preaching one day upon the Evangelist of the Samaritan, said, "Don't be surprised at this evangelist being so long; it is a woman who speaks."

A CHINESE ANECDOTE.

IN China there has existed, from time immemorial, an historical tribunal, instituted in order to perpetuate the virtues and vices of the reigning monarch. One day the Emperor Tai-t-song ordered this tribunal to produce the history of his reign. "You know," answered the president, "that we give an exact detail of the virtues and vices of our sovereigns; and we are no longer at liberty to record the truth, if our registers be subject to your inspection." "What!"

ied the emperor, "you transmit my history to posterity, do you assume the liberty to acquaint it with my faults?" "This is inconsistent with my character," rejoined the president, "and with the dignity of my place, ever to disguise the truth. I am bound to record the whole. If you are guilty of even the slightest fault, I shall sensibly feel it; but I must not forget my duty — I cannot be silent. And such is the exactness and severity of the duties which my office of historian imposes on me, that I am not even suffered to omit our present conversation." Tai-t-song had an elevation of soul. "Confer," said he to the president, "to write the truth, without straint. May my virtues and vices contribute to the public utility, and be instructive to my successors! Your tribune is free. I will forever protect it, and permit it to write history with the greatest impartiality." What an excellent lesson to the princes of the earth! Happy for their subjects, did they constantly reflect that the faithful hand of history will not fail to render them dear or odious to the latest ages!

POETRY AND PAINTING.

BOILEAU said, "As tradesmen are continually wanting names for their shops, a bad painter is always of some use; what is a bad poet good for?"

GOOD REASON.

AN old bed-ridden peasant in Fife one day called to his grandson, a little boy, "Jock, bring me a drink of cauld air." Jock, who remembered that there was no water in the house, except a small quantity at the bottom of a pithor,

which had become muddy, asked his venerable relation if he would prefer it with what he called "a fletcher o' meal on the tap o' t?" "No," answered the old man; "bring it by itself." "Then," said Jock, in a tone of evident chagrin, "I'll hae to gang to the wall for 't."

A GOOD CUSTOMER.

WHEN the son of a certain London banker had eloped to Scotland with a great heiress, whom he married, still retaining a paternal taste for parsimony, he objected to the demand of two guineas made by the priest of Gretna Green, stating that Captain —— had reported the canonical charge to be only five shillings. "True," replied Vulcan; "but Captain —— is an Irishman, and I have married him five times,—so I consider him as a good customer; but perhaps I may never see your face again."

STRANGE PRAYER.

A PRESBYTERIAN minister, in the reign of King William III., performing public worship in the Tron Church at Edinburgh, used this remarkable expression in his prayer: "Lord, have mercy upon all fools and idiots, and particularly upon the Town Council of Edinburgh."

ANOTHER.

MR. JOHN DICKSON, a clergyman of the same age and country, praying for grace, said, "Lord, dibble thou the kale-seed of thy grace in our hearts; and, if we grow not a good kale, Lord, make us good sprouts, at least."

A CAPE-COD man laid a wager that he would lie down on the salt meadows a quarter of an hour, and submit to the utmost fury of the mosquitos for that term, without wincing. Accordingly the wager was staked; he lay down, in one of the calm hot evenings of last August, on the edge of a marsh where the mosquitos were flying about by millions. Thirteen minutes and a half he lay in this situation without shrinking, and put the whole host of the winged little devils at defiance. One of the company, fearing, at last, that the fellow would win the wager, stepped aside, and put the other end of a walking-stick into the fire, with which he turned and slyly applied it to the man's naked back. He could hold out no longer, but shrunk from the touch with the violence, taking it for the bite of a large fly. "You have lost the wager," said one of the company. "I have not; it, sure enough," said he; "but, if it had not been for that deuced ganninipper, I should have won it!" [A ganninipper is a large, green fly, abounding in pine woods, of a very keen sting, peculiarly painful and venomous.]

LORD JUSTICE-CLERK.

THE Lord Justice-Clerk is the chief judge of the Scottish Criminal Court; in addition to which dignity, he sits at the head of one division of the great Civil Court of the country. It will thus be imagined by a southern reader that he is a personage of no small local dignity. A bearer of this office was once shooting over the grounds of a friend in Ayrshire when himself, when a gamekeeper, who was unacquainted with his person, came up and demanded to see his license, or card of permission. His lordship had, unfortunately, nothing of the sort about his person; but, secure in his high character

and dignity, he made very light of the omission, and was preparing to renew his sport. The man, however, was zealous in his trust, and sternly forbade him to proceed any further over the fields. "What, sirrah!" cried his lordship; "do you know whom you are speaking to? I am the Lord Justice-Clerk!" "I dinna care," replied the man, "whase clerk ye are; but ye maun shank aff thir grounds, or, by my saul, I'll lay your feet fast!" The reader is left to conceive the astonishment of the unfortunate judge, at finding himself treated in a style so different from his wont.

THE honorable Judge Sewall went into a hatter's shop order to procure a pair of second-hand brushes for the purpose of cleaning his shoes. The master of the shop presented him with a couple which had become unfit for his own use. "What is your price?" says the judge. "If they will answer your purpose," says the other, "you may have them and welcome." The judge, hearing this, laid them down, and, with a graceful bow, went directly out of the door. At which the mechanic said to him, "Your honor has forgot the principal design of your visit." "By no means," replied the judge; "if you please to set your price, I stand ready to purchase. But ever since it has fallen to my lot to occupy a seat on the bench, I have studiously avoided receiving a single copper by way of donation, lest in some future period it might have a kind of influence in determining my judgment."

THE Irish definition of *an open countenance* is not a one,—a *mouth from ear to ear*.

AN American loyalist, being asked to purchase a ticket at one of General Burgoyne's benefits in London at one of the theatres, replied, "I have paid enough for his *sword* in America, and am determined to give nothing for his *pen* in England."

AT MY WIT'S END.

A GENTLEMAN in the west of Scotland, celebrated for his wit, was conversing with a lady, who, at last, quite overpowered by the brilliance and frequency of his *bon mots*, exclaimed, "Stop, sir! there is really no end to your wit." "God forbid, madam," replied the humorist, "that I should ever be at my wit's end."

SCOTCH BULL.

THERE is, at this present time (A. D. 1830), the following inscription over the principal door of the Gaelic Chapel at Edinburgh: "The Gaelic Chapel, removed from the Castle Hill to this place, 1815. The Lord will provide."

GOOD FOR TRADE.

THE late well-known Sandy Wood, surgeon in Edinburgh, was walking through the streets of that city during the time of an illumination, when he observed a young rascal breaking every window he could reach, with as much industry as if he had been doing the most commendable action in the world. Enraged at this mischievous disposition, Sandy seized him by the collar, and asked him what he meant by thus destroying the honest people's windows. "Why, it's all for the good of trade," replied the young urehin; "I am a *glazier*." "All

for the good of trade, is it?" said Sandy, raising his cane and breaking the boy's head; "there, then, that's for the good of *my* trade,—I am a *surgeon*!"

MR. — was not remarkable for his punctual attendance on public worship. A friend once asked him why he was so frequently culpable in that respect. He said that Neighbor Such-a-one snored so intolerably that he could not sleep.

MRS. W., walking on one of the wharves in New York, jocosely asked a sailor why a ship was always called *she*. "O, faith," says the son of Neptune, "because the rigging costs more than the hull."

AN ignorant candidate for medical honors, having thrown himself almost into a fever from his incapability of answering the questions, was asked by one of the censors how he would sweat a patient for the rheumatism. "I would send him here to be examined!"

A THIEF, having stolen a cup out of a tavern, was pursued, and a great mob raised around him. A bystander was asked what was the matter. "Nothing," answered he; "a poor fellow has only *taken a cup too much*."

AN Indian, who was appointed a justice of the peace, issued the following energetic warrant: "Me High Howder

~~Yu~~ constable, yu deputy, best way yu look um Jeremiah Wicket, strong yu take um, fast yu hold um, quick yu bring um before me, CAPTAIN HOWDER."

ANECDOTES OF MR. HOWARD.

BY DR. AIKIN.

THE following characteristic anecdote was communicated to me by a gentleman who travelled in a chaise with him from Lancashire to London, in 1777:

Mr. Howard observed that he had found few things more difficult to manage than post-chaise drivers, who would seldom comply with his wishes of going either slow or fast, till he adopted the following method: At the end of a stage, when the driver had been perverse, he desired the landlord to send for some poor, industrious widow, or other proper object of charity, and to introduce such person and the driver together. He then paid the latter his fare, and told him, as he had not thought proper to attend to his repeated requests as to the manner of being driven, he should not make him any present; but, to show him that he did not withhold it through any principle of parsimony, he would give the poor person present double the sum usually given to a postilion. This he did, and dismissed the parties. He had not long practised this mode, he said, before he experienced the good effects of it on all the roads where he was known.

A more extraordinary instance of Mr. Howard's determined spirit has been related to me. Travelling, once, in the King of Prussia's dominions, he came to a very narrow piece of road, admitting only one carriage, where it was enjoined on all postilions entering at each end to blow their horns by way of notice. He did so; but, after proceeding a good way, they

met a courier travelling on the king's business, who had neglected this precaution. The courier ordered Mr. Howard's postilion to turn back; but Mr. Howard remonstrated that he had complied with the rule, while the other had violated it, and therefore that he should insist on going forwards. The courier, relying on an authority to which, in that country, everything must give way, made use of high words,—but in vain. As neither was disposed to yield, they sat still a long time in their respective carriages. At length the courier gave up the point to the sturdy Englishman, who would on no account *renounce his rights*.

HANDEL AND THE SERPENT.

THE first time the musical instrument called *the serpent* was used in a concert where Handel presided, he was so much surprised with the coarseness of its tones that he called out hastily, “Vat de devil is dat?” On being informed it was the serpent, he replied, “It never can be de serpent vat seduced Eve.”

A TRAVELLER was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving at night, after a hard day's journey, to partake of the enjoyment of a well-cut ham, and the left leg of a goose. “Pray, sir, what is the peculiar luxury of a *left* leg?” “Sir, to conceive its luxury, you must find that it is the only leg left.”

WHEN landing some troops at Quiberon Bay, and manœuvring in the best manner to effect the disembarkation with the least possible loss, Mr. Colby was shot through the hat.

Upon jocosely observing to him that he perhaps bobbed his head to avoid the danger, he facetiously remarked, "It is no reproach to a British officer to prevent the enemy from *seeing through him.*"

AN Irishman being asked why he fled from his colors, said his heart was as good as any man's in the regiment, but he protested his cowardly legs would run away with him, whatever he could do.

A SICK LAWYER.

A LAWYER, being sick, made his last will and testament, and gave all his estate to fools and madmen! Being asked the reason for so doing, he said, "From such I got it, and to such I return it again."

GOOD MANNERS.

DUNNING, the celebrated barrister, was addicted to the low and unpardonable vice of turning witnesses into ridicule at their examinations. One morning he was telling Mr. Solicitor-General Lee that he had just bought a few *good manors* in Devonshire, near his native village of Ashburton. "I wish," said Lee, "you would bring some of them into Westminster Hall; for, upon my honor, you have most need of them there."

CONCISE DISCOURSE—RAPIN.

THIS celebrated Jesuit, on the Festival of St. Stephen, was to deliver a panegyric on that saint; and, it being late before

he began, his brethren, who feared that he might detain them too long, begged him to abridge his discourse. Rapin mounted the pulpit, and addressed his auditors, "Brothers, it is one year to-day since I delivered before you a panegyric on the saint whose festival we celebrate. As I have not heard that he has performed anything new since, I have nothing to add to the encomiums which I then passed upon him." Thereupon he gave his benediction, and departed.

EXPRESSION.

LE SEUER acquired, by his rare talents, the denomination of the Raphael of France. Le Brun, a celebrated painter, examining the cloisters of the Chartreuse, at Paris, painted by Le Seuer, supposing himself alone, cried out, at each painting, "How fine that is! what beautiful coloring! how admirable is the effect and expression of the figures!" The same artist, having visited Le Seuer in his last moments, said, in retiring, that "Death was going to extract a large thorn from his foot."

ETYMOLOGY.

DR. DALGLEISH, minister of Peebles, in giving a statistical account of that parish for Sir John Sinclair's immense compilation, simply stated that the place must have derived its name from the pebbles which are found there in great quantity. The more elaborate antiquary, George Chalmers, by a tolerable pun for a man of his stamp, remarks in his "Caledonia" that the worthy clergyman of Peebles, in seeking for the etymology of the word, is content to look no further than *to the stones beneath his feet!*

A LAD IN HIS DAY.

WHEN Dr. Thomson (father of Dr. Andrew Thomson, of Edinburgh) was minister of Markinch, he happened to preach from the text, "Look not upon wine when it is red in the cup;" from which he made a most eloquent and impressive discourse against drunkenness, stating its fatal effects on the head, heart and purse. Several of his observations were levelled at two cronies with whom he was well acquainted, who frequently poured out libations to the rosy god. At the dismissal of the congregation, the two friends met, the doctor being close behind them. "Did you hear yon, Johnnie?" quoth the one. "Did I hear't! Wha didna hear't? I ne'er winked an e'e the hale sermon." "Aweel, an' what thought ye o't?" "Adced, Davie, I think he's been a lad in his day, or he coudna ken'd sae weel about it. Ah! he's been a slee hand, the minister!"

ONE GLASS AT A TIME.

DR. THOMSON took occasion to exhort the same Davie, who was a namesake of his own, to abstain from excessive drinking, otherwise he would bring his gray hairs prematurely to the grave. "Take my advice, David," says the minister, "and never take more than one glass at a time." "Neither I do, sir," says David; "neither I do; but I care unco little how short time be atween the twa."

PAST UNDERSTANDING

THE agreeable writer, Gombold, one day presented some of his compositions to a nobleman of rather dull comprehension. The nobleman, in reading them, said, "Here are things I do not understand." The poet answered, "That's not my fault."

A SHAVING PUN.

AT one period, the corporation of skinners, in the burgh of Lanark, before its total extinction, was threatened with self-dissolution; when, in order to keep up the show of a body corporate, the fast-expiring remnant bethought themselves of admitting into their numbers members who knew nothing of the craft. The measure was strenuously opposed by the magistrates, and the matter was carried to the Court of Session. During one of the pleadings before the Lord Ordinary, the counsel for the magistrates observed that a *barber* had been admitted, at the same time adding, with dignified emphasis, "And sure, my Lord, he is no skinner." His Lordship, with an arch smile, briefly interrupted him with, "I am not sure of that; perhaps he is *skinner* enough."

THE wife of an Irish gentleman being suddenly taken ill, the husband ordered a servant to get a horse ready to go for the doctor. By the time, however, that the horse was ready, and the note to the doctor written, the lady had recovered; on which, he added the following postscript, and sent the servant off: "My wife having recovered, you need not come."

DR. SHARD, of Hart Hall, Oxford, had a ridiculous, though very common habit, of prefacing all his sentences with the words "*I say*." An under-graduate having mimicked this peculiarity, the doctor sent for him to give him a jobation, which he began thus: "I say, they say, you say, I say I say;" when, finding the ridiculous combination, he concluded by bidding him quit the room.

EXPORTED AND TRANSPORTED DEFINED.

A GENTLEMAN recently married was enjoying, with his one, an evening walk along the beach at Musselburgh. "ray, my dear," said the lady, "what is the difference between *exported* and *transported*?" At that moment a vessel left the harbor, bound for a foreign port. "Were you, love," returned the gentleman, "aboard that vessel, you would be *exported*, and I would be *transported*."

Two gentlemen discoursing in a public company, one of them observed that the disorder of the king's evil was very common in this country. "True," replied the other, "the *king's evil* seldom rages in a *republican government*."

COUNSEL'S OPINION OF THE FOLLY OF GOING TO LAW.

COUNSELLOR M——T being in company, one day, after he retired from practice, the glorious uncertainty of the law became the subject of conversation. He was appealed to for opinion, when he laconically observed, "If any man was to claim the *coat* upon my back, and threaten me with a law-suit in case of a refusal to give it him, he certainly should give it, lest, in *defending* my coat, I should find out, too late, that I was deprived of my waistcoat also!"

HARANGUE.

THE President Mole, finding it his duty to make one of the orations prescribed by custom to the Duke of Bourgne, who was then an infant in his cradle, contented

himself with addressing these honest sentiments to him: "My Lord, we come to offer our *respects* to you; *our children* will offer you *their services*."

TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

THE transmigration of souls was the subject in a large company. A young gentleman attempted to turn the subject into ridicule, and said, "In fact, I can remember having been the golden calf myself." "That we can readily believe," replied George Selwyn, "for you have only lost the gilding."

AT the conclusion of a meeting for the choice of town officers, a Mr. Shote was chosen hog-constable; which produced the subsequent impromptu:

"The wisdom of this town now stands confessed,
They chose one *Shote* to govern all the rest."

A COUNTRY schoolmaster asked a sailor what was the third and half the third of two pence. The fellow was illiterate and unacquainted with arithmetic, and very ingeniously evaded an answer, intimating that, as his messmates were by, he did not care to give that for nothing for which he had paid at so dear a rate by application and expense, adding that he could set the schoolmaster a much harder question. This not a little piqued the other, who felt his learned consequence hurt by being told so by an unlettered tar. "What is it?" cried the former. "Why," replied the sailor, "if a pound of cheese cost four pence, what will a cart-load of turnips amount to?"

CHARLES II. AND ROCHESTER.

ING CHARLES II. being at bowls, and having laid a bowl near the jack, cried out, "My soul to a horse-hair, no beats that." "Lay odds," says Rochester, "and I'll you."

DUNNING EXTRAORDINARY.

TRADESMAN pressing a gentleman very much for payment of his bill, the latter said, "You need not be in so great hurry; I am not going to run away." "I do not imagine are, sir," returned the tradesman; "but I am."

JAMES II. AND WALLER.

ING JAMES II. having a wish to converse with Waller, poet, sent for him one afternoon, and took him into his st, where was a very fine picture of the Princess of Orange. The king asked him his opinion of the picture, on which Waller said he thought it extremely like the greatest man that ever lived in the world. "Whom do you call?" said the king. "Queen Elizabeth," replied the other. "Wonder, Mr. Waller," said the king, "that you should think so; for she owed all her greatness to her council, and indeed, it must be admitted, was a wise one." "And you, sir," said Waller, "did your majesty ever know a fool as a wise council?"

DR. JOHNSON.

WHEN Dr. Johnson visited the University of St. Andrew's, he took occasion to inquire of one of the professors into the state of their funds; and, being told that they were not so

affluent as many of their neighbors, "No matter," said the doctor, dryly, "persevere in the plan you have formed, and you will get rich *by degrees*."

MARCH OF POLITENESS.

COMPLAISANCE is no longer confined to the polite circles. A captain of a vessel was lately called out of a coffee-house, at Wapping, by a waterman, with the following address: "An't please your honor, the tide is waiting for you."

DELICACY.

IN a company where Fontenelle was present, a piece of mechanism, composed of ivory and most curiously constructed, was produced for the inspection of the company. It was of such delicate workmanship that they were afraid of breaking it, if they touched it. It was generally admired. "For my part," said Fontenelle, "I don't like anything of such very delicate structure." Just at this moment the Marchioness of Flamaren entered the room. She had heard Fontenelle's observation, which he perceiving, added, "I don't say so, however, of your ladyship."

A GREAT NAME.

THE Count d'Evreux came sometimes to see Fontenelle. One day that this prince, after a long visit, was preparing to go out, Fontenelle said to his servants, "Open the folding-doors." "O, no," said the count, "I can pass very well with one open." "You will pass through," said Fontenelle "but your name will not."

NEGRO RAFFLE.

IN my tour through the Southern States I have met with many amusing incidents, but do not remember anything that created so great an excitement, for the time being, as a "negro raffle" in the town of —, in the State of Mississippi. Mr. —, the owner of the boy, having a note to pay that day, and not having the wherewith to do it, was compelled to do what he gladly would not have done. The boy to be raffled for was a smart, intelligent lad, of about eighteen years of age. He went by the name of Bill. There were eighty chances, with "three dice," at ten dollars per chance. I was present when the affair came off. There remained one chance, which I took and gave to Bill, upon the condition that he would throw the dice himself, and "shake like oxen." Bill rolled his eyes in an astonished and astonishing manner, and after a hearty Wha, wha, wha! in which he displayed two frightful rows of ivory, opening a mouth "like the break of day, from east to west," with a low bow, said, "I'll try, Massa." As may be supposed, the scene became highly exciting.

The raffling commenced. Bill looked on unconcerned at anything but the idea of leaving his old master. When the chances were all raffled off but the last, Bill took the box. Previously to his throwing, however, he was offered one hundred dollars for his chance,—the highest throw yet made being forty-six, which stood "a tie" between two individuals. But Bill was no "compromise man;" he refused the offer, saying, "De whole hog, or noffin," and made his first throw, which was thirteen. His second throw was sixteen. Bill stopped, scratched his head, threw again, and up came eighteen. It was declared off that "Bill was high and free;" and such a shout I never heard in my life. Bill hardly knew

what to do with himself. In a moment, however, he asked the whole party to drink; and no man in —, it is said, ever refused an invitation of the kind, except one, and he soon after died. So says *tradition*.

Bill's success induced him to try another speculation of the "same sort," believing that he could do, as a *free man*, as much as he had before done. He proposed to set himself up again in a "raffle;" and, as he had won before, he thought it would be no more than fair that he should put the price at six hundred dollars this time. The chances were soon taken, Bill reserving but one chance to himself. He pocketed five hundred dollars, and the sport again commenced. Bill's original owner and himself were the two highest again; and, in throwing off, Bill lost. It proved a very fortunate speculation for Bill and his master both. The master had made eight hundred dollars clear, and Bill had cleared five hundred dollars, and remained with his kind master. They started for home together, the master declaring no money could induce him to part with Bill again, unless he was willing to leave; but promised him, if he would be as faithful to him as he had always been, until he was twenty-one, he should have his freedom. They were both well contented, and every one present was satisfied that he had got his money's worth.

THE New York papers tell some large pigeon stories of late; but the Livingston (N. Y.) Union, we think, rather beats them all. It says that "a man in Genesee killed seventy-one pigeons at one shot, with a common fowling-piece. The same sportsman once gathered eleven bushels and three pecks of pigeons' legs, the product of one shot

h the 'common fowling-piece.' He aimed too low, and legs took a benefit."

WRITTEN AFTER GOING TO LAW.

THE law they say great nature's chain connects,
That causes ever must produce effects ;
In me behold reversed great nature's laws, —
All my effects lost by a single cause

It is stated in the last foreign papers that a young lady at card purchased some eggs, and put two of them on the fire boil. When the water began to warm, one of the eggs first, and out sprang a chicken, which hopped into the fire, and was burnt to death before it could be secured.

THE words of a German author to his daughter are so full wisdom that the young lady who should make them her rule would avoid half the scrapes of her companions : "Converse always with your female friends as if a gentleman were the party, and with young men as if your female companions were present."

RELATIONSHIPS are rather far-fetched sometimes, both in England and Scotland. "Do you know Tom Duffy, Pat?" "Know him, is it?" says Pat; "sure, he's a near relation mine; he once wanted to marry my sister Kate."

AN advertisement in a Connecticut paper began thus : "To let, a large farm, on any terms, good, bad, or indifferent."

THE most interesting sight is that of a young lady, with eyes like a "gazelle," a voice like a "silver trumpet," and with "lips like rubies," and with "cheeks that have stolen the carnation of the deathless rose," with her mouth full of — gingerbread.

A YANKEE, according to the poet Saxe, is a driving young man :

"He sees aqueducts in bubbling springs ;
Buildings in stone, and cash in everything."

A LADY, who not long since visited Harrowgate Spring, expatiating on the superior efficacy of the Ballston Spa, in order to substantiate her position, added, "The *dollars* are left at Ballston." "Yes, madam," very gravely replied Mr. Cowley, the keeper of Harrowgate, "the *healthy* leave their *dollars* at Ballston, and the *lame* leave their *crutches* at Harrowgate."

WHEN Dryden had finished his translation of Virgil, after some deliberation with himself, he sent the MS. to Jacob Tonson, requiring for it a certain sum, which he mentioned in a note. Tonson was desirous of possessing the work, but meanly wished to avail himself of Dryden's necessities, which at that time were particularly urgent. He therefore informed Dryden that he could not afford to give so much for it as he demanded. In answer to this, Dryden sent the following lines to Tonson, whom they were meant to describe :

"With leering look, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
With two left legs, with Judas-colored hair,
And frowxy pores that taint the ambient air."

When they were delivered to Tonson, he asked if Mr. Dryden had said anything more. "Yes, sir," answered the bearer; "he said, 'Tell the dog that he who wrote these lines will write more like them.' " Tonson immediately paid the money which Dryden had at first demanded for his Virgil.

~~Epitaph~~
EPITAPH IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

HERE lies the remains of Thomas Nichols, who died in Philadelphia, March, 1793. Had he lived, he would have been buried here. X

ANECDOTE.

SWIFT, Arbuthnot and Parnel, who were all contemporaries and intimates of Lord Bathurst, took the advantage of a fine frosty morning to walk down to a little place his lordship had about eleven miles from town. When they were about half-way, Swift, who was remarkable for being an old traveller, and getting the best room and warmest bed, pretended he did not like their pace, and said he would walk on before, and inform his lordship of the journey. This they agreed to; but he was no sooner out of sight than they, judging his errand, sent off a horseman by a by-way, to inform his lordship of the particulars. The man got there time enough to deliver his message, when his lordship, recollecting that Swift never had the small-pox, thought of the following device. When he saw him coming up the avenue, he ran out to meet him, expressing his happiness at seeing him, but said he was mortified at one circumstance, as it must deprive him of the pleasure of his company, and that was that a raging small-pox was in the house; but begged he would accept such accommodations as a little house at the bottom of the avenue

would afford. Swift was necessitated to comply; and in this lonesome situation, afraid to speak to any one around him, he was served with dinner. In the evening, however, the wits thought proper to release him, by going down in a body to inform him of the deception, and that the fifth best room and bed in the house were at his service. Swift, however he might be inwardly mortified, thought it his interest to join in the laugh; when they all adjourned to the mansion-house, and spent the evening in that manner that can be very well conceived by those who were in the least acquainted with the brilliancy of their characters.

A WRITER in the Boston Monthly Anthology, speaking of the style and character of Dr. Aikin as an author, observed that his letters to a young lady upon a course of English poetry were worth at least as much as any *Lonnet* in Cornhill.

A LADY was induced to attend a sermon preached by a Scotch clergyman; and, being asked her opinion of it as she came out of church, declared that it was as *broad* as it was *long*.

A MR. VAUX, an innkeeper in the vicinity of Philadelphia, as a party were making merry at his house, abruptly entered the room in a boisterous manner, but was soon *gagged* by a wag present, who observed that he was *vox et pretereā nihil*.

ONE day Swift observed a great rabble of people assembled in a large open space before his door in Kevin-street; and, upon inquiring the cause of this, was told it was to see

an eclipse. He immediately sent for the beadle, or crier, and gave him all his lesson of what he should do. Away ran Davy for his bell; and, after ringing it some time among the crowd, bawled out, "O, yes! O, yes! all manner of persons concerned are desired to take notice that it is the pleasure of St. Patrick's will and pleasure that the eclipse be put off till this hour to-morrow. So God save the king, and his reverence the dean!" The mob, upon this notice, immediately dispersed; only some, more cunning than the rest, were they would not lose another afternoon; for that the dean, who was a comical man, might take it into his head to put off the eclipse again, and so make fools of them a second time.

"WHAT complaints can my husband make of me?" said a teetotal wife. "I have a mind to all that he has a mind to; he has a mind to be master, and so have I."

LORD KELLIE was once amusing his company with an account of a sermon he had heard in a church in Italy, in which the priest related the miracle of St. Anthony, when preaching on ship-board, attracting the fishes, which, in order to listen to his pious discourse, held their heads out of the water. "I can perfectly well believe the miracle," said Mr. Henry Erskine. "How so?" "When your lordship was at church, there was at least *one fish out of the water.*"

A MAN in Michigan, not long since, committed suicide by drowning. As the body could not be found, the coroner held an inquest on his hat and jacket, found on the bank of the lake. Verdict, "Found empty."

BON MOT FOR THE BAR.

MR. ERSKINE, being indisposed in the Court of King's Bench, told Mr. Jekyl that he had a pain in his bowels, for which he could get no relief. "I will give you an infallible specific," replied the humorous Banister; "get made Attorney-general, my friend, and then you will have *no bowels at all*."

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF A BLIND MAN.

JOHN METCALF, born at Knaresborough in the year 1717, lost his sight when only four years old, soon after which he became unconscious of light and its various effects. Being instructed to play on the violin, he attended as a musician at the Queen's Head, High Harrowgate, for many years, and was the first person who set up a wheel-carriage for the conveyance of company to and from the places of public resort in that neighborhood. In the year 1745 he engaged to serve as musician in Colonel Thornton's volunteers, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Falkirk. Being soon released, he returned to Knaresborough, and commenced common carrier betwixt that town and York, and often served as a guide in intricate roads during the night, or when the tracks were covered with snow; nor was any person more eager of the chase, which he would follow, either on foot or on horseback, with the greatest avidity. Strange as this may appear to those who can see, the employment he followed for many years afterward is still more extraordinary, and one of the last to which we could suppose a blind man would ever turn his attention,—that of projecting and contracting for the making of high roads, building bridges, houses, &c. With no other assistance than a long staff in his hand, he would ascend the precipice, and explore the valley, and investigate



extent of each, its form and situation. The plans which he designed, and the estimates he made, were done in a method peculiar to himself, and which he could not well convey the meaning of to others. This extraordinary man was at Peterborough, his native place, in June, 1788, being just returned from finishing a piece of road, and constructing a bridge over a rivulet at Marsden, near Huddersfield, in Yorkshire, being then, in the seventy-first year of his age, healthy and strong.

UNION OF LITERARY COMPOSITIONS.

At a large literary party in Edinburgh, some years ago, it was mentioned that a certain well-known literary character had written two poems, one called "The Bible," the other "The Ocean;" that he was offering them to the booksellers, who, however, would not accede to his terms of publication; and that the worthy author was, therefore, puzzled not a little as to what he should do with his productions. "Why," remarked a sarcastic gentleman, who was present, "I think the doctor could not do better than throw the one into the other."

FEAR.

LORD PETERBOROUGH being congratulated on never evincing any fear, "Sir," answered Lord Peterborough, "show me danger which I am convinced is near and unavoidable, and promise you I shall have as much fear as any of you."

A GENTLEMAN seeing a lady holding an act of parliament before her face to keep the fire off, said she was like an insolvent debtor,— "she was taking the benefit of the act."

THE CONCLUSION.

PRESIDENT MOLÉ was occasionally very imperious in cases as the subject-matter of the pleading, or the ad happened to be the objects of his dislike. On one or however, he was answered in his own way. An advocate risen to plead in an obnoxious cause, the president edly desired him to abridge his cause. The advocate co for it with increased effect, and insisted that he had sai ing but what was essential; the president, at length, at something he had advanced, told him "the court him to conclude." "Well," answered the advocate, ' clude that the court understands me."

THE following ingenious and scholastic toasts were a party of Virginian graduates :

1. The Four Cardinal Points : May every quarter our scattered steps the paths of wisdom, wealth, and

2. The Seven Sciences : May they never cease to ate our land, while the *seven stars* continue to rise a

3. I. Grammar : Success to *concord* and good *ment*. An active man always in the *imperative*.

4. II. Logic : Wealthy *premises* to the industriou

5. III. Rhetoric : In these times it were well to sublime of canon. Above all, the *iron-ical matte* not be omitted, for that never fails touching the fe the insolent.

6. IV. Arithmetic : Avoid internal divisions; t the *root* of evils without *number*, and eventually r nation to the most *vulgar fractions*. On the contr in the *allegations* of *fellowship* and *amity*, every add *sum-proof* of your having *calculated* wisely.

7. V. Geometry : May our rulers always *survey* well the ~~ground~~ on which they stand. May the people never be ~~encompassed~~ with the *plats* of *chain-carriers*, and may a ~~cord~~ of *sixty* be the *protractor* of the traitor's neck.

8. VI. Astronomy : May no revolution *eclipse* the *sun* of ~~Liberty~~ ; but may its *disk* be without spot, and its beams encircle both *hemispheres* at once.

9. VII. Music : May the whole *tenor* of our lives move ~~counter~~ to what is *base*.

10. Geography : Let our laws be bounded by the *equator* of justice, and let no *latitude* be given to him who *crosses* the *line*.

11. Chemistry : The *refinement* of Athens, the *metal* of Sparta, and the *regulus* of Rome.

12. Mechanics : Perpetual motion to the wheels of the federal constitution. May execration never leave the politician who is a *leaver* of its principles.

13. The Languages : May the living be not too much given to the *grave*, and may the *dead* never be forgotten.

A PHYSICIAN who carries a merry physiognomy into the sick room, and among chronic, nervous and hypochondriac people, does a thousand times more to effect cures with his warm, hearty laugh, and joyous face, than he does by his medicines.

WHEN the Hindoo priest is about to baptize an infant, he utters the following beautiful sentiment : " Little babe, thou enterest the world weeping, while all around thee smile ; contrive so to live that you may depart in smiles, while all around you weep."

ONE THOUSAND ANECDOTES.

A PUNSTER BOGGED.

Two Scotch country clergymen, one of whom was an incessant punster, were going home one night from a presbytery dinner; and it so happened that the place where they had to take leave of each other, for the purpose of going to their several manse, was a spot of ground little better in character than a peat-moss. "Well," said one to the other, "after you have made so many puns to-night, I have only to beg that you will make one more, and let it be on our parting at this moment." "Nay," said the other, and, as he spoke, he affected to sink a little into the soft soil beneath his feet, "you have fairly *bogged* me now."

Two servants discoursing over a pot of ale, of their master's hospitality, one said his master kept a very noble Christmas this year, for he killed an ox every day. "Tush!" said the other, "my master killed an ox and a *half*."

A WALPOLE wit observed that the late-invented method of making *iron-bound* boots and shoes was actually putting mankind upon a *footing* with horses.

AN Irish officer of six feet high made his appearance at the rooms of Bath, when the late haughty Princess Amelia was present. She was led, from his extraordinary appearance, to inquire his name, family, and pursuits. She received for information, among other answers to her inquiries, that he had been originally intended for the *church*. "Rather for the *steeple*," she tauntingly replied.

LONG PAUSE

A GREAT teller of stories was in the midst of one of them, at his evening club, when notice was brought him that a ship, in which he was going to the West Indies, was on the point of sailing; he was, therefore, obliged to break off abruptly. But, on his return from Jamaica, some years afterwards, he repaired to the club, and, taking possession of his old seat by the fireside, he resumed his tale: "Gentlemen, as I was saying" —

AN East India governor having died abroad, his body was put in arrack, to preserve it for interment in England. A sailor on board the ship being frequently drunk, the captain assured him the next time he was guilty of that offence he should be severely whipped; and, at the same time, forbade the purser, and, indeed, all the ship, to let him have any liquor. Shortly after, the fellow appeared very drunk. How he got the liquor no one could guess. The captain, resolved to find out and punish the person who had thus disobeyed his orders, promised to forgive him, if he would tell whence he got the liquor. After some hesitation, he hiccuped out, "Why, please your honor, I tapped the governor."

RASHNESS borrows the name of courage, but it is of another race, and nothing allied to that virtue; the one descends in a direct line from prudence, the other from folly and presumption.

DORIAN, a celebrated wit, having lost a gouty shoe, being much afflicted with that disorder, said, "The only harm I wish the thief is that the shoe may fit him."

GOOD BOOK-KEEPERS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in lending a book one day to a friend, cautioned him to be punctual in returning it. "This is really necessary," said the poet, in apology; "for, though many of my friends are bad *arithmeticians*, I observe almost all of them to be good *book-keepers*."

A VERY little gentleman was one day a hunting, and his servant asked a clown whether he saw any gentleman ride that way. "Truly," said he, "I saw a hat upon a saddle galloping that way a while since."

WHEN George Whitefield first came to Charleston, in South Carolina, the Reverend *Alexander* Garden was Episcopal minister in that place. Not liking Whitefield's principles, he took occasion to preach against him, from the following text: "Behold, they that have turned the world upside down have come hither also." In the afternoon, Mr. Whitefield retorted upon his antagonist, before a crowded audience, in these words: "Alexander, the coppersmith, hath done me much evil: the Lord reward him according to his works."

NEW METAMORPHOSIS.

MR. S——DE, of S——de, in Berwickshire, some years ago resolved to improve a quantity of his waste land, which was looked upon by his neighbors as a mad sort of project, the prospect of profit being somewhat disproportioned to the present outlay. He was, however, determined to carry his

Favorite scheme into effect, *malgré* the sneers of his friends. One day, as he was standing with bent brows, surveying the operations, very much like a man who knows he is wrong, but has, nevertheless, determined to go through with what he has taken in hand, an old, stupid woman came up, and, leaning over an enclosure, said to him, "But, dear me, Mr. S——de, an ye tak in a' the land this gate, what's to become o' the puir muir-fowl?" The sensitive proprietor answered, in a voice which admitted of no reply, "Let them turn paitricks, and be blowed to them!"

ANTIQUITY OF THE CAMPBELLS.

AN old woman of the name of Gordon, in the north of Scotland, was listening to the account given in Scripture of Solomon's glory, which was read to her by a little female grandchild. When the girl came to tell of the *thousand camels*, which formed part of the Jewish sovereign's live stock, "Eh, lassie," cried the old woman, "a thousand Campbells, say ye? The Campbells (*pronounced Cammils*) are an auld clan, sure eneuch; but look an ye dinna see the Gordons, too."

SCHOOLBOY'S QUESTIONS.

THREE boys at school learning their catechism, the one asked the other how far he had got; to which he answered, "I'm at a state o' sin and misery." He then asked another what length he was; to which he replied, "I'm just at effectual calling." They were both anxious, of course, to learn how far he was himself; and, having asked him, he answered, "Past redemption."

TIMBER TO TIMBER.

AT the placing of Mr. F-rl-ng, minister of the Chapel of Ease, Glasgow, of whose abilities Mr. Thom entertained no great opinion, when they came to that part of the ceremony where the hands are imposed, the other members of the presbytery were making room for Mr. Thom, that he might get forward his hand on the head of Mr. F-rl-ng likewise; but Mr. Thom, keeping at a distance, said, "Na, na, timmer to timmer will do weel enough," laying his staff on the head of the new divine.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN INTELLIGENCE AND IGNORANCE.

ARISTIPPUS, the Athenian, being asked, what difference there was between a wise and an ignorant man, "Let them be sent," said he, "out of their own country, and you will see."

EXCLUSION.

AN Athenian (as was customary with that people) had caused an inscription to be placed over the door of his house, "Let nothing enter here but what is good." Diogenes asked, "Then where will the master go in?"

SPIRITED ANSWER.

THE Emperor Charles V. asked Michael Angelo his opinion of Albert Dure, a celebrated painter. Angelo was bold enough to make him this answer: "I esteem him so much, that if I was not Michael Angelo, I had rather be Albert Dure than the Emperor Charles V."

PATENT MEDICINES.

RAMROD'S TINCTURE OF GRIDIRON, OTHERWISE CALLED NATURE'S GRAND RESTORATIVE.

DOCTOR SIMEON RAMROD, by a scrupulous and chemical analysis of vegetable substances, has recently discovered that gridirons contain a subtle invigorating fluid, sympathetically allied to the nervous or magnetic fluid of the human body, which, being skilfully extracted and properly prepared, comes a specific and infallible remedy for almost every complaint of mind and body to which human nature has been subject since the flood. It is found, also, to have a powerful effect upon the brute creation, and on various inanimate substances; to give relief against accidents, to be a wonderful rickener of the circulations, and to give renovated strength to all muscular exertions, from which it is found useful to persons travelling by sea or by land, and to those exposed to extraordinary dangers. To announce the instances in which Ramrod's Tincture of Gridiron has proved beneficial, would be but to give a detail of all the diseases to which men, women and children, are subject. The following are but a few, out of a thousand and upwards, of certificates which have been or may be procured, as a testimony of its efficacy, namely:

"The subscriber had long been afflicted with the toothache, to such a degree that nearly all his teeth had been drawn out, and by an unjust sentence he also unfortunately had both his ears cut off. On applying a little of the Tincture of Gridiron to his head, his teeth were restored, and his head was instantly supplied with as fine a pair of ears as he could boast of the day he was born. JOHN EARWIG."

"Not long since, riding on the highway, my horse stumbled and fell, and so lamed himself as to be unable to proceed.

I heard of a phial of the Tincture of Gridiron in the neighborhood, and suddenly found myself at the end of my journey, without further trouble. JONA. SPEEDWELL."

"Having from my infancy had an uncommon relish for barbecues, I not long since attended one; and, notwithstanding the splendid variety which a sumptuous table afforded, I was unable to eat a mouthful. I took a spoonful of the Tincture of Gridiron, and felt as perfectly satisfied as if I had eaten all on the table. S. GORMANDIZER."

"Some time ago my house was very much infested with rats; and one day, as I sat brooding over my misfortunes, a large number of them suddenly came upon me and ate me up. I instantly took some of the Tincture of Gridiron, and found myself at ease, and have never been eaten since.

JACK RECOVER."

"I was, not long since, subject to extreme fatigue from dancing and other exercise. I took a small quantity of the Tincture of Gridiron, and have been dancing ever since, without the least inconvenience. SAM RIGADOON."

"Riding out the other day, I accidentally fell into a ditch, and broke my legs, my arms and neck. On taking a little of the Tincture of Gridiron, I instantly recovered, and have never been near a ditch since, nor felt a desire to approach one. TOM TUMBLE."

"Walking, not long since, near the machinery of a mill, I was caught and carried between two cog-wheels, and every bone in my body broken to pieces. A phial of Ramrod's Tincture of Gridiron being thrown into the mill-pond, I found myself restored, and as whole and sound as a roach.

DICK WHIRLIGIG."

NOTE. — Gridirons taken in their natural state, and par-

rly taken whole, are, by skilful chemists, deemed extremely dangerous; but the recent discovery of a mode of ring the tincture from them, places them in the first of valuable plants.

= BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS! Each bottle is stopped a gimlet, and sealed with juniper-berries, and labelled "Rod's Tincture of Gridiron." To be sold (*only*) by subscriber, in Frying-pan Alley, at the sign of the Tea-
, who always subscribes his own name.

S. RAMROD.

PAINTING.

MANTHES, an Athenian painter, made use of a very ingenious device for representing the prodigious size of a sleeping . He represented a satyr measuring the thumb of the with a thyrse.

BON MOT OF JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

WHEN this prince was at Dunfermline, the monks of the r showed him the tomb of his ancestor, David I., who is in Scottish history for his benefactions to the church. s being remarked to the living king that the dead one been a perfect saint, "Ay," said he, "he was ane sair for the crown."

APELLES.

PAINTER boasted to Apelles of his being able to paint fast. This great artist merely answered, "It is visible ur works."

VIGÉE.

VIGÉE, taking the portrait of a lady, perceived that what he was working at the mouth she was twisting her features, in order to render it smaller, and put her lips into the most violent contraction. Impatient at such designing artifice, he at length said to her, "Don't hurt yourself, madam, in trying to make your mouth smaller, because, if you choose, I will make none at all."

ABSENCE OF MIND.

MR. IMLACH, late minister of the Muirhouse, near Dundee, was remarkable for his absence of mind. In his prayer one day he said, "O Lord, bless all ranks and degrees of persons, from the king on the dunghill to the beggar on the throne." Then, recollecting himself, he added, "I mean from the beggar on the throne to the king on the dunghill!"

EXPLOITS OF AN ARMY OF FIDDLERS.

RANULPH sought a retreat from the attacks of the Welsh in the Castle of Rheddlan, which underwent a violent siege for some time; till Roger Lacy, Constable of Chester, collected a formidable band of fiddlers and other motley minstrels, who had assembled together at a fair at Chester, founded by Hugh Lupus, one leading privilege of which was the protection of rogues, thieves and vagabonds of every denomination, during its continuance, from restraint of punishment. With this regiment of resiners did Roger march into Wales, where, strange to tell, they played so good a tune, that it in a short time closed with the raising of the siege; for which service Ranulph rewarded Lacy with full power over all the scrapers

ut in the county; a privilege which his son transferred family of the Duttons, in Cheshire; and it is within collection of many persons now living, that the anniversary of this whimsical solemnity was regularly celebrated, on festival of St. John the Baptist, by a procession of the people to the church of their tutelar saint in Chester, to the small amusement of the spectators.

NEW ENGLAND CURIOSITY REBUKED.

DOCTOR FRANKLIN, in the early part of his life, as travelling from Philadelphia to Boston, was accosted at an inn where he stopped with the usual questions of, Whence came you? What is your name? Where are you going? and What is your profession? with many other equally impertinent questions. The doctor sat obstinately silent till supper was served, when he desired the host to assemble his wife, children and servants. They were accordingly introduced with much ceremony, and the doctor, rising from his seat, thus addressed them with singular gravity: "My good friends, I have sent you all, to give an account of myself. My name is Benjamin Franklin; I am a printer, of Philadelphia, aged about seventy years, and am going on business to Boston."

PLEASANT PROSPECT.

An elderly lady, intending to purchase the upper flat of a house in Prince's-street, opposite the West Church Burying-ground, from which the chain of Pentland Hills forms a beautiful back-ground, after being made acquainted with all its beauties and the beauty of its situation, elegantly enumerated by the builder, he requested her to cast her eye on the

romantic hills at a distance, on the other side of the churchyard. The lady admitted that "she had certainly a most pleasant prospect *beyond the grave.*"

AN APPLE-WOMAN PUZZLED.

A FEW days since, a pleasant-looking, middle-aged man, with iron-gray hair, stopped at an apple-woman's stand on Chestnut-street, and, buying one of her finest pippins, he cut it in two, when, much to the woman's astonishment, a five-dollar gold piece rolled out from the core. "Why," said he; "these are golden pippins you sell! shall I have another at the same price?" She was so astonished at the occurrence as to be unable to reply; and the buyer, taking silence for consent, cut another, when a golden seed, of still greater value, dropped from it. Recovering from her surprise, she refused to sell any more to him, and forthwith commenced cutting her apples upon her own account, without finding what she expected. The purchaser was, after some haggling about the price, suffered to pay for another apple, and the woman was again surprised by a golden eagle being found within it. A crowd had by this time gathered, who, recognizing Blitz in the purchaser, enjoyed the amazement of the woman. She was about to cut another pippin, when Blitz offered to show her how to accomplish the feat. Lending her his own knife, he used a little magic powder, and, on cutting the apple, she found her labors rewarded with a quarter-eagle. This Blitz allowed her to keep, in return for his joke.

SOME hearts, like evening primroses, open most beautifully in the shadows of life.

SINGULAR CASE OF INSTINCT IN A HORSE.

WE do not remember ever to have heard of a more remarkable exhibition of equine intelligence than was communicated to us a few days since, by Mr. Allen, of St. Anthony's. The circumstances, as they were narrated to us, are as follows :

Mr. A. has had for a considerable time a span of sprightly little horses that he has never separated. In the stable, in the field, in the harness, they have always been together. This has caused a strong attachment to grow up between them. A few days ago, he went with them out to Lake Minnetouka, on a fishing excursion. Taking them out of the carriage, he led them down to the lake, and tied them with stout ropes, several rods apart, on a strip of grass that grew upon the shore, and left them to feed. Returning to the shanty, he threw himself upon the floor to await the return of the party who had repaired to the lake to fish. Not much time had elapsed before the sound of an approaching horse's feet, attracted his attention, and a moment after one of his span appeared at the door. The animal put his head in, and, giving one neigh, turned at a slow gallop, yet under evident excitement, and returned to the spot where but a few minutes before he and his companion had been seemingly fastened. Surprised to find his horse loose, and struck with his singular conduct, Mr. A. immediately followed, and found the other lying in the water, entangled in the rope, and struggling to keep his head from being submerged. While Mr. A. proceeded to disengage the unfortunate horse, his noble benefactor stood by, manifesting the utmost solicitude and sympathy; and when his mate was extricated from his perilous situation, and again upon his feet on terra firma, the generous creature exhibited the most unquestionable signs of satisfaction and joy. That this intelligent animal should have noticed the misfor-

tune of his mate,—that he should know where to apply for rescue, and in his efforts should sunder a three-fourths-inch rope, and, finally, that he should exhibit so high an appreciation of the event,—are circumstances to astonish us, and commend themselves to the thoughtful consideration of those who would limit the power of reasoning to the “genus homo.”

It is possible to be so neighborly as to be no neighbor.

Economy may be carried to such excess that it is more properly termed extravagance.

Thoughts unuttered are your own; thoughts uttered are the world's. Remember this, and be governed accordingly.

It is better to sow a young heart with generous thoughts and deeds than a field with corn, since the heart's harvest is perpetual.

Kossuth, in his speech to the General Assembly of Ohio, said, “The spirit of our age is democracy; all for the people and all by the people.”

It is more honorable to the head, as well as to the heart, to be misled in our eagerness in the pursuit of truth, than to be safe from blundering by contempt of it.—*S. T. Coleridge*

PROFESSIONAL BLINDNESS.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS originally studied under Hudson an English portrait-painter, who bestowed very liberally on his customers fair tie-wigs, blue velvet coats, and white waistcoats. He afterwards went to Italy, where he studied three years. On his return, he hired a large house in N

port-street; and the first specimen he gave of his abilities was a boy's head in a turban, richly painted in the style of Rembrandt, which so attracted Hudson's attention that he called every day to see it in its progress, and perceiving, at last, no trace of his own manner left, he exclaimed, "Really, Reynolds, you don't paint so well as when you left England."

COUNSELLOR DUNNING.

COUNSELLOR DUNNING was cross-examining an old woman, who was an evidence in a case of assault, respecting the identity of the defendant. "Was he a tall man?" says he. "Not very tall; much about the size of your honor." "Was he well-looking?" "Not very; much like your honor." "Did he squint?" "A little; but not so much as your honor."

DURING the retreat of the British troops in Holland, while they were floundering through the mud in a part of the road uncommonly bad, a corps of the guards were much scattered, when the commanding officer called out to the men to form *two deep*. "Blast me!" shouts a grenadier from between two mountains of mud, "I am too deep already; I am up to the neck."

A LADY at sea, full of delicate apprehensions in a gale of wind, cried out, among other pretty exclamations, "We shall all go to the bottom; mercy on us! how my head swims!" "Zounds, madam, never fear," said one of the sailors; "you can never go to the bottom *while your head swims*."

VERY LIKE YOUR MEAT.

HUGO ARNOT, author of the History of Edinburgh, &c., was a perfect walking skeleton. One day he was eating a split dried haddock,—or, as it is called in Scotland, a *speel-drink*,—when Harry Erskine came in. “You see,” said Hugo, “I am not starving.” “I must own,” replied the other, “that you are *very like your meat*.”

FACE OF BRASS.

THE house of Mr. Dundas, once Lord President of the Court of Sessions in Scotland, and the elder brother of Mr. Secretary Dundas, having, after his death, been converted into a smith's shop, a gentleman wrote upon its door the following *impromptu* :

“This house a *lawyer* once enjoyed,
A *smith* does now possess ;
How naturally the *iron age*
Succeeds the *age of brass* !”

REVERSIONARY PAYMENTS.

A ROMAN prince complained to C. Maratti, the celebrated painter, of the dearness of his pictures. He answered that the famous artists, his predecessors, having been very ill paid, the whole world were indebted to them a very large sum, and that he was come to receive their arrears.

WHEN it was told to the late Rev. Sydney Smith that it was intended to pave St. Paul's church-yard with blocks, his answer was, that he thought there would be no difficulty in

the matter, if the *Dean and Chapter* would put their heads together.

TIT FOR TAT.

A PHYSICIAN'S business rendered it necessary for him to dine several days at a public house with several of his brother chaps. On calling for his bill, he found a certain sum charged each day for wine. The doctor made objections to the charge, and said that he had not made use of wine. "The wine," said the landlord, "was on the sideboard; you might have helped yourself." Some time after, the landlord called at the doctor's house, and desired that he would call and prescribe for one of his children. On adjusting their mutual accounts, the landlord found a charge for medicine exactly equal to his charge for wine. "How is this, doctor? I have had no medicine." "It was on the shelf," said the doctor; "you might have helped yourself."

TAKE AWAY THE FOWLS.

A CERTAIN reverend gentleman of the city of Edinburgh dining with a friend, the lady of the house desiring the servant to take away the dish containing the *fowls*, which she pronounced *fools* (as is sometimes done in Scotland), "I presume, madam, you mean *fowls*," said Mr. R——, very pompously. "Very well, be it so," said the lady; "take away the *fowls*, but let the *fool* remain!"

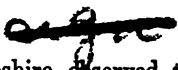
A MANUFACTURER of tomb-stones, in a flourishing town in Illinois, lately received a call from a countryman who wanted a stone to place over the grave of his mother. After

looking around for some time, and making sundry remarks about the taste of his deceased mother, he finally pitched upon one which the stone-cutter had prepared for another person. "I like this one," said he. "But," said the manufacturer, "that belongs to another man, and has Mrs. Perry's name cut on it; it would n't do for your mother." "O, yes, it would," said the countryman; "she could n't read; and, besides," he continued, as he observed the wonderment of the stone-cutter, "*Perry* was always a favorite name of hers, anyhow!"

"THIS ere hanimal, my little dears," observed the keeper of a menagerie to a school, "is a leopard. His complexion is yaller, and agreeably diversified with black spots! It vos a vulgar horror of the hancients that the critter vos hincapable of changing his spots, vich was deproved in modern times by obserwin' that he wery often slept in one spot, and next night changed to another." "But I say, Mr. Showman," screamed little Johnny, "the leopard a'nt yellow at all; the Bible says he's white." "Vere is the text," inquired the showman; "in the Apothecary, or the song of Susannah?" "It's where it says that Gehazi went forth a leper white as snow!"

A STORY is told of a traveller in Vienna, who was not a little startled at seeing the Danube water-mark on the upper story of a house far above his head. To have reached that height the river must have overflowed the entire city, and drowned out the people. He ventured to inquire. "O, no," he was told, "the river never rose to there; but when the memorial was below, the children used to deface it, and the mark had been accordingly removed beyond their reach."

The absurdity of the thing was entirely incomprehensible to the Austrian intellect.


A LADY passing through New Hampshire observed the following notice on a board: "Horses taken in to grass. Long tails, three shillings and sixpence; short tails, two shillings." The lady asked the owner of the land the reason for the difference of price. "Why, you see, ma'am," was the reply, "the long tails can brush away the flies, but the short tails are so tormented by them that they can hardly eat at all."

THE following delightful picture is from the Minnesota Pioneer: "You can see people in our streets down from the regions of the north, where they have mosquitos 'as is mosquitos,' with veils, which they wear around their hats, fastened around the crown with a band. These they pull down over their faces towards night, when the mosquitos thicken the air too much for respiration."

MRS. HARRIS says it is not as much trouble for a "nuss" to take care of sick people as some folks imagine. The most of 'em don't want anything now-a-days, and when they do they don't get it.

A PRINTER by the name of Fleet was blessed with a family of worthy good people, who were not all remarkable for the pleasantness of their countenances, on which account he would sometimes indulge himself in jokes which were rather coarse, at their expense. He once invited an intimate friend

to dine with him on *pouts*,— a kind of fish of which the gentleman was remarkably fond. When dinner appeared, the guest remarked that the pouts were wanting. "O, no," said Fleet, "only look at my wife and daughters."

LAWYER AND WITNESS.

LATELY a lawyer, retained in a case of assault and battery, was cross-examining a witness in relation to the force of the blow struck. "What kind of a blow was given?" asked the lawyer. "A blow of the common kind." "Describe the blow." "I am not good at description." "Show me what kind of a blow it was." "I cannot." "You must." "I won't." The lawyer appealed to the court. The court told the witness that if the counsel insisted upon his showing what kind of a blow it was, he must do so. "Do you insist upon it?" asked the witness. The counsel replied that he did. "Well, then, since you compel me to show, it was this kind of a blow," at the same time suiting the action to the word, and knocking the astonished disciple of Coke upon Littleton over.

JUST FEARS.

THE famous French engineer, Marshal Vauban, passing through a village, was suddenly attacked by an illness which required immediate bleeding. The surgeon of the place presented himself for that purpose; but the marshal, who was a little tinctured with the notion that a man's countenance generally indicates his ability, discovered some diffidence as to committing himself to the surgeon's hands, who asked him if he was afraid of bleeding. "No," answered the marshal, "but I'll frankly acknowledge that I'm afraid of the bleeder."

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS OF FEAR.

IN the time of the American war, while the army was encamped at West Point, a party of soldiers discovered an eagle's nest half way down the vast precipice of the rock adjacent to the fort. In order to get at the nest, one of the soldiers was let down by a rope fastened round his middle and made sure above, with two or three men to guide the rope, and draw him up when he had executed his design. When he had descended near the nest, the eagle came upon him with hideous screams, aiming at his head. In this dilemma, he had no way to defend himself but by taking out a knife, with which he kept her off by striking at her every time she came at him. In one of the passes he made at her, he had the misfortune to strike the rope and cut off two of the strands, and the other began to untwist, while his companions above drew him up as soon as possible. In this situation, he expected the rope every moment to part, when he must have fallen from the tremendous height, and been dashed in pieces among the rocks; but when almost every prospect of life had ceased, he was drawn up to the top of the rock, when the remaining strand of the rope was nearly reduced to a wisp or two! The effect of this sudden and extraordinary instance of fear upon this man was such that, in the course of twenty-four hours, the hair of his head, from a coal-black, was turned as white as the whitest wool! The man was about twenty-five years of age.

A FRENCH surgeon (Portal) has written a paper to prove that cutting off the great toe is a specific against the falling sickness. In the astonishing progress of science, it may in time be discovered that a man can stand better upon one leg than upon two.

MR. C—K, LORD E—N.

THIS eccentric senator, so remarkable for his naïve expressions, being reminded of a remark which he had formerly made upon a picture, but which he himself had forgotten, inquired, "Did I say that?" "Yes." "Then, if I said that," quoth the self-gratified wit, "it was *deevilish gude*."

One day, as he was limping down the High street of Edinburgh, from the Court of Session, he overheard a young lady saying to her companion, rather loudly, "That's Mr. C—k, the lame lawyer." Upon which he turned round, and, with his usual face of expression, said, "No, madam; I am a lame man, but not a lame lawyer." ~~acted~~

ONE passing by a fellow that was deformed, began, in derision, to praise his arms, legs, face, and other parts of his body; which the fellow perceiving, and knowing himself abused, said that he had one property more, which the other had not taken notice of; and, being demanded what it was, looking over his shoulder upon the other, said, "This is my property: I have a wall-eye in my head, with which I never look over my shoulder, but I behold a fool."

SOME years since, a sober, zealous Connecticut parson went to catechize a family in his parish, who were not so well versed in the rudiments of divinity as many are. When arrived, he thought proper to begin with Lois, the eldest daughter, a girl about eighteen, and buxom as May, whose charms had smitten the young village swains with an epidemic. "Well, Lois," said the parson, "I shall begin with

come, tell me who died for you." Lois, with a charmish in her cheek, replied, "Why, nobody, as I know The parson, rather surprised at her answer, repeated his on, with increasing zeal. Lois, rather irritated at the ditive parson, again replied, "Why, nobody, sir; there lom Dawson lay bed-ridden for me about six months, but say he has got about again."

JOHNSON was in company with a Scotchman, who was ing the beauties of the prospect from the Castle Hill, burgh. "Sir," replied he, "the noblest prospect that tchman ever sees is the high road to London."

MUSICAL gentleman, while performing, was arrested by bailiffs, who requested him to join them in a *trio*. "I d rather imagine," said the unfortunate gentleman, "you for a *catch*."

R. ADDISON once bet that he could make the worst pun had ever been heard, and succeeded admirably by going a man who was carrying a hare in his hand. "Pray," he to the man, "is that your own *hare*, or a *wig*?"

URING the American war, an Irishman in the American ce, having come by surprise on a small party of Hes, who were foraging, seized their arms, which they had aside. He then presented his musket, and with threats e them before him into the American camp, where the

singularity of the exploit occasioning some wonder, he was brought, with his prisoners, before General Washington, who asked him how he had taken them. "Why, general," said he, "I *surrounded* them."

THE manager of a company of tragedians at Versailles, being advised to form a corps of the *pages* of the king, queen, and princes, answered, sulkily, "Do you think I want to make a *book*?"

A VINE bears *three* kinds of grapes, said Anacharsis; the first of pleasure, the second of drunkenness, the third of repentance.

A SCHOLAR, being so fuddled that he could not unlock his door, complained that somebody had stolen his key-hole.

A TRUE JOE MILLER.

IN the time of Joe Miller, there was an old deaf player of the name of Cross, who, being very vain, took every pains to conceal his infirmity. Joe, walking along Fleet-street with a friend, saw Cross on the opposite side, and told his acquaintance he should see some fine sport. So, beckoning to Cross with his finger, he opened his mouth wide, and began to assume the attitude and gestures of one who bawls very loud to a distant object. Cross, thinking that Miller had hallooed to him, and taking that as too broad a signification of his infirmity, came puffing across the street as hard as he could. "What the devil," cried he to Joe, "do you make such noise for? do you think one cannot hear?"

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

AN anecdote is told of Mr. Roger of Werndee, in Monmouthshire, which exhibits the pride of ancestry in a striking point of view. His house was in such a state of dilapidation that the proprietor was in danger of perishing under the ruins of the ancient mansion, which he venerated even in decay. A stranger, whom he accidentally met at the foot of the Skyrriid, made various inquiries respecting the country, the prospects, and the neighboring houses; and, among others, asked, "Whose is this antique mansion before us?" "That, sir, is Werndee, a very ancient house; for out of it came the Earls of Pembroke of the first line, and the Earls of Pembroke of the second line; the Lords Herbert of Cherbury, the Herberts of Coldbrook, Ramsey, Cardiff, and York; the Morgans of Acton; the Earl of Hunsdon; the houses of Ircowm and Lanarth, and all the Powells. Out of this house, also, by the female line, came the Duke of Beaufort." "And pray, sir, who lives there now?" "I do, sir." "Then pardon me, and accept a piece of advice; come out of it yourself, or you will soon be buried in the ruins of it."

SOME thieves met a man, robbed him, and bound him in a wood. Just after, they met another, bound him also, and laid him on the other side of the hedge; when one of them cried, "I am undone! I am undone!" The other, hearing him, begged most heartily that he would come and undo him too.

A REMARKABLY hard drinker, who was expiring, begged one of his friends to bring him a goblet of water, telling him, "On our death-beds we must be reconciled to our enemies."

IMPROVEMENT ON THE FRILL.

GEORGE SELWYN one day dining at the Duke of Richmond's, a French marquis was declaiming on the ingenuity of his countrymen, "who," he said, "were de grande artistes for de modes and de fashions, *pour tout le monde*. For instance," said he, "look at de roffel (*ruffle*), dat fine ornament for de hand and for de breast. De Frenchman invent it, and all de oder nations in Europe quickly adopt de same plan." "Truc," replied Mr. Selwyn, "we allow that your countrymen have great merit in invention; but you must at the same time admit that, though the English are not an inventive, they are at least an improving, people. For example, to the very articles which you mention they have made a very important and useful addition." "*Les Anglois*, Mistare Selvin," returned the Frenchman, stroking and pulling down the ruffles on his breast and hands, "are, sans doute, ver elevare men; *mais je ne connais pas quelle* improvement dey could make to de roffel; *que ce la Monsieur?*" "Why, by adding a *shirt* to it," replied Selwyn.

PETER THE GREAT.

A RUSSIAN officer, named Valensky, who had a command in the Persian expedition, had once been beaten by the Emperor Peter's order, mistaking him for another. "Well," said Peter, "I am sorry for it, but you will deserve it one day or other, and then remind me that you are in arrears with me;" which accordingly happened upon that very expedition, and he was excused.

A COUNTESS coming into the dressing-room of her daughter, a young lady about fourteen, whilst she was at her toilet, and observing her very busy in setting her person off to the

best advantage, herself being in full dress and richly adorned with jewels, asked the girl what she would give to be as fine as her mamma. To which miss replied, "Not quite so much as your ladyship would give to be as young as I am."

THE RIGHT HAND.

MARSHAL CASSION rose very early, after the battle of Rocroi, "Because," said he to the Prince of Condé, "we have a great day's work to perform." The prince, who esteemed him, without loving him, called him "his right hand." "Yes," answered the marshal, "it is the hand furthest from the heart."

THEATRICAL CUSTOM.

LA FONTAINE, being in company with Molière and Despreaux, was condemning the custom of the conversations *aside* in dramatic pieces. "Nothing," said he, "is more contrary to good sense. What! the pit is to hear what the actor does not hear, though he stands close to the speaker." La Fontaine grew warm in declaiming against this usage. In the mean time, Despreaux said loud, "La Fontaine must be a great rascal." The poet continued his subject of complaint. They began to laugh; he asked them why they laughed. Despreaux answered him, "The reason is this: I have been abusing you quite loud, and you have not heard me, yet are so close to me that you touch me; and you are surprised that an actor on the stage does not hear an *aside* which another performer says by his *side*."

ALPHONSUS, King of Naples, had in his court a fool, who used to write down in a book all the follies of the great men

in his time that were at court. The king one day, having a Moor in his household, sent him to the Levant to buy horses, with ten thousand ducats. This the fool marked in his book, esteeming it a pure piece of folly. Some time after, the king, as he used to do when he had a mind to be merry, called for the book, and found at last his own name, with the story of the ten thousand ducats. The king, being somewhat moved, asked the reason why his name was there. "Because," says the jester, "you have committed a piece of folly, to give your money to one you are never like to see again." "But if he does come again," says the king, "and brings me the horses, what folly is that in me?" "Why, if ever he does come again," replies the fool, "I'll blot out your name, and put in his."

THE UP-COUNTRYMAN'S MISTAKE.

AN up-countryman, having business with a friend in the State of Georgia, had to ride about a mile on the beach in going up to the house where a great number of fiddlers had mustered. As soon as the countryman's horse entered the beach, he was no less surprised than his master at seeing such a large assembly of uncommonly polite little animals. After he had arrived at his friend's some time, he complained of a most violent pain in his back. His friend asked him how he came by it. He said he did not know, without it was owing to his continual bowing to those little animals he saw on the beach; for they were on every side, looking at him, and a bowing,—“How do you do? how do you do?” “I thought to myself,” said the countryman, “you shan't have more manners than I have got; and so they kept both myself and horse a bowing, first one side and then the other,—‘How do you do, sirs? how do you do, sirs?’ until we passed them all. This

must have been the cause of the pain in my back." The gentleman burst into a loud laugh, saying the little animals that he saw were a kind of sand-crab, that were accustomed, at the rising and going down of the tide, to assemble, in their manner of actions, to rejoice and sport. "Tarnation seize the little things," said the countryman, "for making me such a fool !"

NOT OUR LAWFUL SOVEREIGN.

AN English regiment, stationed at Peterhead, not long after the Rebellion of 1745, received such polite attentions from the inhabitants, that the colonel determined, by way of expressing his gratitude, to invite the principal inhabitants to dinner. Among those selected for invitation was Bishop Dunbar; but some one, on being told so by the colonel, remarked that that person was only a Scotch bishop, and perhaps unworthy of the honor he designed to confer upon him. "O, never mind that," cried the Englishman; "my father was a bishop, and I respect the title, by whatever countryman it may be borne." Not satisfied with this, he called upon the bishop in person, and requested, in very respectful terms, the honor of his company. The bishop, who was a man of very modest and retired mode of life, desired to be excused, on the plea of his age and infirmities; and also represented to the colonel that, as his principles forbade him to join in certain public toasts, it would perhaps be just as agreeable to all parties that he should not attend. The colonel would by no means listen to any excuses; and, at last, succeeded in obtaining the old man's consent, though not before he had promised that no toast should be given at all calculated to offend the feelings of the guest. At dinner everything proceeded well; but, on "The King" being given,

after the withdrawal of the cloth, and the bishop drinking it with the preliminary addition of the word "rightful," a cornet swore a violent oath, and exclaimed, "That is not King George, sir." "I take you all to witness," said the old clergyman, placidly, but with triumph beaming in his eye, "this young gentleman says King George is not our rightful sovereign!" This good thing was hailed by a burst of laughter, at the cornet's expense.

A GENTLEMAN amusing himself in the gallery of the *Palais*, a place in Paris somewhat as our Exchanges formerly were, observed, while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets, a suspicious fellow stood rather too near him. The gentleman was dressed according to the fashion of the times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels, upon which the thief began to have a design; and the gentleman, not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way, to give him an opportunity. The thief immediately set to work, and in a trice twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags. The gentleman perceived it, and, drawing out a penknife, caught the fellow by the ear, and cut it off close to his head. "Murder! murder!" cries the thief. "Robbery! robbery!" cries the gentleman. Upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing them at the gentleman, roared. "There are your tags and buttons!" "Very well," says the gentleman (throwing it back in like manner), "there is your ear!"

ONE Hog was to be tried before Judge Bacon, who told him he was his kinsman. Says he, "No hog can be bacon till it is ~~hanged~~, and then I'll allow you to be my kinsman."

MRS. PARTINGTON ON TRAINING

"MORAL training," said Mrs. Partington, "is the best, rter all." She had heard some one in the omnibus speaking of moral training, and her benevolence gave it into the charge of memory until she got home; and memory revolved it, and pondered it, and reviewed it, and fancy construed it to mean something about the military training that was to come off the next day. "I hope it will be a moral training, I'm sure," said she; "for I see that the gov'nor is to be there in his new suit, and I hope they'll make their revolutions well before him. I do admire the milintery, where the sogers in their fancy unicorns look just like a patchwork quilt. They was n't moral trainings in old times, when mén put 'enemies into their heads to steal away their hats,' as Mr. Smooth, the schoolmaster, used to say. Your Uncle Paul had a good deal of milintery sperret, sometimes, Isaac." Ike had remained very quiet while she was speaking. "What upon airth are you doing there, Isaac?" cried she. The young gentleman readily told her he was painting a horse, at the same time displaying an animal nominally of that description, done beautifully in blue, which he appeared to look on with much satisfaction. "But what are you painting it with?—As true as I'm living, you've got your Uncle Paul's tompion that he used to wear in his cap so long ago, and you're using up all my bluing!" That pompion, saved for so many years, to be used for such a purpose! Ah, Ike, Ike!

MAN once asked the eagle, "Why dost thou bring up thy young so high in the air?" The eagle replied, "Would they when grown up venture so near the sun, if I brought them up low down on the earth?"

BUCKINGHAM AND SIR ROBERT VINER.

THE second Duke of Buckingham, talking to Sir Robert Viner in a melancholy humor about his personal extravagance, "I am afraid, Sir Robert," he said, "I shall die a beggar, at last,—the most terrible thing in the world." "Upon my word, my lord," answered the mayor, "there is another thing more terrible which you have reason to apprehend; and that is, that you will *live a beggar*, at the rate you go on."

PROPHECY FULFILLED.

ONE coming into a cathedral where the choir consisted of very bad voices said that the prophecy of Amos was fulfilled,—"And the songs of the temple shall be howlings."

ROYAL FAULTS.

THE famous Whiston was a pensioner to Queen Caroline, who sometimes admitted him to the honor of her conversation, and paid the pension with her own hands. One day she said to him, "Mr. Whiston, I understand you are a free speaker, and honestly tell people of their faults: no one is without faults, and I wish you would tell me of mine;" and she pressed him to do so. He was still upon the reserve, and she pressed him the more. "Well," said he, "since your majesty insists upon it, I must obey you. There are abundance of people who come out of the country every spring to London upon business, and they all naturally desire to see the king and queen, and have not any opportunity of seeing your majesty so conveniently as at the Chapel Royal; but these country folks, who are not used to such things, when

they see your majesty talking with the king almost all the time of divine service, are perfectly astonished, and depart with strange impressions into their respective counties, and make their reports there, let me tell you, not at all to your majesty's honor." "I am sorry for it," answered the queen; "I believe there may be too much truth in what you say; but pray, Mr. Whiston, tell me of another fault." "No, madam," said he; "let me see you mend this, before I tell you of another."

LORD THURLOW AND THE DISSENTERS.

THE dissenters waited upon Lord Thurlow, by appointment, to request his vote for the repeal of the test act. After he had heard their sentiments, in a long harangue, with more than his ordinary patience, when the speech was concluded he thus addressed them: "Gentlemen, you have requested me to vote for the repeal of the test act. I shall not vote for it. I do not care whether your religion or mine has the ascendancy, or whether any religion or none; but, as I know when you were uppermost you kept us down, so now that we are uppermost we will, by the help of God, keep you where you are."

MAKING FREE.

SOME time ago a member of Parliament applied to the post-office to know why some of his franks had been charged. The answer was, "We supposed, sir, they were not of your writing; the hand is not the same." "Why, not *precisely* the same; but, the truth is, I happened to be a *little tipsy* when I wrote them." "Then, sir, will you be so good, in future, as to write '*drunk*' when you make *free*."

SOME Frenchmen who had landed on the coast of Guinea were carried before a negro prince. He was seated under a tree; his throne was a large block of wood, and his guard consisted of three or four negroes armed with wooden pikes. This ridiculous monarch asked, "Do they talk much of me in France?"

A VERY COMMON CASE IN LETTER-WRITING.

IN a collection of posthumous letters, lately published, is the following very natural, very just, and very generally appropriate reflection: "It is now six months since I have written you; but do not place all that time to the account of my negligence. This is the calculation I propose: impute to my idleness the first month only,—the other months lay to the account of the shame I had in omitting to write to you during the first."

THE crier employed by an auctioneer in Portsmouth, among other articles, cried white silk stockings, *of all colors*.

A GENTLEMAN asked a shepherd "whether that river might be passed over or not." "Yes," says he,—but, upon trying, he flounced over head and ears. "Why, you rogue!" says he, "did you not tell me it might be passed over?" "Indeed, sir," says he, "I thought so; for my geese go over and back again every day, and I did not doubt but you was as wise as a goose."

IGNORANCE.

A CERTAIN gentleman, in speaking of a book, said "he found it so bad he did not give himself the trouble to read it."

THE GOOD OF LEARNING.

It is well known that those who are admitted doctors in the University of Montpellier wear the gown of Rabelais, which is put on with much ceremonious veneration. The cause of this custom is not so well known;—it is, that Rabelais, by his wit, procured the revocation of a decree which abolished its privileges. The Chancellor Duprat being on this occasion inaccessible to any mediator, Rabelais hit on the following singular contrivance to obtain an audience. He addressed himself to the porter of M. Duprat, to whom he spoke in Latin; the porter immediately sent for a man who spoke that language,—Rabelais spoke Greek to him; another, who understood Greek, having appeared, he spoke Hebrew to him, and, it is added, several other languages. The capacity of Rabelais so astonished the assembly that they went, in a body, to inform the chancellor, who, charmed with the speech he made, and at the science he displayed, reëstablished, on his account, all the privileges of the university.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

THE first Protestant Duke of Norfolk, carrying the sword of state before James II. to his chapel, stopped at the door, and would go no further. The king said, "Your father would have gone further,"—to which the duke answered, "Your father would not have gone so far."

HUGH PETERS.

HUGH PETERS, the Puritan, preaching on the devil's entering the swine, said, "My beloved, for conclusion I shall give three observations on the text; which, for your better remem-

brance, I shall clothe in three English proverbs:—1. devil went from men into swine,—*He had rather play small game than stand out.* 2. When he possessed them they ran down a bank into the sea,—*They must needs whom the devil drives.* 3. They were all, no less than thousand, drowned in the sea,—*The devil brought his to a fair market.*”

JUDGE JEFFRIES.

WHEN Jeffries was told that the Prince of Orange very soon land, and it was reported that a manifesto, with his inducements, objects, &c., was already written, “my Lord Chief-Justice,” said a gentleman present, “what you think will be the *heads* of this manifesto?” “*will be one,*” replied he.

MODEST REPLY.

A LADY asked the celebrated statesman and warrior, Maurice of Nassau, who was the greatest general of his age. The modesty of this prince would not permit him to boast of himself; his ambition forbade him to yield the rank to his rivals;—he answered, “Madam, the Marquis of Montrose is the second.”

ACTING.

THOMAS BETTERTON, the celebrated English actor, was exact in imitating nature, that the look of surprise he assumed in the character of Hamlet (when he personated the astonished Booth) to such a degree that he was incapable of proceeding in his part for some moments. This anecdote is related by Booth, who observes that “Betterton was

but nature itself,—that he put on his part with his
, and was the very man or character he undertook to
nothing more.”

mind may be overburdened; like the body, it is
hened more by the warmth of exercise than of clothes.

py the land where the history of the past is the history
people, and not a mere flattery to kings. — *Kossuth*.

sink wrong, and welcome,” said Lessing; “but think;”
it maxim is the plain corner-stone of greatness.

est men conceal their joys as well as their sorrows, for
onsider the one as undeserved as the other. — *Jean*

re is high political wisdom in the custom yearly to
the memory of civic virtue and national glory in the
of the living generation. — *Kossuth*.

man who will not execute his resolutions when they
sh upon him can have no hope from them afterwards;
will be dissipated, lost, and perish in the hurry and
of the world, or sink in the slough of indolence.

SEVISH English moralist complains that the ladies of
sent day have red bosoms, red cheeks, and red elbows,
deed, are well *red* in everything but in books.

TERBOTHAM, the historian, in his description of the
e island Kiun Teheou Fou, says, “Among the birds
be found starlings with a small crescent on their bills,
uckbirds of a deep blue color.”



A MORAL.

A CLERGYMAN riding across a bridge near where two men were fishing, overheard one of them swearing most dreadfully. He dismounted, tied his horse, and entered into conversation with the swearer, asking him many questions about his employment, and at length what kind of bait he used. He answered, "Different kinds for different fish." "But cannot you catch fish without bait?" "No," said he, staring at the minister; "they would be great fools to bite at the bare hook." "But," said the minister, "I know a fisherman who catches many fish without bait." "But who is he?" said the fisherman. "It is the devil; and he catches swearers without bait. Other sinners want a bait, but the silly swearer will bite at *the bare hook*."

A GERMAN writer says that Bonaparte was so ambitious, that he would have the Black Sea for a wash-basin, the Mediterranean for a watering-place, the Baltic for a fish-pond, the Atlantic for a pleasure-yacht, and the Pacific Ocean for a horse-pond, when he is in a passion.

A YOUNG Frenchman, son to a merchant in Paris, has lately published the memoirs of his life, which begin in the following curious manner: "I am the son of Pierre Bertrand and Co."

A MAN named Stone exclaimed, in a bar-room, "I have the hardest name in the company." "Done," said one; "what is your name?" "Stone," cried the first. "Hand me the money," said he; "my name is Harder."

QUEER RETALIATION.

EN Cibber once went to visit Booth, and knew that he home, a female domestic denied him. Cibber took no of this at the time; but when, in a few days after- Booth paid him a visit in return, he called out from or that he was not at home. "How can that be,"- ed Booth; "do I not hear your voice?" "To be ou do," answered Cibber; "but what then? I believed rvant-maid, and it is hard, indeed, if you won't believe

WIFE.

ADY was asked to reveal the secret by which she had preserved the attention and affection of her husband. ," answered she, "in doing everything that pleases ad by bearing patiently everything that does not please

GENEROSITY.

ENTLEMAN, who owed a considerable sum to the Duke ssons, waited on him to request he would cancel half ot. "That half is no longer mine," said the duke to after you have taken the trouble to ask for it; but, have left the other half at my disposal, will you allow give it to you?"

CANNOT imagine," said Alderman H., "why my whis- ould turn gray so much quicker than the hair on my "Because you have worked so much more with your an with your brains," observed a wag.

FORGIVENESS.

THE son of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid preferred a complaint of a man who had calumniated his mother. "O, said the caliph, "you are doing a greater wrong to your mother than he has, for you will cause it to be believed she did not teach you forgiveness."

MEDICINE.

ABOUT fifty years since, a very worthy man, and whose word may be relied on, went to St. James' Palace, to visit one of the pages, whose apartment was two pair of stairs high. He drank tea there, took his leave, and, stepping back unadvisedly (on his friend's shutting the door after him), he half slipped and half tumbled down a whole flight of steps, and probably with his head burst open a closet-door. We say probably, because the unlucky visitor was too completely stunned with the fall to know what had happened. Certain it is that he found himself, on his recovery, sitting on the floor of a small room, and most kindly attended by a neat little old gentleman, who was carefully washing his head with a towel, and fitting, with infinite exactness, pieces of sticking-plaster to the variegated cuts which the accident had conferred on the abrupt visitor's unwigged pate. For some time his surprise kept him silent; but, finding that the kind physician had completed his task, and had even picked up his wig and replaced it on his battered head, he rose from the floor, and, limping towards his benefactor, was going to utter a profusion of thanks for the succor he had received, and inquiries into the manner of his mishap. These were, however, instantly checked by an intelligent frown, and by a significant wave of the hand towards the door of the closet. The patient

understood the hint, and retired, taking more care of his steps downwards for the remainder of the staircase, and wondering how so much humanity and so much unsociableness could dwell in the same breast. His wonder (which, like all other wonders, was connected with folly) ceased, when he found, on describing to a friend the situation of the closet, that he had owed the kind assistance he had received to the first man in the kingdom, who, after having exercised the humanity of the fellow-creature, found too much of the monarch about him to support a familiar conversation with the person he had relieved.

MORTIFICATION.

DUPUY, Bishop of Arras, invited one day to dinner two clergymen and three ladies. He remarked that, during the whole of the repast, the youngest of the two clergymen had his eyes steadfastly fixed on one of the ladies, who was very handsome. The bishop, after dinner, when the ladies retired, asked him what he thought of the beauty he had been looking at. The clergyman answered, "My lord, in looking at that lady, I was reflecting that her beautiful forehead will one day be covered with wrinkles; that the coral on her lips will pass to her eyes, the vivacity of which will be extinguished; that the ivory of her teeth will be changed to ebony; that to the roses and lilies of her complexion the withered appearance of care will succeed; that her fine soft skin will become a dry parchment; that her agreeable smiles will be converted into grimaces; and that, at length, she will become the antidote of love." "I never should have supposed," said the bishop, "that the sight of a fine woman could have inspired a young man with such a profound meditation."

A BEGGAR asked Molière for alms ; he gave him, t
absence of mind or mistake, for a less valuable piece,
d'or. The poor fellow, on perceiving it, hobbled aft
and told him of it ; upon which Molière returned it
with another louis d'or, as a reward for his honesty, c
ing, " My God ! what a lodging Virtue has taken
there ! "

PUN UPON PUN.

STRANGE, Moore and Wright, three notorious p
were, on a certain occasion, dining together, wher
observed, " There is but one knave among us, an
Strange." " O, no," said Wright ; " there is one .
" Ay," said Strange, " that 's *Wright.*"

CAT O' NINE TAILS.

THE captain of one of the British frigates, a
undaunted bravery, had a natural antipathy to a
sailor, who, from misconduct, had been ordered a
saved his back, by presenting to his captain the f
petition :

" By your honor's command
A culprit I stand,
An example to all the ship's crew ;
I am pinioned, and stript,
And condemned to be whipt,
And if I am flogged — 'tis my due !
A cat, I am told,
In abhorrence you hold :
Your honor's aversion is mine ! —
If a cat with one tail
Makes your stout heart to fail,
O, save me from one that has *NINE* ! "

EXTRAORDINARY ALTAR-PIECE.

"OVER a Popish altar at Worms," says Burnet, "there is a picture one would think invented to ridicule transubstantiation. There is a windmill, and the Virgin Mary throws Christ into the hopper, and He comes out at the eye of the mill all ~~the~~ wafers, which a priest takes up to give to the people."

GENERAL SIR EYRE COOTE and his staff were standing in a group one morning, when a gun was pointed at them. The ball struck the ground near Coote. "You had better move, sir," said an officer; "you are observed." "Never mind," replied the general, "they could not do that again." Another time, one of his aids-de-camp observed that he endangered his health, and the fate of the army, by exposing himself too much to the sun. "Tut, tut," exclaimed the veteran; "the sun has no more effect on me than on a deal board." "Ay, but, sir," rejoined the aid-de-camp, "you should recollect it is not the first old board that the sun has split."

WHEN Dr. Jeggon, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, was master of Bennet College, Cambridge, he punished all the under-graduates for some general offence; and because he disdained to convert the penalty-money into private use, it was expended on new whitening the hall of the college. A scholar hung the following verses on the screen :

"Dr. Jeggon, Bennet College master,
Broke the scholars' heads and gave the walls a plaster."

The doctor, perusing the paper, wrote underneath, extempore,

"Knew I but the wag that writ these verses in bravery,
I'd commend him for his wit, but whip him for his knavery."

TO EDITORS AND OTHERS.

THE public are informed that accidents, murders, &c., are manufactured and for sale at the subscriber's establishment, in the back-attic of No. 14 Literary Row. Their prices vary, of course, as to size, goodness, and quality. The undersigned begs leave to append some specimens of skill.

J. FITZ FICTION.

N. B. A discount made to wholesale purchasers.

"Singular Fact.—As one of the children of Mr. Snubbins was sleeping in its crib, on Wednesday last, a mouse crept down its throat. The child was awakened, and, with a precocity truly astonishing, called loudly for a physician. The intelligent Dr. Trodnob, being sent for, made the interesting little sufferer swallow a cat; who, when she had caught the mouse, was dislodged by means of a stomach-pump. The accomplished little innocent, we are happy to say, is near recovery."

"Distressing Occurrence.—As one of our most respected fellow-citizens was crossing the track of the Slambangmuggletonville Railroad, he was knocked down by one of the locomotives, and thrown to a great distance. A physician was immediately called in, and we are happy to say that the patient is so far recovered as to ask for a gin toddy."

"Horrible!—The powder-mill of Sancho Suds & Co. blew up on Wednesday last, with a tremendous noise."

THE man who will live above his present circumstances is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them or, as the Italian proverb says, "The man who lives by hope will die by danger."

INGENIOUS REASON.

THE Welsh formerly drank their ale, mead, or metheglin, out of earthen vessels, glazed and painted within and without, with dainty devices. A farmer in the principality, who had a curious quart mug, with an angel painted at the bottom, on the inside, found that a neighbor who very frequently visited him, and, with the customary hospitality, had the first draught, always gave so hearty a swig as to leave little for the rest of the party. This our farmer three or four times remonstrated against, as unfair; but was always answered, "Hur does so love to look at that pretty angel, that hur always drinks till hur can see its face." The farmer, on this, set aside his angel cup, and at the next Shrewsbury fair bought one with a figure of the devil painted at the bottom. This being produced, foaming with ale, to his guest, he made but one draught, and handed it to the next man quite empty. Being asked his reason, as he could not now wish to look at the angel, he replied, "No, but hur cannot bear to leave that ugly devil a drop."

A WINDOW IN THE BELLY.

"I WISH," said Rigby to Charles Fox, "that you would stand out of my light, or that you had a window in that great belly of yours." "What," said Charles, "that you might lay an additional tax upon it, I suppose!"

EPIGRAM.

YOUR comedy I've read, my friend,
And like the *half* you pilfered best;
But sure the drama you might mend —
Take courage, man! and *steal the rest*.

GENERAL WOLFE.

GENERAL WOLFE, happening to overhear a young officer talk of him in a very familiar manner, as, "Wolfe and I drank a bottle of wine together," and so on, appeared, and said, "I think you might say General Wolfe." "No," replied the subaltern, with a happy presence of mind, "do you ever hear of General Achilles, or General Julius Caesar?"

A SERVANT, who had made the improvement which might have been expected from hearing the irreligious and blasphemous conversation continually passing at the table where it was his place to wait, took an opportunity to rob his master. Being apprehended, and urged to give a reason for this infamous behavior, "Sir," said he, "I have so often heard you speak of the impossibility of a future state, and that after death there was no reward for virtue or punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery." "Well, but," replied the master, "had you no fear of that death which the laws of your country inflict on a criminal?" "Sir," rejoined the servant, looking sternly at his master, "what is that to you, if I had a mind to venture that? You had removed my greatest fear; — why should I fear the less?"

AN attorney, says an ingenious writer, is the same thing to a barrister that an apothecary is to a physician, with this difference, that your lawyer does not deal in scruples.

FROM Bonaparte's enmity to the Press, it is supposed that he was a friend to Locke on the Human Understanding.

PATRIOTIC REPARATION

the appointment of the Rockingham administration, Wilkes conceived that, as the minister courted popular favour, having been strenuous in the *popular* cause, might do so on his own terms. He demanded a general pardon, a hundred thousand pounds in cash, and a pension on the Irish establishment. Edmund Burke, who had been prevailed on to support the application, refused to carry so presumptuous a proposition to the marquis, nor would any other person make so extravagant an application. Wilkes, on the change of ministry, renewed hostilities; and, in conclusion, was expelled from the House, sentenced to two years' imprisonment and one hundred pounds' fine, and security for seven years' good behaviour. This was, compared with Wilkes' first *view*, a *liquidity* of prospect, indeed!

SEVERE RETORT.

After Lord Sidney's elevation to the peerage, he happened to observe in company that authors were often very careless in the titles they gave. "That," said a gentleman, "is an error from which even kings appear not to be free."

The senses are the ports of entry to the soul, through which all impressions are more easily admitted than those laden with the lessons of prudence, or the lessons of prudence and experience.

IN 1744, being informed that two physicians had abjured religion, said to Duplessis Morney, "Your religion, sir, is declining, and the physicians have given it up."

SYMPATHY.

THE late Duke of Grafton, when hunting, was thrown into a ditch; the next moment a young curate called out, "Lie still, your grace!" leapt over him, and pursued his sport. Such an apparent want of feeling, we might presume, was properly resented,—not so. On being assisted to remount, the duke said, "That young man shall have the first good living that falls to my disposal; had he stopped to have taken care of me, I never would have patronized him;" being delighted with an ardor similar to his own, or with a spirit that would not stoop to flatter.

As there is no jumping in nature, equally there is no stop to it.

A distinguished teacher defines genius to be the power of making efforts.

If you would keep your secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.

It is in the garden of centralization where the venomous plant of ambition thrives.

We soon forget not only our sorrows, but the lessons we learned from them.

Not Unity, but Union, will and must become the watch-word of national bodies.

Deference is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant, of all compliments.

Our evil genius, like the junior member of a deliberative body, always gives its views first.

Mother! What comfort there is in the name which gives assurance of a love that can neither change nor fail!

BURLESQUE OF THE STYLE OF DR. JOHNSON.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY R. JEPHSON, ESQ.

WHILE I was admiring the fantastical ramifications of some umbelliferous plants that hung over the margin of the Liffy, the fallacious bank, imperceptibly corroded by the moist tooth of the fluid, gave way beneath my feet, and I was suddenly submerged to some fathoms of profundity. Presence of mind, in constitutions not naturally timid, is generally in proportion to the imminence of the peril. Having never learned to move through the water in horizontal progression, had I desponded, I had perished; but, being for a moment raised above the element by my struggles, or by some felicitous casualty, I was sensible of the danger, and instantly embraced the means of extrication. A cow, at the moment of my lapse, had entered the stream, within the distance of a protruded arm; and, being in the act of transverse navigation to seek the pasture of the opposite bank, I laid hold on that part of the animal which is loosely pendant behind, and is formed by the continuation of the vertebræ. In this manner I was safely conveyed to a fordable passage, not without some delectation from the sense of the progress without effort on my part, and the exhilarating approximation of more than problematical deliverance. Though in some respects I resembled the pilot of Gyas, *Jam senior madidaque fluens in veste*, yet my companions, unlike the barbarous Phrygian spectators, forbore to acerbitate the uncouthness of embarrassment by the insults of derision. Shrieks of complorance testified sorrow for my submersion, and safety was rendered more pleasant by the felicitations of sympathy. As the danger was over, I took no umbrage at a little risibility excited by the feculence of my visage, upon which the cow had discharged her gramineous digestion in a very ludicrous abundance. About this

time the bell summoned us to dinner; and, as the cutaneous contact of irrigated garments is neither pleasant nor salubrious, I was easily persuaded by the ladies to divest myself of mire. Colonel Manly obligingly accommodated me with covering of camlet. I found it commodious, and more agreeable than the many compressive ligaments of modern drapery. That there might be no violation of decorum, I took care to have the loose robe fastened before with small cylindrical wires, which the dainty fingers of the ladies easily removed from their dress and inserted into mine, at such proper intervals as to leave no aperture that could awaken the susceptibility of temperament, or provoke the cachinnations of levity.

WHEN the Persians under Xerxes invaded Greece, their haughty general sent these words to Leonidas, the commander of the Grecian forces: "Surrender your arms." Leonidas wrote and returned this answer on the same paper: "Come and take them."

A TAR, passing by one of those corners in Philadelphia where idlers assemble for the benefit of the sun in cold weather, observed one basking, and called out, "Hoa, brother, what latitude are you in, for I observe you are *taking the sun*?"

A CERTAIN nobleman, who had not the character of being very courageous, one day asked a miser what pleasure he experienced in hoarding up so many guineas. "I find as many charms in them," replied the miser, "as you do in wearing a sword."

PRESBYTERIANS PROVED TO BE CHRISTIANS.

It was once asked, "Are the Presbyterians Christians?" The answer was, "Yes." "How do you make them out to be Christians?" was again asked. Answer: "Because they love their enemies." Question again: "Who are the enemies they love?" Answer: "The devil, the world, and the flesh."

SARCASM AT SIR GILBERT ELLIOT, OF MINTO.

A MINISTER at a particular occurrence of Whitsuntide, during the reign of Queen Anne, was preaching upon the subject so commonly handled at that time,—the influence of the Holy Spirit. He had, like many of his brethren and party, a strong ill-will to Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto, who, by political dexterity and great parsimony, had attained a large fortune, and who must certainly be allowed to have merited very little friendship from the Jacobites. By way of a wibe at the talents which Sir Gilbert displayed for the acquisition of money, Calder introduced this strange expression into his sermon: "I'll tell ye what, my friends; if the Holy Spirit had consisted in gude goold doubloons, it wad ha' been clinking by this time in Gibbie Elliot's pouch."

LENTHALL, THE SPEAKER.

In the time of the Long Parliament, Sandys, a gentleman of bold spirit, was examined before the House, when Lenthall, the speaker, put some ridiculous and impertinent questions to him, asking, at last, what countryman he was. "Of Kent," said Sandys; "and pray, may I demand the same of you?" "I am out of the west," said Lenthall. "By

my troth," replied Sandys, "so I thought, for all of the wise men come out of the east."

"I WISH I COULD."

A GENTLEMAN travelling in a long lane, where his horse could hardly get through the mire, met a peasant, of whom he inquired the way to a certain place. "Straight forward," said the man; "you cannot go out of your way." "Faith, I fear so," said the querist; "I wish I could."

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

THERE were two delinquents of King's College, one of whom was named Payne and the other Culpepper. Payne was expelled, but Culpepper escaped. Upon this, a wit wrote the following very apt line:

"Pena perire potest; Culpa perennis erit."

EXHUMATION OF THE REGICIDES.

IN the crowd which attended the exhumation of Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw, after the Restoration, some one exclaimed, "Who would have ever thought to see Cromwell hanged for high treason?" "O, sir," said another, "this is nothing strange; see," he added, pointing to Bradshaw, "there is a *president* for it."

A GENTLEMAN being once reproached for voting against his conscience, "The charge is false," said he; "I never had a conscience."

SOME CURIOUS PARTICULARS OF SHAKSPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, the great poet of nature, was the son of John Shakspeare, a considerable dealer in wool, and born at Stratford upon Avon, in April, 1564. At a proper age he was put to a free school, where he acquired the elements of grammar-learning. His father had no design to make a scholar of him. On the contrary, he took him early from school, and employed him in his own business; but he did not continue long in it, for at seventeen years of age he married, and commenced master of a family. In this domestic obscurity he lived for some time, till, falling into bad company, he was prevailed on to steal deer from Sir Thomas Lucy's park, near Stratford; for which, being prosecuted by that gentleman, he made him the subject of a ballad, which was so very severe, that it heightened the prosecution against him to that degree that he was obliged to shelter himself in London. On his arrival, being driven by the last necessity, he went to the play-house door, and picked up a little money by taking care of gentlemen's horses who came to the play. At length, some of the players, accidentally discoursing with him, were so pleased with his conversation that they recommended him to the house, where he was first admitted in a low station; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent dramatic writer.

Having, by practice and observation, acquainted himself with the mechanical economy of the theatre, his active genius supplied the rest. But, the whole view of his first attempts in stage-poetry being to procure a subsistence, he directed his endeavors solely to hit the taste and humor that then prevailed amongst the meaner sort of people, of whom the audience was generally composed; and therefore his images

life were drawn from those of that rank. Thus did Shakspeare set out, without the advantage of education, the advice or assistance of the learned, the patronage of the better sort, or any acquaintance among them. But when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and the encouragement of the court had succeeded that of the town, the works of his riper years were manifestly raised above the level of his former productions.

Queen Elizabeth, who showed Shakspeare many marks of her favor, was so well pleased with the delightful character of Falstaff, in the two parts of Henry IV., that she commanded the author to continue it in one play more, and to show the knight in love; which he executed inimitably in the Merry Wives of Windsor. Among his other patrons, the Earl of Southampton is particularly honored by him in the dedication of two poems, Venus and Adonis, and Lucrece. In the beginning of James the First's reign, he was one of the principal managers of the play-house, and continued in it several years afterwards; till, having acquired such a fortune as satisfied his moderate wishes and views in life, he quitted the stage and all other business, and passed the remainder of his life in an honorable ease at his native town of Stratford, where he lived in a handsome house of his own building, to which he gave the name of New Place.

He died on the 23d of April, 1616, in the fifty-third year of his age, and was interred in the chancel of the great church at Stratford, where a handsome monument was erected to him. In 1740 another very noble one was raised to his memory, at the public expense, in Westminster Abbey; an ample contribution for this purpose being made, upon exhibiting Julius Cæsar, at the Theatre-royal in Drury-lane, April 28, 1738. His dramatic writings were first published to-

gether in folio, in 1723; since which they have had many editions, and have been republished with notes by Mr. Rowe, Mr. Pope, Mr. Theobald, Sir Thomas Hanmer, Mr. Warburton, and Samuel Johnson, LL.D.

JOHN PRENTICE, the grave-digger of Carnwarth, in Lanarkshire, had a pleasant equivoue, which he constantly used on hearing of the death of any person. "Hech whow!" he would say, "is ——— dead? I wad rather it had been *other fwa*."

A PERSON once asked John Prentice if he considered himself at liberty to pray for his daily bread. "Dear sake, sir," he answered, "the Lord's Prayer tells us that, ye ken." "Ay, but," said the querist, "do you think you can do that, consistently with the command which enjoins us to wish no evil to our neighbors?" "Dear sake, sir," cried John, rather puzzled, "ye ken fouk maun be buriet!" This was quite natural, and very conclusive.

THE grave-digger of Sorn, in Ayrshire, was as selfish and mean a wretch as ever handled mattock or carried mortcloth. He was a very querulous and discontented old man, with a voice like the whistle of the wind through a key-hole on a bleak Sunday afternoon in the country. An acquaintance from a neighboring parish accosted him one day, and asked how the world was standing with him. "O, very puirly, sir — very puirly, indeed," was the answer; "the yard has dune naething ava for us this simmer. If ye like to believe me, I havena buriet a leevin' soul this sax weeks!"

PASSIONS.

THE fatal end of Ferrante Pallavicino (says the French commentator on the *Naudæana* and *Partiniana*) has been told by many authors ; but we never met with so many particulars relating to it as in the following narrative, which is taken from a MS. in one of the most celebrated libraries in Paris, added to the close of a volume entitled “The Glory of the Incognitos of Padua.” It runs thus :

“Carlo di Bresche, known in Italy by the name of Carlo di Morti, was the son of a bookseller in Paris, named Pietro di Bresche. He travelled in the service of a nobleman through Italy ; but his master dying on the road, Carlo went from Venice to Rome, where he was recommended to the Barberini family as a man capable of undertaking any bold enterprise. No sooner was his character known than he was intrusted by them with the destruction of Ferrante Pallavicino, against whom the Barberini were highly exasperated, on account of his two predictions, the ‘*Baccinata*,’ and the ‘*Divortio Celeste*.’ The price of this treacherous exploit was then settled to be three thousand doubloons. Carlo, on this, repaired to Venice, the asylum of Ferrante, where he contrived to insinuate himself so far into his friendship that, finding him disposed to seek a refuge in France from the snares which were laid for his life in Italy, he offered himself as his fellow-traveller, and was accepted. They journeyed together as far as Orange, a city within ten miles of Avignon ; when Carlo sending an account to the vice-legate at that place that the prey was in his hands, a party was sent to seize them both, they were conducted to Avignon and thrown into prison. Carlo, however, who had only been confined for form’s sake, was soon set free ; whereas Ferrante was retained, brought to a trial, and executed. Meanwhile Carlo

returned to Rome, where he received the infamous reward of his diabolical treachery, partly in pictures (which were exposed to sale in Paris, at the Hotel de Fleury, afterwards a lodging-house kept by Madam Batillon, a native of Bretagne, in the Rue des Bourdonnois), and partly in ready money.

“In the interim, Cardinal Mazarin, extremely hurt at the death of Pallavicino, to whom he bore much good will, directed one Ganducci, an Italian, to contract an intimacy with the traitor. This the emissary brought about in the most cautious manner, by pretending to sell gloves, perfumes and other trifles, which he bartered with Carlo for pictures and other goods. Having now settled a kind of commerce with him, he often went to his house, which stood in the ‘Place Maubert;’ and one morning, going at a very early hour, on pretence of their common interests, he complained to Carlo concerning some misconduct of his in their affairs,—the which Carlo, who was then in bed, denying, the other, picking a quarrel with him, darted upon him, caught him fast round the body, and stabbed him in the reins with a poniard. Carlo, who was stout and active, finding himself wounded, grappled with the assassin, and in the scuffle they both fell to the ground. The people of the house ran to the room, on hearing the noise in the chamber, but could not enter, as the door was locked from within. Having fetched officers of justice, and broken open the door, the murder was discovered, and Ganducci was led away to the little Chatelet, while Carlo was expiring.

“When the story was told to Cardinal Mazarin, he gave directions to the magistrate of the police to release the prisoner, and was obeyed. Thus was the execrable villain Carlo repaid for his more than inhuman treachery.”

PUNCTILIO.

THE students at Oxford stand much upon punctilio in the matter of making acquaintance; insomuch that one will not hold the least intercourse with another, unless the proper formula of introduction has been gone through. It is told, as a quiz upon them for this peculiarity, that a young gentleman who had recently entered one of the colleges happening to be seized with cramp while bathing in the Isis, and being on the point of sinking, probably to rise no more, a youth of older standing, who leaned over a bridge near the scene, thus soliloquized: — “Good God! what a pity I was not introduced to that freshman,—perhaps I might have saved him.”

SPUNGERS.

WORDS, as well as men and things, seem to fall from their more dignified and valued state into “abatement and low price.” The name of Spunger, which at present carries with it such an odious meaning, was among the ancients an honorable title. Diodorus relates that “the Celtic bards, who were the poets of the ancient Gauls, followed them to war, to witness and record their heroic actions, and that they were called, as a mark of honor, SPUNGERS.”

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

THE cardinal intimated to the French academy his desire that a dictionary of the French language should be composed. It was submitted to his eminence that M. Vaugelas was every way equal to the principal charge and concern in its compilation; but that, as an encouragement, it would

an expedient to obtain for him, from the king, the repayment of his pension of two thousand livres, which had been discontinued. The pension was restored, and Vaugelas went immediately to thank the cardinal. That minister, seeing Vaugelas enter his chamber, advanced towards him, and said, "Well, sir, you will at least not forget the word *pension* in your Dictionary." "No, my lord," replied M. Vaugelas, "and still less the word *gratitude*."

GOING TO RAMOTH GILEAD.

A SAILOR, who had served the king so long at sea that he almost forgot the usages of civilized society on shore, went one day into the church at his native town of Kirkaldy, in Fife, where it happened that the minister chose for his text the well-known passage, "Who will go up with us to Ramoth Gilead?" This emphatic appeal being read a second time, and in a still more impressive tone of voice, the thoughtless tar crammed a quid of tobacco into his cheek, rose up, put on his hat; then, looking around him, and seeing nobody moving, he exclaimed, "You cowardly lubbers! will none of you go with the old gentleman? I'll go, for one." So out he went, giving three cheers at the door, to the amazement of all present.

"WHERE is Mr. F.?" inquired an old lady of us, a few days since, referring to a mutual friend now travelling in Europe. "O, in some part of Austria, I believe," was the reply. "Well, dear me!" exclaimed the blessed old woman, "I'm so glad he's in Austria, for then he can bring me home an ostrich feather."

LORD MANSFIELD, being willing to save a man who had stolen a watch, directed the jury to bring it in value ten pence. "Ten pence, my lord!" said the prosecutor; "why, the very fashion of it cost me fifty shillings." "Perhaps," replied his lordship, "but we are not to hang a man for fashion's sake."

TOM HOOD ON THE IRISH BOY.

GIVE him a collar without a skirt
(That 's the Irish linen for shirt),
And a slice of bread, with a taste of dirt
(That 's Poverty's Irish butter),
And what does he lack to make him blest?
Some oyster-shells, or a sparrow's nest,
A candle-end and a gutter.

As long as a man gets six dollars a week, he can live and get along rather quietly and contentedly; but as soon as his wages reach twelve dollars a week, he needs twenty-four,—gets in debt, and "busts up," at that! Man is a high pressure engine,—vanity's the steam, money the fuel,—apply to principle, and you have the facts. Make a note on 't!

A FRENCHMAN, being arraigned a few days since, at New York, for stealing three bags of coffee from a vessel in East River, was asked by the clerk of the court if he was guilty or not guilty. Pretending, however, not to understand, the clerk asked him, in plain English, if he did steal the coffee. To which he immediately replied, "No, sare, me only sequestare de coffee."

INJUSTICE.

REWARD greatly beneath the merit is injustice. A brave v, who had both his arms shot off in battle, was offered is colonel half a crown. "You surely think, colonel," erred the soldier, with great readiness, "that I have only pair of gloves." The name of the *generous* and *just* el is not recorded. General St. Clair, being told the procured the soldier Chelsea provision, and gave him crown a week for life.

CONFESSIONS OF A PICKPOCKET.

CELEBRATED pickpocket, who was lately sent to the prison for his misdeeds, being noted for his marvellous ness in pocket-lifting, was requested to reveal the secret success, when the following, among other disclosures, made. We publish them, as likely to be useful to those re willing to take a hint :

never," said the pickpocket, "attempt the pocket of an sident of a city, but uniformly strangers and country- But, on being asked how he distinguished them, he d, "Very easily;" and gave the following list of persons vere the regular victims of the "craft" :

Persons in an omnibus who take out their pocket-books the stage stops are sure to be countrymen. Those who o converse on the side-walks or in thoroughfares, or take ocket-books at the box or pit offices of theatres, or steam-offices. All those who stop to gaze at shop-windows, or money or show pocket-books in the street, or call in Funk auction-rooms. All these," said he, "are our on victims. If I find a man eating oysters or fruit or ing an open knife in the street, in nine times out of ten

he is *green*, and we *victimize* him. Persons who stand up in theatres, or stand on cross-walks, are generally country folks, and we make sure of them."

The shrewdness of these observations of the pickpocket must be obvious to all city people, and accounts for the remarkable fact that city residents seldom suffer by the operations of these light-fingered gentry.

JAMES THE FIRST.

KING JAMES THE FIRST gave all manner of liberty and encouragement to the exercise of buffoonery, and he took great delight in it himself. Happening once to bear somewhat hard on one of his Scotch courtiers, "By my saul," retorted the peer, "he that made your majesty a king spoiled the best fool in Christendom!"

PRECEDENCY AT THE GALLOWS.

Two gentlemen, one named Chambers, the other Garret, riding by Tyburn together, said the former, "That is a very pretty tenement, if it had but a *Garret*." "You fool!" replied Garret; "don't you know there must be *Chambers* first?"

GOOD ADVICE.

A FORWARD young scholar, wishing to appear in the pulpit, consulted an elder preacher as to what text he should choose. The latter, wishing him well, and knowing he was too young, suggested this text: "Go to Jericho till your beard be grown." The scholar, it is said, took the sage's advice, and, waiting a few years, proved eventually an excellent preacher.

THE LEAST EVIL.

ONE asked his friend why he married so *little* a wife. "Why," said he, "I thought you had known that of all evils we should choose the *least*."

MANFUL ASSISTANCE.

THE master of a ship, walking about on deck, called into the hold, "Who's there?" A boy answered, "Will, sir." "What are you doing?" "Nothing, sir." "Is Tom there?" "Yes," cried Tom. "What are you doing, Tom?" "Helping Will, sir!"

ACCUMULATION.

M. DE VANDILLE was the most remarkable man at Paris, on account of his extreme wealth and avarice. He had been a magistrate at Boulogne. He literally adopted the old maxim, that "the semina of wealth, the halfpence and pence, may be compared to seconds of time, which generate years, centuries, and even eternity itself." In 1735 M. de Vandille possessed upwards of seven hundred thousand pounds, which he had got or multiplied upon the body of a single shilling, from the age of sixteen to the age of seventy-two. When, having overheated himself one summer's day in carrying home a load of fuel, a fever ensued, he for the first time in his life sent for a surgeon to bleed him; but, thinking his terms exorbitant, he proposed terms to a common barber-surgeon, who undertook a vein for three pence a time. "But," says Vandille, "how often will it be requisite to bleed?" "Three times," said he. "And what quantity of blood do you propose to take?" "About eight ounces each time," replied the opera-

tor. "That will be nine pence! too much! too much exclaimed old Vandille. "I have determined to go a cheap way to work; take the whole quantity at once that you propose to take at three times, and that will save me six pence. This being insisted on, he lost twenty-four ounces of blood and also, by this unprecedented stretch of parsimony, his life. He left his vast treasures to the king, whom he appointed his sole heir.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

WATTEAU, a celebrated Dutch painter, is said in his last moments to have given a strong testimony of his affection to his art. A priest who attended him offering him a crucifix to kiss which was extremely ill-painted, "For God's sake, father," said the dying man, "remove it from me; the sight of it shocks me!"

COMPLIMENT WORTHY OF AN EMPEROR.

THE Emperor Charles V. frequently supplied the inimitable painter, Titian, with considerable sums of money, signifying upon these occasions "that he did not mean to pay him the value of his pictures, because they were above all price."

THE RIGHT OF DISCOVERY.

A GENTLEMAN praising the personal charms of a very plain woman before Foote, the latter whispered him, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" replied the other. "Every right, by the law of nations, as the first discoverer," said Foote.

ENTLEMAN, in complimenting a great poet of his acquaintance, said that he "had climbed Mount Parnassus with r, and, when he had ascended, he drew it up after

said of the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe, that he was not habit of paying his bills without much following and unity; nor then, if any chance appeared of wearying patience of his creditors. A paver, after long and attempts, caught him just getting out of his chariot own door at Bloomsbury-square, and set upon him. "you rascal!" said the doctor; "do you pretend to be such a piece of work? Why, you spoiled my pavement and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad

"Doctor," said the paver, "mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides." "You dog, you!" said the doctor; "are you a *wit*? Well, you must be *poor*; a." The man was paid.

EASY and ambitious gentility is always spurious. The at which one has long worn never sits uncomfortable.

stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping our is like *cutting off our feet when we want shoes*.

dition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; being is performed in the same posture as creeping.

HERE are you going?" asked an old gentleman of a boy who had just completed his tenth year. "Why; y eleventh year," he replied.

DUKE OF ARGYLL.

JOHN, DUKE OF ARGYLL, having been with some ladies at the opera-house in London, an English squire, puffing, blowing and sweating, entered the box in which they were seated, with his hunting-boots on, and whip in hand. The ladies instantly rose up, and, making a low bow, exclaimed, "Sir, I am very much obliged to you!" "O! why?—how!—for what?" "*For not bringing your horse here!*"

AMOR PATRIÆ.

A GENTLEMAN from the Highlands of Scotland, attended by his trusty servant Donald, a native of the wild and mountainous district of Lochaber, in Inverness-shire, when travelling through the fertile and delightful plains of Italy, asked Donald what he would do if he possessed an estate there. Donald instantly replied, "Please your honor, I would sell him, and buy an estate in Lochaber!"

POOR MAN OF MUTTON.

A LEG of mutton in its last stage of scraggism is sometimes (in Scotland) devilled, or otherwise prepared for the table, and then bears the familiar title of "a poor man of mutton," or, more briefly, "a poor man." It is related by Dr. Jameson, in his dictionary, that a Scotch nobleman entering an inn at London, after a long journey, and being asked by the landlord what he would please to have, answered, with a yawn, "I dare say I could take a bit of a poor man." "A bit of what?" inquired the landlord. "A bit of a poor man," repeated his lordship. "The Lord have a care of my poor

soul!" cried mine host, and made but one step from the top of the stairs to the bottom; nor could he be prevailed upon, till the phrase was explained by the nobleman's valet, to make his appearance again in the parlor.

CROSS ANSWERS.

A PRISONER being brought up to Bow-street, the following dialogue passed between him and the sitting magistrate: "How do you live?" "Pretty well, sir; generally a joint and pudding at dinner." "I mean, sir, how do you get your bread?" "I beg your worship's pardon; sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes at the chandler's shop." "You may be as witty as you please, sir; but I mean simply to ask you, How do you do?" "Tolerable well, I thank your worship; I hope your worship is well."

SINGULAR ESCAPE.

FROM A DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

THE author, describing a high, steep promontory, called Ladder Hill, the height of which cannot be much less than eight hundred feet, relates an extraordinary accident which happened to a Dutch sailor in 1759, the truth of which was attested by many people on the island. This man, coming out of the country after dark, and being in liquor, mistook the path then in use, and turned to the left instead of the right. He continued his journey with great difficulty, till, finding the descent no longer practicable, he took up his residence for the night in a small chink of the rock, and fell asleep. Late in the morning he waked; and what were his horror and astonishment to find himself on the brink of a

precipice a hundred fathoms deep! He attempted to retrace his back, but found it impossible to climb the crags he had descended. After having passed several hours in this dreadful situation, he discovered some boys on the beach at the foot of the precipice, bathing in the sea. Hope of relief made him exert his voice to the utmost; but he had the mortification to find that the distance prevented his being heard. He then threw one of his shoes towards them, but it unfortunately fell without being perceived; he threw the other, and was more fortunate, for it fell at the feet of one of the boys just coming out of the water. The youth looked up, and, with great surprise, saw the poor Dutchman waving his hat and making other signs of distress. They hastened to the town, and, telling what they had seen, great numbers of people ran to the heights overhead, from whence they could see the man, but were nevertheless puzzled how to save him. At last a coil of strong rope was procured, and, one end being fastened above, the other was veered down over the place where he stood. The sailor instantly laid hold of it, and, with an agility peculiar to people of his profession, in a little time gained the summit. As soon as he found himself safe, he produced an instance of provident thriftiness truly Dutch, by pulling out of his bosom a China punch-bowl, which in all his drunkenness and distress he had taken care to preserve unbroken; choosing rather to part with shoes than his bowl, though the latter must have alarmed the children at once by its noise, and the shoes must have left him to starve, if they had not fallen in sight.

LORD KENYON told a witness, angrily, that he would *commit* him. "I hope," answered he, "that your lordship will not commit yourself."

ROGUES OUT, ROGUES IN ; A TOUCH AT THE BANKS.

"FRIEND in the program gown, with staff and spear,
 What is your business, what your duty here?"
 "To watch the bank." — "The bank? why, tell me, pray;
 Think you the bank is like to run away?"
 "No, no! but rogues and thieves — those wicked chaps —
 Might break the locks and doors, and steal, perhaps;
 And I am paid for standing here all night
 To catch or fright them, and to keep all right."
 "Well, since you 're paid for watchman, stand thy post,
 And see no stiver of the cash is lost;
 At the same time, permit me, friend, to doubt
 Such mighty dangers from the rogues without:
 I'd think the money better far applied,
 If you were paid for catching rogues inside."

CHARLES THE SECOND'S POCKETS.

No prince was more addressed than Charles II.; while the very people who sent these generous, nay, extravagant offers, scarcely allowed him the necessary supplies. Killigrew saw this in the proper view, and once gave private orders to the king's tailor to make one of his majesty's coat-pockets of a most enormous size, and the other scarcely larger than a thimble. The king, being informed that this was done at the desire of Killigrew, asked him the reason. "May it please your majesty," replied the arch wag, "the large pocket is to receive the *addresses* of your subjects, and the other is to put the *money* in which they intend to present you with."

THEODORE HOOK used to say that nothing changed so much in the course of a hundred years as a snuff-box, for it then became a *sentry*-box.

A DIRTY WITNESS.

A GERMAN gentleman, in the course of a strict cross-examination on a trial during the Oxford Circuit, was asked to state the exact age of the defendant. "Dirty," (thirty) was the reply. "And pray, sir, are you his senior, and by how many years?" "Why, sir, I am *dirty-two*."

HARPIANA.

THE Bonnet-rouge, or Red-cap, was much venerated at the beginning of the French subversion. La Harpe, one day haranguing, said, "It is asserted that the Red-cap *consolidates* Republican *Heads*; I declare that it almost *melts mine*," and so saying, he threw it among his auditors. This cap, like all its similars, has had its *rage*; but it has *melting* matters much *harder* and *thicker* than even the skull of M. la Harpe, President of the Section of Pikes!

A FAMILY of rank paid a visit to a manse, some in a jaunting-car, some on horseback, and the younger branches, with the governess, whose surname was Wright, in a cart. When they were going away, the minister, without waiting till a chair was brought, or the cart-door taken off, lifted the young ladies in his arms, and put them into the cart. The governess declared she would not be lifted in that manner. He took her up and placed her in the cart beside her pupils saying, "Madam, might overcomes Wright."

PUNCH asks, "Why is the man who does not bet as bad as a man who does? Because he is no *better*."

SOLD.

AN officer was recently sold in Providence by a limb of the law. The officer, desirous of fees, had heard that the lawyer had lost some article, and went to him with an inquiry as to the fact. The lawyer answering in the affirmative, the officer commenced filling out a blank search-warrant, and finally came to the place where it was necessary to specify the article lost, which the lawyer stated to be an important suit at the Court of Common Pleas. The officer sloped.

THE BLIND AND THE BLIND.

A GENTLEMAN disputing about religion in Button's coffee-house, one of the company said, "You talk of religion; I'll lay you five guineas you can't repeat the Lord's Prayer; but Richard Steele, here, shall hold stakes." The money being deposited, the gentleman began, "I believe in God," and so went through his Creed. "Well," said the other, "I own I have lost it; but did not think you could have done so."

BEN JONSON.

LORD CRAVEN, in King James the First's reign, was very desirous to see Ben Jonson; which being told to Ben, he went to my lord's house; but, being in a very shabby condition, the porter refused him admittance, with some saucy language, which the other did not fail to return. My lord, happening to come out while they were wrangling, asked the occasion of it. Ben, who stood in need of nobody to speak for him, said, "He understood his lordship desired to see me." "You, friend!" said my lord; "who are you?" "Ben Jonson," replied the other. "No, no," quoth his

lordship, "you cannot be Ben Jonson, who wrote the *Silva* *Woman*; you look as if you could not say Boo to a good *Woman*." "Boo!" cried Ben. "Very well," said my lord, who was more pleased at the joke than offended at the affront; "I am now convinced you are Ben Jonson."

A WHOLE DAY TO OURSELVES.

THE President Allout and Madame Defand were both complaining, one day, of the continual interruptions they met with from the society in which they lived. "How happy should we be," said the lady, "to have a whole day to ourselves!" They agreed to try whether this was not possible, and at last found a small apartment in the Tuilleries, belonging to a friend, which was unoccupied, and where they proposed to meet. They arrived, accordingly, in separate conveyances, about eleven in the forenoon, appointed their carriages to return at twelve at night, and ordered dinner from a *fautilue*. The morning was passed entirely to the satisfaction of both, in the effusions of love and friendship. "If every day," said the one to the other, "were to be like this, life would be too short." Dinner came, and before four o'clock sentiment had given place to gayety and wit. About six the lady looked at the clock. "They play *Athaline* to-night," said she, "and the new actress is to make her appearance." "I confess," said the president, "that if I were not here, I should regret not seeing her." "Take care, president!" said the lady; "what you say is really an expression of regret; if you had been as happy as you profess to be, you would not have thought of the possibility of being at the representation of *Athaline*." The president vindicated himself, and ended with saying, "Is it for you to complain, when you were the

first to look at the clock, and to remark that Athaline was to **be** acted to-night? There is no clock for those that are **happy.**" The dispute grew warm, they became more and more out of humor, and by seven they wished most earnestly to separate. That was impossible. "O!" said the lady, "I cannot stay here till twelve. Five hours longer! What a punishment!" There was a screen in the room. The lady seated herself behind it, and left the rest of the room to the president. The president, piqued at it, takes a pen and writes a note full of reproaches, and throws it over the screen. The lady picks up the note, and writes an answer in the sharpest terms. At last twelve o'clock arrived, and each hurried off separately, fully resolved never to try the experiment again.

LEARNING AND PARTS REWARDED.

THE remuneration for Dr. Johnson's Dictionary was inadequate to his performance. So far from relieving him from his embarrassments, he was, shortly after its completion, arrested for five guineas, which sum was discharged by his friend, Samuel Richardson, the Quaker, and author of *Clarissa*, *Grandison*, &c. The king, in 1762, settled three hundred pounds per annum on Johnson, without any stipulation as to future literary exertions.

A BAND of young empty divinity-students paid a visit to a manse; a flock of turkeys followed them to the door. "Sir," says one of the probationers, "do you allow the turkeys to come into your house?" "Sometimes," replied the minister; "but I will not permit them at this time, for I never suffer turkeys and geese to enter at the same time."

ROYAL CONVERSATION.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON had the honor of a conversation with his majesty, in the library of Buckingham House, in February, 1765, when his majesty asked him if he intended to publish any more works. The doctor answered that he thought he had written enough. "I should think so too," said the king, "if you had not written so well."

MR. PITT having made a moving speech in the House of Commons on the subject of the French invasion, the minister remarked, in a large dinner-party which happened soon after, that it was very right in the premier to alarm us. "How so?" was universally asked. "Why, our whole safety lies in our being *all-armed*."

DURING the time Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor of England, he used to send his gentleman usher to his wife's pew to tell her that he was gone; but the next Sunday after he had given up the chancellorship he came himself to her pew, and used the words of his gentleman usher, "Madam, his lordship is gone."

A YOUNG minister, soon after he was licensed to preach, received a letter from a reverend doctor, requesting him to fill his pulpit on the ensuing Sabbath, as he (the doctor) was to be from home. He went, accordingly, and spent a most pleasant Saturday evening at the manse. After service, on Sunday, he dined *solus cum sola*, the doctor's lady and he being all the party. The lady was most attentive to the young stranger guest; and what with carving, and what with

using him to enjoy the good things set before him, she
 inued eating after he had finished his meal. The lady
 , "Sir, I am ashamed to take my dinner before you."
 adam," quoth he, "I think you are rather dining *after*
 "

SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

R. BURKE'S work on this subject unites Longinus and
 totle. Burke is a philosophian anatomist of the human
 .. Mr. Addison, in his Spectator, describes grandeur and
 ty, but does not analyze either. Mr. Burke's system, in
 y respects, concurs with that of Hutchinson, who placed
 ty in uniformity, mingled with variety, although he
 ls more on the latter than the former. It coincides with
 arth's Analysis of Beauty. Johnson said of it, "We
 an example of true criticism in Burke's Essay. There
 great merit in showing how many plays have ghosts in
 , or how this ghost is better than that; you must show
 terror is impressed on the human heart." On perusing
 re's book, his father was so enraptured as to send him a
 ttance of one hundred pounds, from him a considerable

This publication is a grand epoch in the literary his-
 of Burke. In consequence of this manifestation of his
 lectual powers, men of distinguished merit courted his
 aintance.

GLASSES

Do you suppose that a person can see better by the aid
 asses?" said a man in company. "I know he can," said
 er, "for, after I have taken a dozen glasses, I can see
 le."

A CRACKED HEAD.

AN Irish servant-lad going along a passage, and singing rather inharmoniously, was asked by his master what horrid noise he was making. "I have not made any noise, sir," he replied. "Why, you were singing, and a confounded noise it was." "O, perhaps it was the singing in my ears your honor heard!" This reminds us of the dialogue between twa meenesters of the gude kirk of Scotland. One complained he had got a ringing in his head. "Do ye ken the reason o' that?" asked his worthy crony. "Na." "I'll tell ye; it's because it's empty!" "And have ye never a ringing in your head?" quoth the other. "Na, never!" "And do ye ken the reason? It's because it's cracked!" was the retort; and the truth was not very far off.

YANKEE INGENUITY.

"SHAN'T I see you hum from singin-skul to-night, Jerushy?" "No, you shan't do no such thing! I don't want you nor your company, Reuben." "P'raps you did n't exactly understand what I said?" "Yes I did. You asked me if you might n't see me hum." "Woy, no I did n't,—I only asked how your marm was!"

A CERTAIN trading justice, notorious for his professional ingenuity, some time since employed a poor man to saw a load of wood, for which he agreed to give him eighteen pence. The man, in order to be more expeditious in the business, stripped off his coat, and laid it in the street. After finishing the job, he found, to his surprise, that the coat had vanished, and asked the justice, who had been at the door nearly the

whole time, if he had seen anything of it. The worthy magistrate replied he had found a coat in the street, and, producing it, desired to know if he could swear to the property. On the poor man's answering in the affirmative, he proceeded to administer the oath: after which, on restoring the coat, he shrewdly observed to the poor fellow that they were now clear of each other, the price of the work being eighteen pence, and his fees amounting to the same.

A YANKEE tar was once in York, England; he was somewhat deformed by having a large bunch on his back. An Englishman that saw him thought he would have a joke with the Yankee, and said, "What in the deuce is that hump on your back?" "Bunker Hill," promptly replied the Yankee.

EARLY RISING.

A FATHER, chiding his son for not leaving his bed at an earlier hour, told him, as an inducement, that a certain man, being up betimes, found a purse of gold. "It might be so," replied the son, "but he that *lost it was up before him.*"

A SAW being stolen from the carpenter of an Indiaman, suspicions fell thick upon the captain's negro-boy, who, on being taxed with the theft, roundly denied the charge. The captain, however, being in his own mind convinced of his guilt, ordered him a flogging; which being over, blackee determined to watch the carpenter, who, not being satisfied either with the loss of the saw or the flogging of the boy, said to one of his messmates, a few days after, "D—n this

saw; it sticks in my gizzard now!" The poor boy, overhearing him, flew with rapture to the captain, and exclaimed, "O! massa, massa, the carpenter find him saw." "Where?" demanded the captain. "O! massa, him find it. this very minute, *in him gezar!*"

A MINISTER and church-warden were talking of the dissolution of the sexton. "I know but one way of making him think of his latter end," said the minister, "and that is to make him toll the funeral bell." "Ay, sure enough," replied the warden; "he would constantly have a rope then before his eyes."

A BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

To have a wife, or not, that is the question;
 Whether it is wiser in a man to suffer
 The stings and arrows of outrageous ridicule,
 Or court a girl, or marry her straightway,
 And put the damper upon such
 Miserable meddling?
 A bachelor! what do I resemble?
 A link lost from a golden chain!
 A costly gem in an old castle hid,
 Whose beauty dazzles when we raise the lid;
 A sum whose value none could ever prove;
 A counterfeit upon the bank of love!
 And such am I; but am I to remain so,
 Shunned by the married, laughed at by the single,
 My once luxuriant locks becoming gray,
 With none to love, or love me, save my dog?
 Forbid it, powers who rule o'er mortal love!
 Rich in houses, lands, the things to sweeten life,
 I'll not sit down in mean, inglorious content,
 Without one great effort to secure "Heaven's
 Last, best gift to man," — a *WIFE*.

AT YOUR SERVICE.

THE late Sir Fletcher Norton was in his character of a counsellor rather coarse. He once examined Mr. Alderman Shakspeare as a witness, and, in the course of his examination, said, in a rude way, "And pray, what trade are you, friend?" "A ropemaker, at your service," replied the alderman.

WIT AND THE OPPOSITE.

DRYDEN and Otway lived opposite to each other, in Queen-street. Otway, coming one night from the tavern, chalked upon Dryden's door, "Here lives John Dryden; he is a wit." Dryden knew his hand-writing, and next day chalked on Otway's door, "Here lives Tom Otway; he is *opposite*."

PURGATORY.

"WITH regard to purgatory," says an old popish writer, "with regard to purgatory I will not say a great deal; but this much I think, that the Protestants may go further and fare worse."

GREED IN LETTERS.

IT being proved, on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really *Inch*, who pretended that it was *Linch*, "I see," said the judge, "the old proverb is verified in this man, who, being allowed an *Inch*, has taken an *L*."

THE Mareschal of Toiras having made every necessary regulation for an approaching battle, an officer asked leave of

absence, that he might go to receive his father's blessing, *who*, he said, was at the point of death. The mareschal, who suspected the cause of his retreat, answered him thus: "Go, honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be prolonged unto thee."

POTATOES.

HARRY PRENTICE was the first who introduced the culture of potatoes into England. In the year 1784 he sunk one hundred and forty pounds with the managers of the Canon-gate poor-house, for a weekly subsistence of seven shillings, and afterwards made several small donations to that charity.

This man's coffin, for which he paid two guineas, with the year of his birth (1703) on it, had hung *nine years* in his house; and he had the undertaker's written obligation to *screw him down* with his own hands, gratis.

"JOHN," inquired a domine of a hopeful pupil, "tell me what is a nailer." "A man that makes nails," said John. "Very good. What is a tailor?" "One who makes tails." "O, you stupid fellow!" said the domine, biting his lips; "a man who makes tails?" "Yes, master," returned John, "if the tailor did not put tails to the coats he made, they would be all jackets." "Sit down, John; you're an honor to your maternal relative in consanguinity." "Thank you, sir; my mother always said I would be worth something."

"WELL, Mr. —, you have a fine stand for business." "Hem! yes, you may well say that; it is one *very fine*

~~And~~, for no customers come to make me *move*, all day.' "I
~~P~~pose, sir, you mean to say the *times are hard*?" "Cer-
~~in~~ly I do," replied the storekeeper, with care depicted on
~~a~~ countenance; "the times are hard, and the world harder,
~~and~~ I fear that very few will get out of it alive."

TO BEE, OR NOT TO BEE.

AN humble-bee be-ing attracted by the odoriferous blossoms on the nose of a toper, alighted thereon for the purpose of levying his contribution; when the individual, not liking to part with its sweets, clapped his hands over it in a killing humor, exclaiming, with Hamlet, "To be, or not to be!"

BARTER.

D'AVILA, the celebrated writer and soldier, relates that "at the time of the League, when Paris was besieged, the inhabitants trucked over the walls a girl for a sirloin of beef." The late Lord Orford very justly observes, "The French civil wars often display *wit*." His lordship might have added "*gallantry*," as his favorite Sully attests in many places.

LOUIS XVI.

AMONGST other circumstances related of this prince during his stay in the Temple, Clery, his valet-de-chambre, mentions that he saw, with great calmness, all his decorations, even his knife, taken from him; but he was very much affected when they carried off his *fire-shovel*, and did not conceal his anger.

A GOOD REASON FOR A BAD CAUSE.

AN eminent counsellor asked M. Langlois why he so often undertook bad causes. "Sir," answered the lawyer, "I have lost so many good ones, that I am quite at a loss which to take."

THE BEATITUDES.

A PREACHER, discoursing on the eight ~~beatitudes~~, made a very long and tedious sermon. A lady pretending that he had forgotten one state of bliss, the preacher ~~contended~~ that he had not omitted one; when the lady said to him "You did not say, Happy are those who do not hear my sermon."

DECLARATION OF LOVE.

// RABELAIS, the ~~fractious~~ divine, laid a wager that he would make a declaration of love in the pulpit; accordingly, he took these words for his text, from the Canticles: "It is for you, woman, that I die."

GALLANTRY AND INGENUITY.

OF all the declarations of love, the most admirable was that which a gentleman made to a young lady, who asked him to show her his mistress, when he immediately presented her with a *mirror*.

GOOD SUBSTITUTE FOR LAW.

"I DEFY you," said a stubborn culprit to a justice during the civil war; "there is no law now." "Then," said the justice gravely to his servants, "if there be no law, bring me a rope." The knave instantly ~~knocked under~~.

FEAST OR FAMINE.

~~PALAPRAT~~ was a poet and a wit of the Augustan age in France (Louis XIV.). He lived in the temple with the ~~Grand~~ Prior (the Duke of Vendome), where sometimes he had ~~the most sumptuous repasts~~, and at other times had ~~no dinner at all~~. Palaprat observed, on this, that "In that house he should die either of indigestion or ~~inaction~~."

ONE TOO MANY.

M. DE VENDOME found Palaprat one day beating his servant, for which he ~~reproached~~ him warmly. "How, sir, you blame me?" said the poet; "but ~~know~~ that, although I have but one servant, I am as ill attended as you are, who have thirty."

VERACITY.

PALAPRAT was secretary to the Duke of Vendome, with whom he lived on the ~~most free terms~~. M. Catinat, who had the ~~greatest esteem~~ for him, said to him one day, in embracing him, "The freedom with which you let the Grand Prior know your opinion upon all occasions makes me tremble for you." "Be assured, my friend," replied Palaprat, ~~pleasantly~~, "it is my wages; his ~~great mind~~ loves *truth*."

COPY OF AN ADVERTISEMENT IN A DIURNAL PRINT

CHALLENGE.

I, ELIZABETH WILKINSON, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me on the stage, and box me for *three guineas*, each woman holding half a crown in each hand, and

the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle. She shall have rare sport.

ANSWER.

I, Hannah Hyfield, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, *God willing*, to give her more blows than words. Desiring home-blows, and from her no favor, she may expect a good thumping.

COUNSELLOR HARWARD.

MANY anecdotes are related of this distinguished barrister. A lady, born in the bosom of coquetry, went to him for the purpose of recommending a case of law to his management. She was ascending a *private staircase* which led to his library. The servant wished to prevent her going up that staircase, upon which she exclaimed to the counsellor, who said to her, "Excuse him, madam; for if he forbid you to go up my private staircase, he certainly did not know you."

NOBLE SENSE OF DUTY.

ROTHOU was invested with the magistracy of the town of Dreux at a time when it was afflicted with an epidemic disease. Urged by his Paris friends to save his own life by quitting so dangerous a situation, he answered that neither honor, conscience nor humanity, would allow him to follow this advice, because, under such circumstances, none but himself could preserve the good order of the place. He finished his letter in these words: "It is not that the peril in which I find myself is not very great, since, at the moment I am writing this, the bell tolls for the twenty-second person who has been buried to-day; my turn will come when it pleases God."

EMIGRATION.

OF all the emigrants, Abbé Maury appears to have ~~had~~, exclusively, understanding or good fortune. It was he, however, who put into the heads of the nobles the system of emigration the most extravagant, the most impolitic, the most cowardly. It was in consequence of the Abbé Maury's documents that the royal family set off in disguise for the frontier. It is said that the eventual detention of the royal fugitives was owing to the king's stopping on the road to dine; that he was famished on cutlets, and ate like a carman! In vain did the queen beseech him to adjourn his appetite. He arrived too late for the rendezvous of the Marquis de Bouillé and his regiment. Six men stopped the carriage, and he was the first to cry out "Stop!" It is curious enough that the old aunts of the king, as if inspired with the spirit of divination, insisted so much on leaving France, that at length they accomplished their purpose. They, too, were arrested, but they found the means of getting forward.

 THE GOOD OLD "LAPSUS LINGUÆ."

A GENTLEMAN'S servant bringing into the dining-room, where the company were all assembled, a nice roasted tongue, tripped as he entered the door, and spread the tongue and sauce on the carpet. The landlord, with much presence of mind, soon relieved the embarrassment of his guests, as well as of the servant, by saying, with great good humor, "There's no harm done, gentlemen; 't is merely a *lapsus linguæ*." This fortunate play of words excited much merriment. A very sagacious gentleman, struck with the happy effect of the above accident, was determined to make a similar exhibition. He invited a large party, and, when they were all assembled,

he had directed his servant to let fall a piece of roast beef on the floor. The servant obeyed his injunctions; but the company felt hurt at the accident. "Be not uneasy, my friends," cried the would-be witty landlord; "'t is only a *lapsus lingue*."

THE FAST-DAY.

A GENTLEMAN who employs a great number of hands in a manufactory in the west of England, in order to encourage his work-people in a due attendance at church on a fast-day, told them that if they went to church they would receive their wages for that day, in the same manner as if they had been at work. Upon which a deputation was appointed to acquaint their employer that, "if he would pay them for *over hours*, they would attend likewise at the Methodist chapel in the evening!"

CONTEMPT OF HANOVER.

THE smallness and unimportance of George the First's paternal dominions, as compared with the great empire to which he acceded, was an unfailing subject of ridicule with the Jacobites. They actually appear to have considered Hanover as little better than what their songs metaphorically represent it to have been,—a mere farm, or lairdship. The late Mr. Moir, of Leckie, in Stirlingshire, an enthusiastic Jacobite, and who had succeeded to that estate by marriage, used to take a most ingenious way of expressing his contempt for the Electorate. In showing his grounds to people of his own way of thinking, he used to point out, from a prominent situation, a little farm at the distance of several miles, which had formed his patrimony, and from which he had removed on his

marriage with the heiress of Leckie. "Now, gentlemen," he would say, "these lands which you have just seen form my chief dominions. Yon wee bit over bye, that ye can scarcely see, it's sae little,—yon is my Hanover."

This contempt of Hanover amounted, in some individuals, to a perfect loathing or horror for the very word; and some amusing anecdotes are told of their irritability on this particular. In the house of a Jacobite family in Fife the conversation turned one night on a strange deformed dwarf which was then exhibited at Edinburgh, and which was said to have come from Germany. "Whaur did ye say it comes frae?" cried a deaf old gentlewoman, of peculiarly acrimonious feelings, who had heard the conversation but imperfectly, but whose ears were startled at a word which suggested so many disagreeable associations. The word was repeated to her by some person present; on which her face darkened into a frown of horror and disgust, and she turned away, exclaiming, "Germany! I daur say that's the native-kintra of a' kinds o' monsters."

STRICT JUSTICE IN OLIVER CROMWELL.

DON PANTALEON DE SAA, brother to the Portuguese ambassador, being full of his own exploits as a soldier, and of his high quality, resented an affront which he imagined had been offered him at the Royal Exchange, by ordering his servants to his assistance; and, after wounding several persons, Mr. Greenway, an English gentleman, who was innocent of the fact, was shot dead. After the commitment of the murder, the Portuguese thought to elude the ordinary officers of justice by returning to and barricading themselves in the Portuguese ambassador's house, which they threatened to defend against all attempts to take them; but the fact being

notorious, Colonel Whaley invested the house by a party of horse. Upon this, the ambassador ordered his domestics to take their arms, and sent to complain to Cromwell of the breach of the law of nations. Cromwell, with great magnanimity, answered that justice must be done, and that blood must be satisfied with blood. All the foreign ambassadors in and about London interested themselves in the matter, not being able to conceive that a man of quality, an ambassador's brother, and a knight of Malta, ought to be questioned for the murder of a mechanic,—for so they esteemed an English gentleman to be; but all remonstrances to Cromwell were ineffectual, and the ambassador's brother was tried, condemned, and publicly executed, for the murder.

“MR. TEMPLE STANYON,” says Dr. Birch, “on some exigency, borrowed a sum of money of Mr. Addison, with whom he lived on terms of intimacy and friendship, conversing on all subjects with equal freedom. But from this time he agreed implicitly to everything Addison advanced, and never, as formerly, disputed his positions. This change of behavior did not long escape the notice of so accurate an observer, to whom it was by no means agreeable. It happened one day that a subject was started on which they had before controverted; but now Mr. Stanyon entirely acquiesced in Mr. Addison's opinion, without offering one word in defence of his own. Addison was displeased, and vented his displeasure by saying, with some emotion, ‘Sir, either contradict me, or pay me my money.’ ”

AN orator began a speech with promising that he should divide the subject he was about to treat of into *thirteen*

~~heads~~ ~~his~~ ~~are~~ The audience began to murmur, and to interrupt his formidable beginning. "But," continued the orator, "to prevent my being too prolix, I shall omit a dozen of them."

AN Italian, who was very much addicted to gaming, and was both very poor and very unlucky, used to exclaim, "For-~~give~~ me, thou vile traitress! it is true you can make me lose, but you cannot make me pay."

A MISTRESS of a boarding-school at Chelsea, who was very red-faced, taxing one of her scholars with some faults, the young lady denied it, but colored at the accusation. "Nay," says the mistress, "I am sure it must be true, for you blush." "Pardon me, madam," says she, "it is only the reflection of your face."

POLITIAN, who was one of the first scholars and poets of the splendid era of the Italian Medici, complains in the following terms of the vexations to which men of genius are liable from the impertinence of those insects who buzz about the blaze of intellect: "Does any want a motto for the hilt of his sword, or a posy for a ring,—a memento for his bed-chamber, or a device for his silver vessels, or even his earthen ware,—all run to Politian."

THE early conductors of the press used to affix to the end of the volumes which they printed some device or couplet concerning the book, with the addition of the name of the printer, and also the name of the corrector. In the edition

of the "Pragmatic Sanction," by Andrew Bocard at Paris the following curious couplet is found :

"Stet, liber hic donec fluctus formica marinos,
Elibat ; et totum testado perambulet orbem."

IMITATED.

"May this volume continue in motion,
And its pages each day be unfurled,
Till an ant to its dregs drinks the ocean,
Or a tortoise hath crawled round the world."

CONVERSATION.

It was a rule with Dr. Jonathan Swift "never to speak more than a minute at a time, and to wait for others to take up the conversation."

MUSIC.

DR. JOHN STANLEY was blind from his infancy. He was a very eminent performer and composer of music. Of his scientific knowledge the following anecdote is a proof. It is related by Dr. Alcock, his pupil. "Most of the musicians contrived all methods to get acquainted with him, as they found their advantage in it. It was common, just as the service of St. Andrew's Church was ended, to see forty or fifty organists at the altar waiting to hear his last voluntary,—even Mr. Handel himself."

It was shrewdly said, of a notorious parasite and calumniator, "That fellow never opens his mouth but at somebody's expense."

WHEN a cat drinks rum, you may look out for a *rum-pus*.

TOWER OF BABEL.

THE Abbé Raynal, at a very early period of the continental disorders, expressed himself in the following energetic manner: "The great misfortune of our proceeding is, the having invited the multitude, without previous preparation, to mingle themselves in political matters; and suffered political mountebanks to persuade them that they were wise enough to comprehend everything. The deluded people is, and always will be, the first step on which the ambitious have, and ever will, place their foot to raise themselves to the summit. The art of writing is the first of all arts; its influence is great, vast and durable, and this is the reason why it ought to impose bounds on itself. The ancient emblem of the chariot, which badly driven set the world on fire, finds here its just application."

MEN form their opinions of circumstances of every sort, even the weather being good or bad, from the particular relation those circumstances have to their own situations. A shoe-black meeting a hackney-coachman on a very fine sun-shining day, in the middle of November, accosted him with, "All's *bad* still, Tom; all's *bad* yet, for you and I; here's another of these *blasted* fine days!"

THE more true merit a man has, the more does he applaud it in others.

A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition in life.

Death, once seen at our hearth, leaveth a shadow which abideth there forever.

HENLEY's audience at his oratory was generally composed of the lowest orders: he once attracted together an immense number of shoemakers, by advertising "that on the following Saturday he would lay open to the public a mode by which a pair of shoes might be made in four minutes, and demonstrate the ease and certainty of this new method, *by performing it in the face of the audience.*" He did so,—by producing a pair of boots, and *cutting the feet off!*

HAVE not thy cloak to make when it begins to rain.

Truth itself becomes falsehood if it is presented in any other than its right relations. There is no truth but the "whole truth."

It is delightful to rekindle smiles on an infantile countenance. Grief is out of place where even reflection has left no trace.

Learning, it is said, may be an instrument of fraud; so may bread, if discharged from the mouth of a cannon, be an instrument of death.

Labor has its sages, though they dispense with an academy, and its kings, though they are not invested with purple.

OLD MAIDS.

A SPRIGHTLY writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner:—"I am inclined to believe that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person?—'she will certainly die an old maid.' Is she frugal in her expenses, and exact in her

mestic concerns? — ‘she is cut out for an old maid.’ And she is kind and humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an ‘old maid.’ In short, we have always found that neatness, modesty, economy and humanity, are the never-failing characteristics of an ‘old maid.’ ”

A LITTLE girl, being at dinner with a large party, and fearing she had been forgotten to be helped, crumbled some bread on her plate, and, at the same time, said to a boiled chicken near her, “Biddy, biddy, come biddy, come !”

DISCRETION.

“DOCTOR, do you think I have arrived at the years of discretion?” “No, miss, nor do I think you ever will.”

DEAN SWIFT was once travelling through one of the rural parishes, some leagues from London, and, introducing himself to the parson as a member of the same profession, was invited to partake of his fraternal hospitalities. The dean consented, and accompanied the parson to his church the next morning. And there the dean had the satisfaction of hearing one of his own sermons preached by an ignorant “Bible-banger,” without a word of acknowledgment. When the services were over, the dean asked the preacher how long it took him to write such a sermon. “O,” said the minister, “I wrote that sermon in about two hours. “Did you, indeed?” said the dean in reply. “Why, it took ME over two months to write that very sermon !”

SINGULAR MALAPROPOS.

A GENTLEMAN sitting in one of the boxes in company with the late Lord North, not knowing his lordship, entered into conversation with him, and, seeing two ladies come into an opposite box, turned to him, and addressed him with, "Pray, sir, can you inform me who is that ugly woman that is just come in?" "O," replied his lordship, with great good humor, "that is *my wife*." "Sir, I ask you ten thousand pardons; I do not mean her,—I mean that shocking monster who is along with her." "That," replied his lordship, "is *my daughter*."

HIT OR MISS.

JOHN BUNYAN, well known as the author of the admired allegory of the Pilgrim's Progress, entered into the Parliament army in 1645. He was drawn out to stand sentinel at the siege of Leicester; but, another soldier desiring to take his place, and Bunyan to stand his two hours in turn, he complied with the request, and by this piece of complaisance preserved his life, his comrade being shot a few minutes after with a musket-ball.

AS DEEP IN THE MUD AS I WAS IN THE MIRE.

A COUNTRY gentleman, who had been out with Montrose, retiring to his own parish after the war was done, was taken through hands by the Presbyterian clergyman of the place, and ordained to sit for a certain time on the cutty-stool, as a penance for his dreadful offence. "Ye should set my mare there, too, man," cried the intractable cavalier to the clergyman who delivered the sentence; "I'll be hanged if she wasna as deep i' the mud as I was i' the mire!"

KEEPING ONE'S BED.

A DRUNKEN fellow, to maintain himself at his pot having sold all his goods except his feather-bed, at last made away with that too; when, being reprov'd for it by some of his friends, "Why," said he, "I am very well, thank God, and why should I keep my bed?"

A WARLIKE PRELATE.

RICHARD II., on the Pope's reclaiming, as a son of the Church, a bishop he had taken prisoner in battle, sent him the Prelate's coat of mail, and, in the words of Scripture, asked him, "Know whether this be thy son's coat or no?"

IN an omnibus, the other day, a little girl not more than seven years of age asked an old gentleman "if he would be her father." A look of surprise was the reply. "O," said the precocious miss, "don't you know, if you'll be my father till the fares are collected, I shall get off for half-price?"

A CURE FOR BAD POETRY.

A PHYSICIAN at Bath told Foote he had a mind to publish his own poems, but he had so many irons in the fire he did not well know what to do. "Then take my advice, doctor," said Foote, "and put your poems where your irons are."

OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

LORD KAIMES, in one of his circuits as a Lord of Justiciary in Scotland, having crossed the ferry to Kinghorn, the boat-

man, to his lordship's surprise, refused to take any money for the service he had rendered him, in consequence of their being old acquaintances. On being desired to explain, the boatman observed that his name was Tom Clark, and that he and his wife Bet had both been tried for sheep-stealing, and, if it had not been for his lordship's *jaw*, both Bet and himself had either been hanged or transported. His lordship, smiling, bade him be more honest in future, as the consequence might be fatal to him, should their acquaintance ever be renewed.

A BRAGGADOCIO swore that he met with two great enemies at one time, and he tossed one so high in the air, that, if he had had a baker's basket full of bread, he would have starved in the fall; and the other he struck so deep into the earth that he left nothing to be seen but his head and one arm, to pull his hat off to thank him.

LORD H., who was very much addicted to the bottle, sitting with Foote previous to a masquerade night, asked him what new character he ought to appear in. "New character!" said the other, pausing for some time,—"*suppose you go sober, my lord.*"

A GASCON received a severe flogging with a cudgel, without daring to resist. A few days afterwards he met with a poet who had lampooned him severely. "*Pardieu!*" says he, "if you ever dare to make free with me again, I will give you a severe cudgelling." "You can readily afford to give it now," replies the other, "as you received so large a stock the other day."

LAST WORDS OF KING CHARLES II.

WERE the expressions of a man who regretted to part with his life, for the sake of its pleasures,—“*Faites ouvrier les rideaux, à fin que je voy encore le jour.*”—“Open the curtains, that I may once more see the light of the sun.”

A DUBLIN paper contains the following paragraph: “Yesterday, Mr. Kenny, returning to town, fell down and broke his neck, but happily received *no further damage.*”

A CERTAIN *bruising* parson having been examined as a witness in the Court of King’s Bench, the adverse counsel attempted to browbeat him. “I think you are the bruising parson,” said he. “I am,” says the divine; “and, if you doubt it, I will give it you *under my hand.*”

NEW WARK AND OLD WARK.

THE old Presbyterian general, David Leslie, it is well known, chose, at the Restoration, to repent of all the deeds of his youth, and express himself a sound and zealous loyalist. Charles II., it is also well known, made him a peer, under the title of Lord Newark. A loyalist of older standing, and who had, perhaps, experienced some sound blows from Leslie’s troopers in his younger days, is said to have remonstrated with the king upon a proceeding which showed so much disrespect for his old friends. “By my soul,” said this bold cavalier, “instead of raising him to the peerage for his new wark, there wad ha’ been mair justice if your majesty had raised him to the gallows for his auld wark.”

EARL OF R—.

THE Earl of R—, eighty years ago, was so weak in his mind, or rather so unmanageable, that his relations had to confine him in the Canongate jail, there being then no other asylum for the reception of lunatics at Edinburgh. Some English officers belonging to the Duke of Cumberland's army happening to visit the prison, and being informed that it had no less distinguished a tenant than an earl, asked his lordship, in much surprise, how he got into such a place as this. "'Deed, gentlemen," replied the lunatic, whose mind, like that of other idiots, occasionally gave forth strange flashes of wit, as the darkest nights are illuminated by the brightest lightning, "I got in here in somewhat the same manner that you got into the army,—less by my ain deserts than by the interest of my friends."

A PRAGMATICAL coxcomb, passing along a narrow street, met a corpse that was carrying upon men's shoulders, in order to be interred, and for some time refused to give way to the corpse. "Pray, sir," said one of the bearers, "don't grumble to give way to your betters, for the person here enclosed is now a companion for a king."

ENGRAVING—JOHN KEYSE SHERWIN.

THE matchless engravings of "Christ and Mary in the Garden," "Christ bearing the Cross," and "The Finding of Moses," are generally known, but not so the singular introduction of Mr. Sherwin to that fine art in which he so excelled. The following anecdote may be relied on: Mr. S. was, till the age of nineteen, employed in the laborious occu-

ation of cutting wood on the estate of Mr. Mitford, in Sussex. Being one day in the house of that gentleman, and being also admitted into the room where some of the family were amusing themselves with drawing, Mr. Mitford thought he saw the young man view the process in a very attentive manner, and asked young Sherwin if he could do anything in that way. The youth answered that "he could not tell, but should like to try." Mr. Mitford gave him the port-crayon, when, although his hands were callous with hard labor, he produced a drawing which astonished not only all who were present, but the Society of Arts, to whom it was presented by Mr. Mitford; and the society's silver medal was voted to him on that occasion.

HAMILTON, OF KILBRACKMONT.

ROBERT HAMILTON, of Kilbrackmont, in Fife, who died about thirty years ago, was emphatically a "good hater." He was one day paying a visit to the Thirdpart House, in the east of Fife, where the Honorable Misses Murray, daughters of Viscount Stormont, and sisters of the Earl of Mansfield, resided,—ladies who had originally been enthusiastic Jacobites (insomuch that one of them *made down* Prince Charles' bed, in her father's house at Perth, with her own hands), but who now considered it necessary to treat with respect the sovereign under whom their brother bore so distinguished an office. The room was hung with pictures of the royal family, which had been sent to them by their illustrious kinsman; and Miss Nicky could not help pointing out these conspicuous ornaments to Mr. Hamilton. Some conversation ensued regarding them, during which she frequently termed the originals "the people above." Kilbrackmont, at length tired

beyond all patience by the nature of the conversation, and, in particular, by hearing that adulatory phrase so often repeated, burst out with, "People *above*, Miss Nicky! What wad I care though they were a' up the lum?" and flung out of the room in an agony of Jacobite passion.

Old Kilbrackmont is said to have been a complete specimen of the ancient Jacobite humorist. He had been out at the Forty-five, and, by a long course of hard living, the result, probably, of disappointed hopes, personal and political, became latterly very poor. Such, however, was the natural buoyancy of his spirits, that in no circumstances did he ever lose the power of creating or enjoying a joke. He was one night lying in his old, solitary, half-desolate mansion-house, when a band of youthful depredators entered by the window, and began to rummage for spoil through a dilapidated chest of drawers which stood in his bed-room. The good old man, not in the least degree alarmed about his property, leaned quietly over the bed, and addressed the robbers in these words: "Haud ye busy, lads! haud ye busy! An' ye find onything there i' the dark, it's mair than I can do in the daylight."

AN ignorant fellow, seeing several persons reading with spectacles, went to buy a pair to enable him to read. He tried several, and told the maker they would not answer, as he could not read with them. "Can you read at all?" asked the other. "No," says he; "if I could, do you think I would be such a fool as to buy spectacles?"

AMONG the singers at Dublin was a Miss *Cheese*, who, observed a punning critic, was a *mity* fine performer.

ONE Mr. Ash, who was himself a famous punster in Ireland, coming into an inn, desired the landlord to lend him a hand to pull off his great-coat. "Indeed, sir," said he, "I am not." "Dare not!" replied the other; "what do you mean by that?" "You know, sir," answered he, "there is an act of Parliament against stripping of ash."

COURT OF GOOD SAYINGS.

ACTIONS without number were the consequence of the Athenian rage for inventing and applying satirical epithets. In these cases there remained an appeal to the Court of Good Sayings, established at Diomeia, and denouncing the aggressor as a composer of wicked jests.

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

THE philosophers of Greece often lived during an entire century, and the torch of genius which lighted them to the tomb was more brilliant than that of ordinary men, even in the vigor of youth. Theophrastus, at the age of ninety-nine years, composed his *characters*. Were it not for such a confession from himself, they might be taken for the production of a young man full of gayety and fancy, for they exhibit a tone of humor which baffles every attempt to imitate them in the different languages of Europe.

A POET, being censured for quitting his lodgings somewhat abruptly, was told he ought to be ashamed of thus *running away*. "Pshaw!" replied the bard; "we poets must be indulged in our *flights*."

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT.

A CATHOLIC asked a Protestant where his religion was before the time of Luther. "Where was your face this morning," said the Protestant, "before it was washed?"

Another Protestant, being asked the same question by another Catholic, answered, "In the Bible, where yours never was."

HENRY IV. enacted some sumptuary laws, prohibiting the use of gold and jewels in dress; but they were for some time ineffectual. He passed a supplement to them, which completely answered his purpose. In this last he exempted from the prohibitions of the former, after one month, all prostitutes and pickpockets. Next day there was not a jewel nor golden ornament to be seen.

WIT IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, being sick, long kept his chamber; whereat the French king, scoffing, said, "The King of England lies long in child-bed." When William heard this, he said, "When I am churched, there shall be a thousand lights in France." He made good what he said, by wasting the French frontiers with fire and sword.

A GASCON was vaunting one day that in his travels he had been caressed wherever he went, and had *seen* all the great men throughout Europe. "Have you seen the Dardanelles?" said one of the company. "Parbleu!" said he; "I most surely have seen them, when I *dined with them* several times."

ELEGANCE BY ACCIDENT.

THE following curious anecdote is told of Lady Wallace, and in her maiden days as Miss Eglintoune Maxwell of Leith, and the sister of the Duchess of Gordon. The young lady's family was about to attend the races at Leith, the coach was just at the stair-foot, ready to take them away, when it was discovered that Miss Eglintoune was not ready, on account of wanting her head-dress, which she was expecting her milliner to appear with every moment. It so happened that, as the milliner was coming along the street with the dress in her hand, she permitted some part of it to fall into the knee-buckle of a street porter, by which it was torn, and, as she thought, completely spoiled. However, she took it to Miss Eglintoune, and told her the story, with many protestations of regret. The volatile young lady took the dress from the milliner's hands, and, running to her glass, proceeded to put it on, not as it was, only arranging it upon her head in such a way as to conceal the misfortune. She then joined her friends in the carriage, and at Leith, attracting, as usual, much attention, the ladies, instead of ridiculing the awkward appearance of her cap, admired it exceedingly, and came back to Edinburgh, full cry, in the afternoon, to get caps of the same description. Of course, it was soon known that it was the manufacture of the milliner, who forthwith was completely overwhelmed with orders for similar caps; and, we believe, obliged to tear them with a nail in her counter, in order to complete their resemblance to the original.

MR. JOHNSON, once speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said, "he had two ideas in his head, they would fall out with each other."

MARGARET OF WALDEMAR.

WHEN the leading nobility and gentry of Sweden applied to her for protection and aid, the queen held them long in suspense; at length they stood in the dilemma, either to renounce her aid, or to purchase it at her own price. The queen, after a while, pulled off the mask, declaring that, "Since she exposed her own crown to the issue of a doubtful war, it was but just she should have the prospect of an additional kingdom."

THE proud Duke of Somerset employed Seymour, the celebrated painter, to make some portraits of his running horses; one day, at dinner, he drank to him with a disdainful sneer, — "Cousin Seymour, your health." The artist modestly replied, "I really believe that I have the honor to be of your grace's family." The fiery duke immediately arose from table, and sent his servant to pay and dismiss Seymour. Another painter was then sent for, who, finding himself unworthy to finish Seymour's work, honestly told the duke so. On this the haughty peer condescended once more to summon his cousin. The high-minded and independent artist answered his mandate in these words: "My lord, I shall now prove that I am now of your grace's family, for I *will not come*."

A POPINJAY is a creature formed somewhat like a man, upon which pretty clothes are hung, for the edification of the public. He may sometimes be seen by the side of a lady, her reticule hanging on one arm, and the popinjay on the other. Sometimes he ornaments the wing of a theatre, and not unfrequently graces the sheep-pen in a court of justice.

EXTEMPORE LINES BY LORD CHESTERFIELD.

LORD CHESTERFIELD, on viewing Lady M——, a reputed Jacobite, adorned with Orange ribands at the anniversary ball, at Dublin, in memory of King William, thus addressed her, extempore :

“Thou little Tory, where ’s the jest
To wear those ribands in thy breast,
When that breast, betraying, shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose ? ”

A RUNAWAY thief having applied for work to a blacksmith, the latter showed him some handcuffs, and desired to know if he ever made any of them. “Why, yes, sir,” said the other, scratching his head ; “I have had a hand in them.”

DR. JOHNSON would have been immortal had he only written this sentence, which should be inserted in the blank page of every young person’s Bible. “Life, to be worthy of a rational being, must always be in progression. We must always purpose to do more and better than in times past. The mind is enlarged and elevated by more purposes, though they end as they begin, by airy contemplation. We compare and judge, though we do not practise.”

A CERTAIN lady of unsuspected conjugal fidelity towards a husband to whom she had borne six-children gave the name of *Gratis* to a daughter with which she was favored a few years after his decease. A person, remarking upon the incident, observed that, however some might reflect on the

widow, for his part he thought her exculpable; that, in his idea, having subscribed and faithfully accounted for six, she was undoubtedly entitled to the seventh *gratis*.

BON MOT OF NELSON.

LORD NELSON was as decided and animated in his intercourse with his friends as with the enemies of his country. Captain Berry had served with him in the unfortunate affair of Teneriffe; and, on their return to England, accompanied him to St. James'. The king, with his accustomed suavity, lamented the gallant admiral's wounds. "You have lost your right arm," observed his majesty. "But not my right hand," replied the other, "as I have the honor of presenting Captain Berry to your majesty."

ONE of a coroner's jury upon the body of a man who had drowned himself was asked what the verdict was. "Felo de se," was the reply. "Fell into the sea!" said the inquirer; "why, it was well known he jumped in."

A BEAUTIFUL form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form. It gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.

~~Friendship~~
FRIENDSHIP is more firmly secured by lenity towards failings than by attachment to excellences. The former is valued as a kindness which cannot be claimed; the latter is exacted as the payment of a debt to merit.

ANECDOTE OF QUIN.

DINING, one day, at a party in Bath, Quin uttered something which caused a general murmur of delight. A nobleman present, who was not illustrious for the brilliancy of his ideas, exclaimed, "What a pity 't is, Quin, my boy, that a clever fellow like you should be a player!" Quin fixed and flashed his eye upon the person, with this reply: "What would your lordship have me be? — a lord?"

A LEARNED counsellor, in the middle of an affecting appeal in court on a slander suit, let fly the following flight of genius: "Slander, gentlemen, like a boa constrictor of gigantic size and immeasurable proportions, wraps the coil of its unwieldy body about its unfortunate victim, and, heedless of the shrieks of agony that come from the inmost depths of the victim's soul, loud and reverberating as the mighty thunder that rolls in the heavens, it finally breaks its unlucky neck against the iron wheel of public opinion, forcing him to desperation, then to madness, and finally crushing him in the hideous jaws of moral death. — Judge, give us a chaw of tobacco!"

IN the county of S——, in the Old North State, there was a good, honest-hearted old man, named Mitchell, who six days in the week hammered iron on his anvil, and on the seventh hammered the gospel on the pulpit. One warm Sunday morning, after the introductory exercises of religious worship, he threw off his coat and rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and commenced his discourse with the following unique exordium: "Now, my beloved brethren and friends, old Mitchell reckons he's goun' to make a chain to chain the devil."

SIMPLICITY.

IN the monastery of St. Firmin, in Paris, almost all the priests who were confined were massacred. Henriot (afterwards executed with Robespierre) did not leave the house until there were no more murders to be committed. When he went out of the gate he was half naked, covered with blood, and his sabre in his hand. One of the unfortunate priests, who, being in the privy, kept himself concealed, when called to come down, owed his life to these words: "I am going down to you, citizens; I am making haste." The simplicity of this resignation caused him to be forgotten.

A GENTLEMAN in the borough of Norfolk, Va., not long since, having occasion to visit the apartment occupied by his own servants, discovered among the effects of a favorite old maid a pile of funeral cards, amounting to some dozens; which, upon examining, he found to be those which had been sent to the family at various times on the death of an acquaintance, extending back for a number of years. On inquiring of Molly what she was going to do with these funeral cards, the good old woman answered: "Why, massa, I'se expected to die myself, 'fore long, and I has laid these up to send to my friends to come to de funeral."

A SCHOOL exercise was given to a student at Westminster school; the word was Saratoga. On which he immediately wrote an epigrammatic couplet in Latin, of which the following is a translation:

"Burgoyne, alas! unknowing future fates,
Could force his way through Woods, but not through GATES."

LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE.

A WEAVER, who lived in a village in Ayrshire, and who occupied every Sunday a conspicuous *bottom-room* in the front *laft* of the parish church, was a shameless votary of Morpheus. Day after day, for years, John Thamson regularly laid his head upon the book-board at the reading out of the text, and there did he sleep, yea, sometimes snore, till the conclusion of the discourse. John seemed to think the text all that was truly necessary; he "dreamed the rest." This at length became intolerably annoying to the clergyman, and two elders were sent to remonstrate with him on the exceeding sinfulness of his behavior. "I canna help it, sirs," said John. "I'm a hard-working man a' the week, but Sabbath; and though I like the kirk and the minister weel eneuch, unless ye ca' my head off, I canna keep my een open." "Weel, John," said the remonstrants, "if ye *will* allow Satan to exerceese his power over you in this dorming, dwamming way, in the very kirk itsell, what gars ye sit in the front laft, where a' body amaiist sees you? Can ye no tak a back seat, where your sin micht be less seen and heard?" "Tak a back seat!" exclaimed John; "na, na, I'll never quit my cozie corner. My father, my grandfather, and my great-grandfather, a' sat there; and there sit will John, come o't what will!" This remonstrance being found ineffectual, the minister resolved upon the desperate measure of *affronting* John out of his truly antichristian practice, by rebuking him before the congregation, and while he was in the very act. Little, however, did he know the principle of resistance which glowed within the bosom of the drowsy wabster. Next Sunday forenoon, as soon as John had, as usual, sunk into slumber upon the desk, and fairly begun his serenade, he cried, "Sit up, John Thamson!" "I'm no sleeping, sir,"

quoth John. "O, John, John! can you tell me what I said last?" "Ou, ay, sir; ye said, 'Sit up, John Thomson!'"

RIGID INTEGRITY.

A NATIVE of Corsica being condemned to die, his nephew, accompanied with a lady of distinction, waited upon General Paoli to solicit his pardon; and, advancing towards the general (whose humanity and prudence is so much applauded by Mr. Boswell in his history of Corsica), said, with the deepest concern, "May I beg the life of my uncle? If it is granted, his relations will make a gift to the state of a thousand sechims. We will furnish fifty soldiers in pay during the siege of Furiani; we will agree that my uncle shall be banished, and will engage that he shall never return to the island." The governor, knowing the nephew to be a man of worth, answered, "You are acquainted with the circumstances of this case. Such is my confidence in you, that if you will say that giving your uncle a pardon would be just, useful or honorable, for Corsica, I promise you it shall be granted." The nephew, turning about, and bursting into tears, left him, saying, "I would not have the honor of my country sold for a thousand sechims;" and his unfortunate uncle suffered.

CONTESTATION OF TEXTS.

WHEN John, the Duke of Anjou, advanced towards Naples at the head of an army, to invade that city, he placed upon his colors these words: "A man was sent whose name was John." Alphonso of Arragon, who defended the city, answered him by this other passage, from the same place, and

which he caused to be inscribed on his colors: "He came, and they received him not."

A JEST, NEXT TO NO JEST.

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, Esq., who long enjoyed the *otium cum dignitate* with literature and literary men, wrote some papers in "The World," a periodical well known. Being one Sunday after church, during the progress of the above publication, Mrs. Cambridge observed him to be remarkably silent and thoughtful; and, being apprehensive he had something on his mind rather disagreeable, asked him what he was thinking of. "Upon a very important subject, indeed, my dear," said he; "I am thinking of the next 'World.'"

FAR OWER DEAR.

A GENTLEMAN who had taken the right of shooting over a moor in Ayrshire, at a high rent, on the 12th of August bagged only two brace. After counting the price, he grumblingly remarked to the tenant of the moor that the birds had cost him two guineas the brace. The tenant very innocently replied, "Aweel, sir, ye may be thankfu' ye hae gotten sae few o' them; for they're far ower dear."

A WITTY moralist used to say of taverns that they were places where men sold madness by the bottle.

A STONE-MASON was employed to engrave the following epitaph on a tradesman's wife: "A virtuous woman is a

crown to her husband." The stone, however, being narrow, he contracted the sentence in the following manner: "A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband."

MR. THOM OF GOVAN.

THE anecdotes of this eccentric clergyman are endless. He was fond of horses, and usually kept a good one. A favorite, called *Lion*, died in consequence of having galloped thirty-five miles to enable his master to be present at the placing of a clergyman. Next morning, Mr. Thom, when looking out at his window, saw the bellman running up to the door of the manse. "Weel, John," he thus addressed the tinnabulator, "you're unco early asteer; is there onything wrang?" "Wrang! ay, truly, there's muckle wrang," answered the man. "Ay, ay, what is't, John?" "Lion's dead, sir!" "Is Lion dead, John?" replied Mr. Thom; "what a pity that ae puir beast should be killed placing anither!"

A CERTAIN married lady, after having staid out all night, inquired, with affectionate solicitude, "My dear, how do you find *your head* this morning?"

A GENTLEMAN once observing that a person famous in the musical line led a very abandoned life, "Ay," replied a wag, "the whole *tenor* of his life has been *base*."

IN a German advertisement for the sale of the machinery of a theatre is an "N. B. To be sold at the same time, thir-

y-two good, substantial *old ghosts*, with a very fine *new devil*,— a striking likeness of Bonaparte."

BOMB PROOF.

WHILE Charles XII, King of Sweden, was one day dictating letters to his secretary, a bomb fell through the roof of the house into the adjoining room, when the secretary dropped his pen in a fright. "What is the matter?" said Charles. "O, the bomb!" replied he. "The bomb!" says the king, "what have we to do with the bomb? — go on."

CAPTAIN UNDERWOOD, of the East India Company's service, who was supposed not to be very fond of the war with Tippoo, having obtained permission to take a trip to sea, for the benefit of his health, asked the captain of the vessel whether, in case of his being drowned, he would write an epitaph on him. The other said Yes, and repeated extempore the following:

"Here lies, escaped from blood and slaughter,
Once Underwood, now underwater."

A PERSON asked an Irishman why he wore his stockings the wrong side outwards; who answered, because there was a hole on the other side.

A POOR Irishman was brought before a magistrate as a common vagrant. The justice asked him what brought him over to this country. "A ship, your honor." "A ship;

you impertinent fellow ! How do you get your living ?”
 “ By my hands, your honor ; I am a hay-maker.” “ And how long have you been out of employ ? ” “ Please your honor, our trade has been rather dull all this winter.”

PATIENCE.

A FELLOW of Trinity College, Cambridge, on the eve of his departure from the university, preached at St Mary's, upon these words : “ Have patience with me, and I will pay you all ; ” and, owing a great sum of money in the town, enlarged mightily on the first part of the text, “ Have patience,” &c. “ Now,” says he, “ I should come to the second part,—‘ and I will pay you all ; ’ but, having pressed too long on your patience, I must leave that till the next opportunity,—so pray have patience with me ! ”

NO BAD EXCHANGE.

“ How are you, this morning ? ” said Fawcett to Cooke.
 “ Not at all myself,” says the tragedian. “ Then, I congratulate you,” replied Fawcett ; “ for, be whoever else you will, you will be a gainer by the bargain.”

It is a melancholy fact, that since sprigged muslins have become fashionable our ladies are not so *spotless* as formerly.

To be perfectly resigned, in the whole life and its every desire, to the will and governance of the Divine Providence, is a worship most pleasing in the sight of the Lord.

DUKE OF HARCOURT.

THIS nobleman, suspecting Caylus was endeavoring to supplant him in the affections of a lady, sent the count a challenge, which the latter, with a view to some testamentary arrangements, wished to defer till next day. This the duke flatly refused. "I will fight," said he, "immediately. I only fight because I love the young lady now; how do I know if I shall love her to-morrow?"

DREAMS.

A GENTLEMAN of considerable talents, but extremely attentive to the augury of dreams, relating a very tedious dream which he had the preceding night, "Let us awaken him," said Mrs. Piozzi, "for his dream has almost put us to sleep."

PAINTERS.

A FRIEND undertook to dissuade Dominochino from bestowing so much time upon his works. "You do not know, then," said he, "that I have a master very difficult to please?" "Who?" "Myself."

CANDOR.

LORD LYTTLETON asked of a clergyman in the country the use of his pulpit for a young man he had brought down with him. "I really know not," said the parson, "how to refuse your lordship; yet, if the young gentleman preach better than me, my congregation will be dissatisfied with me afterwards; and if he preach worse, I don't think he is fit to preach at all."

ANDERSON AND THE BANK RECEIVER.

DURING the sojourn of the professor in the Quaker city, he used one of the banks for his deposits. One day he went to the bank to deposit a large amount. It was principally in twenty and ten dollar gold pieces, and was handed in in packages of five hundred each. The receiver, who did not know the wizard, and who is usually a very smart man, commenced counting the gold, but could not, for his life, satisfy himself of the numerous amounts. Opening one package, he found all right; then he took a second, and found it ten dollars short; re-counted it, and found ten dollars over; and then again, and it was short. He then laid it aside, took another parcel, and found it contained twenty dollars over, and re-counted it, and it was only ten over; again he carefully counted it, and discovered it was thirty short! The young man felt his head, to see if he was laboring under sickness, or deranged. Finding his senses all right, he set to work again, commencing at the first package, and got through five very well; the next he found twenty short, and, re-counting it, discovered forty over! He called another teller, who was equally puzzled, but, turning round, saw Professor Anderson standing near him, and felt convinced it was the trick of the wizard. The professor smiled, and desired him to proceed; and when he got through satisfactorily, he took the receipt for the amount. The young man went to the table where he had left the piles of gold, in order to put them into the drawer — when lo! he could not lift any of them! the coins clung together, and were immovable! The young man looked terrified, and sought a chair; but the professor, seeing his perplexity, told him not to be alarmed. He found his imagination had affected him, and told him to put the cash away; and the professor left the bank, passing the crowd of anxious

visitors to the bank, who had been neglected in consequence of the excitement.

GRIEF never sleeps; it watches continually, like a jealous hand. All the world groans under its sway, and it fears that by sleeping its clutch will become loosened, and its prey then escape.

A NEGRO preacher in Alabama recently said: "My dear bredren — de liberal man, wot gib way his property, a'nt gwan to heaben no more dan some ob you wicked sinners is. Charity a'nt no good widout righteousness. It is like beef-steak widout gravy; dat am to say, no good, nohow."

EDUCATION IN THE ARMY.

THE following are a few suggestions, thrown out for the benefit of those who are intrusted with the delicate task of teaching the young military idea to do something more than shoot, which was formerly his sole accomplishment.

If fourteen pounds make one stone, how many stones will make one stone wall?

If five yards and a half make a Pole, what is the length of a Hungarian?

If a certain number of hogsheads make a pipe, is it possible, with any quantity of bird's-eye, to make a cigar?

If the earth takes twenty-four hours to get round the sun, how many hours will it take for a son to get round an angry father?

Reduce pounds to shillings; by billiards, brandy-and-water, and cigars. — *Punch*.

FORCE AND PLIABILITY OF CONSCIENCE.

A TAILOR, who was dangerously ill, had a remarkable dream. He saw, fluttering in the air, a piece of cloth of a prodigious length, composed of all the cabbage he had made, of a variety of colors. The angel of death held this piece of patchwork in one of his hands, and with the other gave the tailor several strokes with a piece of iron. The tailor, awakening in a fright, made a vow that, if he recovered, he would cabbage no more. He soon recovered. As he was diffident in himself, he ordered one of his apprentices to put him in mind of his dream whenever he cut out a suit of clothes. The tailor was, for some time, obedient to the intimations given him by his apprentice; but, a nobleman having sent for him to make a coat out of a very rich stuff, his virtue could not resist the temptation. His apprentice put him in mind of his dream, but to no purpose. "I am tired with your talk about the dream," says the tailor; "there was nothing like this in the whole piece of patchwork I saw in my dream."

A SHOEMAKER, in Connecticut, bought some shoe-pegs made of rotten wood. Not being able to use them, he took his knife and sharpened the other end of them, and sold them for oats.

IRVING says the only temple of true liberty in this world is the bar-room of a country-inn; an institution where you may pull off your formality with your boots, roll up your trousers with your cares, and puff away at your troubles with a pipe, without any fear that a broomstick will draw your attention to the carpet, or dark-complexioned frowns remind

the injurious effects of tobacco-juice on the stove. The parlor will do well enough for those who are shut up under despotism ; but to a man who has once fed democracy there is no spot in the world where he can get the area of freedom with less fear of raising an objection than in the snug, cosy corner of a country bar.

DISABILITY FROM STAMMERING.

A SOLDIER, about to be sent on an expedition, said to the officer directing the drafts, " Sir, I cannot go, because I — — stutter." " Stutter ! " says the officer, " you don't go to talk, but to fight." " Ay, but they 'll p-p-put me on guard, and a man may go ha-ha-half a mile, before I can say, Wh-wh-who goes there ? " " O, that is no objection ; for there will be another sentry placed along with you, and he can challenge, if you can fire." " Well, b-b-but I may be taken, and run through the g-g-guts, before I can cry Qu-qu-quarter ! "

HEROISM OF PATERNAL AFFECTION.

LOISERROLLES — a name that will never be forgotten amongst the victims of democratic rage — received at the Conciergerie an act of accusation which was intended for his son. He said not a word, but obeyed the intimation of the clerk, who ordered him to go to the office. He hies away, concealing his joy that in sacrificing his own life he should preserve that of his son. The mistake was not discovered, because he had done everything to render it complete. He trembled lest his son, who was ignorant of this act of devotedness, should come in and claim his place. The venerable old

man, tied to the plank, exclaimed, "*I have succeeded!*" and he received, no doubt, without regret, the stroke of death. But, as if Heaven had waited for this last and generous victim to manifest all its wrath, avenging justice at length displayed itself; that very day it thundered on guilt; that very day the tyrants were hurled headlong, and all these decemvirs, drunk with blood, mounted the scaffold the next

A GREAT man commonly disappoints those who visit him. They are on the look-out for his thundering and lightning, and he speaks about common things much like other people; nay, sometimes he may even be seen laughing.

O Lord, preserve me calm in my spirit, gentle in my commands, and watchful that I speak not unadvisedly with my lips, moderate in my purposes, yielding in my temper, and at the same time steadfast in my principles.—*Bogatzky*.

I beg you to take to heart one maxim, which for myself I have ever observed, and ever shall: it is, never to say more than is necessary. The unspoken word never does harm; but what is once uttered cannot be recalled, and no man can foresee its consequences.—*Kossuth*.

UPON coming into the office, the other day, we asked the "Devil" his rule for punctuation. Said he, "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then put in a comma; when I gape, I insert a semicolon; when I sneeze, a colon; and when I want to take another chew of tobacco, I insert a period." We cannot withhold these rules, so admirable for their simplicity, from the public.

DR. JOHNSON'S RAMBLER.

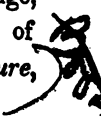
DR. JOHNSON was paid by the booksellers two guineas per week for this work; and his employers made by it above ten thousand pounds. Upon the very great repute of the *Ramblers*, the University of Dublin honored him with a degree of A. M., a favor Johnson had before vainly solicited.

"WHAT are these '*Royal Bath bricks*' that one hears so much about?" asked a gentleman, the other day. "They are the bricks," replied a ready-witted friend, "that George the Fourth used to carry 'in his hat' at Bath, his favorite brandy-and-watering place."

IN one of our burying-grounds is a tombstone containing the following inscription:—"To the memory of William McAlpin, who died of the scarlet fever. He was born in Tipperary, Ireland, on the 4th of June, 1813, aged 37 years." A good round age that, to be born at!

A GENTLEMAN residing in the neighborhood of Cork, on walking one Sunday evening, met a young peasant-girl, whose parents lived near his house. "What are you doing, Jenny?" said he. "Looking for a son-in-law for my mother, sir," was the smart reply.

IN the lexicon of Suidas is the following sublime passage, which describes the genius and talent of the great father of ancient philosophy: "Aristotle was the secretary of *Nature*, and he dipped his pen in MIND."



UNCOMMON HEROISM.

AT the siege of Tortona, the commander of the army in the service of Naples, which then lay before the town, ordered one Carew, an Irish officer, to advance, with a detachment under his command, to a particular post. Having given his orders, he whispered to Carew the following dreadful words: "Sir, I know you to be a gallant man; I have, therefore, put you upon this duty; I tell you, in confidence, it is certain death to you all. I place you there to make the enemy spring a mine below you." Carew led on his men in silence to the dreadful post, and, with an undaunted countenance, called to one of his soldiers for a draught of wine. "Here," said he, "I drink to all those who bravely fall in battle." Fortunately at that instant the town capitulated, and the brave Carew escaped, but had an opportunity of showing such heroism as is not often equalled.

ROBERT FAIRGRIEVE, for many years bedral and grave-digger to the parish of Ancrum, in Roxburghshire, was a man of some humor. The minister one day met him coming home, sooner than was to be expected, from Jedburgh fair, and inquired the reason for such strange conduct, since most of his fellow-parishioners would probably stay till midnight, if not till next morning. "O, sir," said Robert, "huz that are *office-bearers* (meaning the minister and himself) should be ensamples to the flock."

When this strange person was on his death-bed, the minister visited him, for the purpose of administering some ghostly offices to his soul. He was surprised to find him in a somewhat restless and discontented humor, and not comporting himself exactly as a dying man ought to do. On the clergyman inquir-

ing into the cause of his uneasiness, "O, sir," said Robert, "I was just minding that I've buried five hundred and ninety-eight folk since I was first made bedral o' Ancrum, and I was anxious that, if it were His holy will, I might be spared to mak it the sax hunder!"

A CAUTION.

THE Duke of Grammont was killed at the battle of Fontenoy. "Take care of yourself," said Count Lavendal to him; "your horse is killed." "And so am I," answered the duke.

ROBIN HANNAH, who for nearly half a century exercised the trade of grave-digger in the burial-ground attached to the secession meeting-house at Falkirk, had many of the professional peculiarities of his tribe. For instance, Robin would exert himself in accommodating a good person, or one for whom he entertained sentiments of friendship; and proportionally grudged his labors in behalf of persons comparatively worthless. Somebody one day remarked to him that the sod upon a particular grave was very fresh and green. "Ay, it's a bonnie turr," he answered, emphatically; "but it's a pity to see it putten down on the tap o' sic a skemp." On another occasion, some one observed him suddenly stop in the newly-begun work of forming a grave, and take his way towards the place where his implements were deposited, from which he selected one, and then returned, with a face lighted by a peculiar expression. On being questioned as to his motive for this proceeding, he answered, "Od, he was sic a fine chiel (meaning the individual for whom he was digging the grave), that I just thought I wad howk his grave wi' the new spade."

It may, perhaps, be supposed, by people of a superficial way of thinking, that there is no particular art or craft to be exercised in grave-digging, and consequently no gradation in the merits of grave-diggers. There could not be a greater mistake. We believe it quite possible that grave-digging may be looked upon by the profession itself—and they only give the subject that *deep* attention it deserves—as one of the *fine arts*, or, at least, as an art which, in its best productions, may yield to the contemplative observer a certain degree of pleasure. A lady of our acquaintance, when a girl, was drawn by childish curiosity to spend much of her time in overlooking the operations of Robin Hannah. Often, on these occasions, he would say to her, for the purpose of getting quit of her surveillance, which somehow or other was disagreeable to the old man, “Gang awa, my leddie, gang awa, the noo, and if ye’re a gude bairn, I’ll maybe let ye see the grave when it’s dune.” We make no doubt that Robin considered this a sufficient recompense for any act of self-denial he could have called upon her to perform. Another fills Robin’s place, and he now reposes quietly beneath the green sod he so often spread for others.

Two Irishmen, having travelled on foot from Chester to Barnet, were tired and fatigued with their journey; and the more so, when they were told they had still about ten miles to London. “By my shoul and St. Patrick,” cries one of them, “it is five miles a-piece,—let’s even walk on.”

A CITIZEN’S wife being in the country, and seeing a goose that had many goslings, “How is it possible,” said she, “that one goose should suckle so many goslings?”

HEROISM.

THE Marquis of Rupelmonde was killed at the battle of Pfaffenhoven. He was an enlightened philosopher, and an amiable man. He had only his aid-de-camp near him when he fell. "Leave me to die," said he, "and make haste to give notice to M. Segur, that he may take care of the rear-guard."

A GOOD woman, having drank too large a morning's draught, fell asleep in the church, and at length began to snore, upon which one jogged her. Says she, "Pray give the cup to my gossip there, for I can drink no more."

A HARDENED wretch, who was going to be hanged, in his way to the place of execution ordered the cart to stop at a public house, and asked the landlord whether he had not lately lost a silver cup. He answered in the affirmative, and the malefactor said, "Well, make us a drink, and I will give you tidings of it." The abandoned wretch then declared, "It was I who took your cup, and you may rest assured that the next time I come this way you shall have it again."

Two scholars, passing by a windmill, stood for some time viewing it. The miller, looking out of a little wicket, seeing them, asked them what they would have, and what they stared at. "Why," says one of them, "we are looking at this thing; pray, what is it?" "Why," says the miller, "don't you see? Where are your eyes? It is a windmill." "We crave your mercy, sir," said the scholar; "we took it for a jail, seeing a thief looking out of the window."

GARRICK'S EYE.

MISS POPE was one evening in the green room, commenting on the excellences of Garrick, when, amongst other things, she said, "He had the most wonderful eye imaginable; an eye, to use a vulgar phrase, that would penetrate through a deal board!" "Ay," cried Wewitzer, "I understand; what we call a *gimblet eye*!"

MARSHAL SAXE.

IN one of his campaigns on the Rhine, the marshal, going his rounds in the encampment, was met by a soldier who had that evening liberally sacrificed to Bacchus, and who, laying hold of the bridle of the marshal's horse, asked him what was the price of it, for that he wanted a horse. The marshal, perceiving the state he was in, had him taken to the provost. The next morning he sent for him, and asked him how much he would give for the horse. The soldier, become perfectly sober, answered him, "General, the merchant who yesterday evening felt inclined to purchase your horse went off early this morning."

EXTREME UNCTION.

AS the late Earl of Chesterfield and Lord Petre were once stepping out of a carriage, a great lamp, oil and all, fell from the centre of an iron arch before the house, missing Lord Petre by about half an inch. "O, my lord," said he, "I was near being gone!" "Why, yes," replied the earl, coolly, "but there would certainly have been one comfort attending the accident, since you must infallibly have received extreme unction before you went."

SELLING LANDS.

A YEOMAN of Kent selling some lands, the lawyer was puzzled as to the designation which he should have in the deeds. "Say *gentleman*," suggested a bystander; "for selling lands is a gentleman's trade."

WHEN General O'Kelly was introduced to Louis XV., soon after the battle of Fontenoy, his majesty observed that Clark's regiment behaved very well in that engagement. "Sire," said the general, "they behaved well, it is true; many of them were wounded; but my regiment behaved better, for *we* were all *killed*."

INGENUOUSNESS.

GENERAL SLOPER was distinguished in the annals of gallantry. The affair with the celebrated Mrs. Cibber, which became the ground of a prosecution on the part of the lady's husband, Theophilus, is well known. Two young officers of the general's regiment having, after a mess dinner, discussed rather freely the conduct and character of their commander, and seasoned, as is usual, their remarks with a good deal of the ridiculous, the general sent for them, and asked them if what was reported of them was true. "General," said one of them, "it is; and we should have said much more, if our wine had not failed."

AN Irishman, seeing an undertaker carrying a very small coffin, exclaimed, in the utmost surprise, "Ods blood! is it possible that that coffin can be intended for any *living* creature?"

RUSSELL was recently singing "The Gambler's Wife," in an English town, and having uttered the words,

"Hush, he comes not yet !
The clock strikes one, '

he struck the key to imitate the sudden knell of the departed hour, when a respectably-dressed woman ejaculated, to the amazement of everybody, "Wouldn't I have fetched him home !" All of Mrs. Caudle's lectures were concentrated in that little sentence.

A HINT REMUNERATED.

THE bankruptcy of Mr. Fordyce, the banker, made a great noise some years since. With the foibles generally attendant on aspiring men, Mr. Fordyce had generous qualities. A young, intelligent merchant, who kept cash at his banking-house, and one day made a small lodgment, happened to say, in the office, "that if he could command some thousands at present, there was a certain speculation to be pursued, which in all probability would turn out fortunate." This was said loosely, without Fordyce's making any answer, or seeming to attend to it, and no more passed at that time. A few months afterwards, when the same merchant was what they call *settling his book* with the house, he was very much surprised to see the sum of five hundred pounds placed to his credit side more than he knew he possessed. Thinking it a mistake, he pointed it out to the clerk, who, seeing the entry in Mr. Fordyce's hand-writing, said he must have paid it to him. The merchant, however, knowing he had not, begged to see Mr. Fordyce, who appeared, and told him "it was all right enough, for that as the hint he had a few months before thrown out in the office gained him above five thousand pounds, he thought him fairly entitled to the tithe of that sum."

MALLEABILITY OF MONEY.

DAVID GARRICK was fond of fame, and equally fond of money; and few men had it more in their power to gratify both these passions. Foote sometimes threw out pleasantries on Garrick's avaricious propensity. Being once in company with Garrick, in his garden at Hampton, Roscius, having a guinea in his hand, said, "I think I could throw this guinea to the other side of the Thames." The English Aristophanes expressed his doubts, "Though I believe," added he, "that you can make a guinea go as far as any man."

PAUL, EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

THAT eccentricity and fickleness which characterized many of his actions was doubtless the effect of the state in which he was held during the reign of Catharine II. Sentiments of distrust and danger were the habitual inmates of his bosom. At first, as his nature prompted, he opened himself with unbounded confidence and entire familiarity; then, repenting of his frankness, he regarded the friend and confidant as a dangerous character, perhaps the creature of his mother or of the favorite, who had flattered him only to betray him. The fate of his father, Peter III., was ever present to his mind, and formed a combination of all others the most exciting of perturbation, regret and apprehension.

One of the greatest crimes of which Catharine was guilty was her conduct to that son in whose right she had governed Russia thirty-five years. Paul had sense, activity, a disposition for the sciences, and sentiments of order and justice. But all these were stifled by ill-treatment, or perished for want of cultivation. Catharine kept him at a distance, surrounded him with spies, held him in restraint, exposed him

to every humiliation ; whilst her favorites wallowed in wealth Paul lived retired, insignificant, and in want of necessaries. Thus she soured his temper, and rendered him capricious and suspicious. Catharine certainly, had not death taken her by surprise, would have disinherited him. Her private conferences with the Grand Duke Alexander had begun to be very frequent and mysterious. Had he been willing, or had Catharine been able to speak a few words before she died, Paul probably would never have reigned.

AN EDIFYING SERMON.

MR. JOHNSTON, minister of the parish of Lyne and Megget, was a man of a singular character. The two parishes, which are twenty miles distant, are very thinly inhabited, both containing only one hundred and sixty souls. In winter Mr. Johnston used to assemble the few that could attend, being so widely scattered, in his own kitchen, and set down before them a bottle or two of whiskey, saying, "Ye'll no be the waur o' a wee drap o' that, as this is an unco cauld day, an' ye hae a gaye bit till gang; joost tak an' administer every ane o' ye to yere ain necessity." They accordingly handed the bottle round, every one taking as much as he thought his necessity required, as the minister thought a glass wholly unnecessary. It is needless to say the congregation were greatly edified.

SAILOR AND STAGE-COACH.

AN honest tar, wishing to be coached up to town from Deptford, thought it a very unbecoming thing in him, who had just been paid off, and had plenty of money, not to have a whole coach to himself; so he took all the places; and seated

himself upon the top. The coach was about to set off, when a gentleman appeared, who was holding an altercation with the coachman about the absurdity of his insisting that the seats were all taken, and not a person in the coach. Jack, overhearing high words, thought, as he had paid full freight, he had a right to interfere, and inquired what was the matter; when, being told that the gentleman was much disappointed at not getting a seat, he replied, "You lubber! stow him away in the hold; but I'll be ducked if he come upon deck!"

WIT INCURABLE.

A FACETIOUS character, whose talents for humor in private companies were the cause of his being always a guest in convivial societies, had by late hours and attachment to the bottle brought himself into a dropsy; insomuch that the faculty, one and all, agreed nothing could save him but tapping. After much persuasion, he consented to the operation, and his surgeon and assistants arrived with the necessary apparatus. Bob was got out of bed, and the operator was on the point of introducing the trocar into the abdomen, when, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he bade the doctor stop. "What! are you afraid?" cried the surgeon. "No," says the other; "but, upon recollection, it will not be proper to be tapped here, for nothing that has been *tapped* in this house ever lasted long."

BLACK GUARDS.

A PUNSTER, on hearing that the clergy were about to embody themselves for the defence of their country, after making some observations on their sable attire, and how ill the

sword would become it, exclaimed, "O! England, unhappy England! to what a condition are we reduced, when we are to be indebted for the defence of our rights and interests to a band of *black-guards*!"

ONE REASON AS GOOD AS EIGHTEEN.

HENRY IV. being to pass through a small town in Burgundy, on the day appointed the mayor and corporation, in their robes and with their regalia, were ready to receive him. On this occasion the following address was presented: "May it please your majesty, of all the towns that have the honor of being governed by your serenity, none have a greater zeal than this. We know that the most certain method of pleasing the greatest warrior of the age would be to receive him amidst the din of a powerful artillery; but it would have been impossible for us to have fired upon this occasion, for eighteen reasons. The first, may it please your majesty, is, that we have not, nor ever had, any cannon in the town." "I am so perfectly satisfied with your first reason," added the king, "that I'll excuse the seventeen others."

LITTLENESS of soul is often mistaken for prudence.

Every vicious act weakens a right judgment, and defiles the life.

Every time you avoid doing wrong you increase your inclination to do that which is right.

Arts that respect the mind were ever reputed nobler than those which serve the body.

If there has been no temptation, there can be no merit; if there has been no struggle, there can be no victory.

GEOGRAPHY.

"WHAT British isle is that the inhabitants of which have tails?" *First boy.*—"The Isle of Dogs." "Whose map of that isle is considered the best?" *Second boy.*—"Mogg's." "What is the staple manufacture of the isle?" *Third boy.*—"Clogs." "State the peculiarity of its climate." *Fourth boy.*—"Fogs." "And the nature of its soil." *Fifth boy.*—"Bogs." "What animals doth it abound in?" *Sixth boy.*—"Frogs." "What is the chief food of the isle?" *Seventh boy.*—"Hogs."

ZEALOUS men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are showing you the grounds of it.

If the word contains the seed of heaven, what is it to man, if not implanted in his life and received in pure affection?

The worthiest people are most injured by slanderers; as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been picking at.

Wit loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

A YOUNG fellow being at a public dinner, and observing one of the guests artfully pocket a table-spoon, took another, and very gravely stuck it in his button-hole. Being asked what he meant, he replied, "I saw my neighbor here put a spoon in his pocket, and apprehending it was the custom for us all to take one, preferred putting mine in my button-hole."

A SPLENETIC blacksmith, who fancied himself sick, would frequently tease a neighboring physician to give him relief. The physician, knowing him to be in perfect health, yet not willing to offend him, told him he must be careful in his diet, and not eat anything that was heavy and windy. The blacksmith went off satisfied, but, on casting in his mind what food was heavy and windy, and being ignorant, back he posts to the doctor, who, being quite out of patience with his *patient*, said, "Don't you know what things are heavy, and what are windy?" "No," answered the blacksmith. "Why, then I will tell you," said the doctor; "there's your *anvil* is heavy, and your *bellows* are windy,—do not eat either, and you'll do well enough."

"DOCTOR, I is anxious to understand de nature ob my health." "Whey! 'Tis berry lucky you hab come to me in time. You see you hab got de inflammation of de bronchial tubes, dat acts on de flaxon longus digitous pedis, and dis has ended in de confirmed delirium tremens for sartain. I'se de only doctor what can cure you." "Shades ob natur! am it possible?"

THE YANKEE AND THE COBBLER.

A COBBLER, who was more fond of making remarks on street-passengers than mending his soles or his manners, was daily in the habit of looking up at every one who chanced to pass, and hailing them with various game-making remarks and questions. His wit was considered as sharp as his awl, and persons were obliged to take another street, in order to avoid his game-making: but it happened, on one occasion, that an eccentric Yankee,—a regular down-easter,—who went to the

town with his marketing, took a notion to astonish the folks by dressing his three fat sisters up in fashionable style, placing them all on the back of his mule, and thus riding through the town, to the great ridicule of the fashionable bloods. In their way through the city, Jonathan happened to pass the stall of the cobbler; this, to the lovers of fun in the neighborhood, was a happy chance, as, having felt the shaft of the cobbler's ridicule, they were extremely anxious to see the simple Yankee cut dumb. Jonathan walked along at the head of his animal, with a face as long and grave as if he was going to his sisters' funeral, although a good observer could perceive a hidden Yankee smile extending from the corner of his mouth to his ear; but he had no sooner come opposite to the stall of Cassim than the man of soles poked up his lean visage, and exclaimed, "Why, Mister, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, to let that one poor ass carry them three great gals, when there is two of you together." "Vell, an' vot of it? do you know the reason he does it so vell?" "No; why?" "Why, kase he minds his own business, an that's more than you does."

GOOD WINE.

LADY SUNDON was bribed with a pair of diamond earrings, and procured the donor a good place at court. Though the matter was notoriously known, she was so imprudent as to wear them constantly in public. This being blamed in a company, Lady Wortley Montague, like Mrs. Candor, undertook Lady Sundon's defence. "And pray," says she; "where is the harm? I, for my part, think Lady Sundon acts wisely; for, does not the bush show where the wine is sold?"

HOW TO GET A CELLAR DUG.

DAVID SMITH, a retired oysterman, had scraped together a sufficiency of funds to buy a lot of ground in Lombard-street, above Twelfth. Being an ingenious old darkey, this Davy Smith, and intending to build a house on the lot he had purchased, he contrived a speculation which he thought would put a few dollars into his fob, and help to pay the expenses of his building. The old black rogue secretly inserted a few antique Spanish quarters in the ground, a little below the surface; and the next day, while tampering with a spade about the premises, in the presence of a few of his African neighbors, he pretended to dig up some of the hidden treasures. Immediately it was reported in the neighborhood that Blackbeard's money, or some other fellow's, was buried in old Davy Smith's lot. Dave made his appearance, to answer inquiries on this subject, with his arm in a sling. He made a full confirmation of the report, remarking that he had hurt his hand, and was unable to dig; but he was ready to grant digging permits to as many colored persons as would choose to undertake the work, each to pay the wily Davy one dollar for the privilege,—the finder to have all the money he should dig up. Ten able-bodied colored men joyfully accepted these terms, and went to work with the energy of California gold-hunters, making the earth fly as it does when the ground is raked by a cannon-ball. Old Davy stood by to encourage them, exclaiming, once in a while, "Steam up, darkies,—shovel away! Haw, haw, haw, haw! How de niggers am a-going it! You will come to de money bimeby," &c. After about two hours and a half, the industrious fellows had excavated a square hole, six feet deep, and long and wide enough for Davy's purpose. "Dat will do, niggers; haw, haw, haw!" cried Davy. "Some people hab to spend money

get dar cellars dug, but I have mine dug for noffin', and it paid ten dollars for 'lowing de niggers to do it!" Finding that they had been swindled, the money-diggers fell on David, pitched him in, and commenced covering him up with as much activity as they had just shown in throwing out the dirt. A policeman happened to pass, when nothing but the old sinner's woolly pate was visible; and, although the officer used all possible speed in getting him out, David's immortal spirit had nearly left the body before he could be released from his unpleasant predicament.

PRINCIPLE.

PELISSON was on the point of abjuring Calvinism, when the Duke de Montausier told Madame de Scudéry, on the part of the king, that, if Pelisson became Catholic, he would be appointed preceptor to the Dauphin, and president à mortier. This conversation was soon reported to Pelisson, who, for that reason, determined not to return to the established church.

TO THE MOST HONEST.

THE minister Morus, who had made a Latin poem to the honor of the Venetian republic, had received for it a magnificent gold chain. At his death he left it, by his will, to Pelisson, as the most honest man he knew.

AN Irishman, a day or two since, who had been often and profitably employed as a stevedore, was observed gazing at a steam-engine that was whizzing away at a swift rate, doing his work for him, and lifting the cotton out from the hold of a ship quicker than you can say "Jack Robinson." Pat

looked till his anger was pretty well up, and then, shaking his fist at the tarnal critter, he exclaimed, "Choog, choog, choog, spet, stame it and be bothered, ye child of Satan, that ye are! Ye may do the work o' twenty-five fellies,—ye may take the bread out iv an honest Irishman's mouth,—but by the powers, now, ye can't vote, old blazer, mind that, will ye!"

A LEMONLESS Irishman was observed one evening slicing a potato into his hot whiskey-toddy. "Why, what are you about?" inquired Charley. "It's punch I'm making, dear," quietly replied Pat. "And what are you slicing that in for?" "To give it a flavor, honey." "What! a *potato flavor*?" "Sure, and is n't a flavor a flavor, whether it's lemon or pitaty?"

AN account was lately published of the lynching of a man named McCoy, in Pike county, Alabama, on the ground that he was an abolitionist. The same man was afterwards mobbed at Hockelty, in the same state. A committee of the citizens waited on him, obtained evidence that he had talked abolitionism, and forthwith ducked him under the spout of the town-pump, and then rode him out of town on a rail.

NOT long since, in South Carolina, a clergyman was preaching on the disobedience of Jonah, when commanded to go and preach to the Ninevites. After expatiating for some length of time on the truly awful consequence of disobedience to the divine commands, he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, that passed through the congregation like an electric shock, "And are there any Jonahs here?" There was a negro present,

whose name was Jonah; who, thinking himself called on, immediately arose, and, turning up his white eye to the preacher, with his broadest grin and best bow, answered, "Here be one, Massa."

HUMANITY.

As soon as the field of battle was clear, Louis XV., in order to inspire the dauphin with the same horror which he himself had, even for a just war, caused him to go over it. The young prince, shuddering, saw in reality what he had only seen in history. At this horrid spectacle, the dauphin melted. The king said to him, "Learn, my son, how much a victory is costly and painful." This trait, whatever may have been the faults of Louis XV., most certainly is a most honorable record. A similar sentiment of Bonaparte, in his celebrated letter to the arch-duke, is as glorious to that commander as even the laurels of Lodi or Marengo.

SHARP REPARTEE.

A COUNTRYMAN sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him, with an insolent air, "Well, honest fellow," said he, "'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor." To which the countryman replied, "'Tis very like you may, for I am sowing hemp."

FOOTE'S Othello, it is said, was a masterpiece of burlesque; but it fell very far short of the Hamlet, which he attempted in the early part of his life. He went through the play tol-

erably well until he came to the last; but in the scene when he quarrels with Laertes,—

“What is the reason you use me thus?
I loved you ever,—but ’t is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day;”

stimulated by a desire to distinguish himself, he entered so much into the quarrel as to throw him out of the words, and he spoke it thus: “I loved you ever; but ’t is no matter. Let Hercules himself do what he may, the dog will mew,—no, the cat; the cat will bark,—no, that’s the dog; the dog will mew,—no, that’s the cat; the cat will,—no, the dog, the cat, the dog,—pshaw! pho!—it’s something about mewing and barking; but, as I hope to be saved, ladies and gentlemen, I know nothing more of the matter.”

NOT HALF WAY TO THE BOTTOM.

A GENTLEMAN riding down a steep hill, and fearing the foot of it was unsound, called out to a clown who was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the bottom. “Ay,” answered the countryman, “it is hard enough at the bottom, I warrant you.” But in half a dozen steps the horse sunk up to the saddle-girths, which made the gentleman whip, spur, and swear. “Why, thou rascal!” said he, “didst thou not tell me it was hard at the bottom?” “Ay,” replied the fellow, “but you are not half way to the bottom yet.”

To be sold, a threshing-machine, in good working order; has birch, cane, and strap barrels; warranted to whip a school of fifty boys in twenty minutes, distinguishing their offences

into literary, moral, and impertinent. Only parted with because the owner has flogged all his school away, and his sons are too big to beat. Apply at the College of Preceptors.

A PUBLIC dinner in England had dwindled away to two guests, an Englishman and a Highland gentleman, who were each trying to prove the superiority of their native countries. Of course, at an argument of this kind, a Scotchman possesses, from constant practice, overwhelming advantages. The Highlander's logic was so good that he beat his opponent on every point. At last, the Englishman put a poser. "You will," he said, "at least admit that England is larger in extent than Scotland?" "Certainly not," was the confident reply; "you see, sir, ours is a mountainous, yours is a flat, country. Now, if all our hills were rolled out flat, we should beat you by hundreds of square miles."

A GENTLEMAN crossing one of the New York ferries was accosted by one of those peripatetic vendors of cheap literature and weekly newspapers who are to be found in shoals about all our public places, with, "Buy Bulwer's last work, sir? — only two shillin'." The gentleman, willing to have a laugh with the urchin, said, "Why, I am Bulwer, myself!" Off went the lad, and, whispering to another, at a little distance, excited his wonderment at the information he had to impart. Eying the pretended author of Pelham with a kind of awe, he approached him timidly, and, holding out a pamphlet, said, modestly, "Buy the Women of England, sir? You're not Mrs. Ellis, are you?" Of course, the proposed sale was effected.

DEAN SWIFT'S OPINION OF FAULTS.

DEAN SWIFT had a shoulder of mutton brought up for his dinner too much done : he sent for the cook, and told her to take the mutton down, and do it less. "Please your honor, I cannot do it less." "But," says the dean, "if it had not been done enough, you could have done it more, could you not?" "O, yes; very easily." "Why, then," says the dean, "for the future, when you commit a fault, let it be such a one as can be mended."

NO STOPPING A WOMAN'S TONGUE.

AMONG many others who were brought before the Birmingham magistrates, during the late disturbances, was a woman charged with encouraging the rioters, and uttering some bitter maledictions against the millers and bakers; but, it appearing that she was the wife of a very poor man, and the mother of several small children, the magistrates, unwilling to detach her from the care of five little starvelings, asked if she had anybody to speak to her character; — when no one appearing but her husband, he was ordered to take care that in future she should be more cautious in the exercise of that unruly member, her tongue. "That I *cannot*, gentlemen," said the poor fellow; "the devil cannot *stop* her tongue, and I have long since found it necessary, for my own peace, to decline every attempt of the kind!"

MR. FOX, on his late canvass, having accosted a blunt tradesman, whom he solicited for his vote, the man answered, "I cannot give you my support; I admire your *abilities*, but not your *principles*." Mr. Fox smartly replied, "My

friend, I applaud you for your *sincerity*, but your *manners* I don't like."

At a late election, a gentleman met an old acquaintance walking towards the hustings. "So you are going to vote," said he, "for that sad dog, Charles Fox?" The other coolly replied, "I am determined, sir, to give Mr. Fox my vote, not because he is a *sad dog*, but for a better reason—he is a *good house-dog*; I mean, a *good House-of-Commons dog*,—and while we have him there to guard our liberties, we shall have little reason to apprehend any danger from court wolves or ministerial tigers."

ANECDOTE OF PARSON PATEN.

PARSON PATEN was so much averse to the Athanasian Creed that he would never read it. Archbishop Secker, having been informed of his recusancy, sent the archdeacon to ask him his reason. "I do not believe it," said the priest. "But your metropolitan does," replied the archdeacon. "It may be so," rejoined Mr. Paten; "and he can well afford it; he believes at the rate of seven thousand a year, and I only at that of fifty pounds."

A TRUE KING.

WHEN Dr. Franklin applied to the King of Prussia to lend his assistance to America, "Pray, doctor," says the veteran, "what is the object you mean to attain?" "Liberty, sire," replied the philosopher of Philadelphia; "liberty!—that freedom which is the birthright of man." The king, after a short pause, made this memorable and kingly answer: "I was born a prince; I am become a king; and I will not use the power which I possess to the ruin of my own trade."

ARMS.

THE Duchess of Kingston, who was remarkable for having a very high sense of her own dignity, being one day detained in her carriage by a cart of coals that was unloading in the street, she leaned with both her arms upon the door, and asked the fellow, "How dare you, sirrah, stop a woman of quality in the street?" "Woman of quality?" replied the man. "Yes, fellow," rejoined her grace; "don't you see my arms upon my carriage?" "Yes, I do, indeed," says he, "and a pair of plaguy coarse arms they are."

POPULAR JUSTICE.

Two Jews, old clothesmen, with venerable beards, were passing by a stable-door near Tottenham-court Road, one Friday, when a couple of jackets so fascinated them that they could not resist the temptation to give them a place with their own wares. While they were secreting the jackets, the two owners, who were drinking porter on the opposite side of the way, were observing the transaction. They rushed out, seized the Rabbis, locked them up in the stable, and went in quest of certain preparations which promised better things than a jail, or lawyer's wig, or even a fine. They then tied the Rabbis together, matted their beards, and smeared them with warm shoemaker's wax. As soon as the wax was cooled, and the people around had enjoyed sufficiently the sight of the venerable patriarchs in this fraternal embrace, the postillions applied to each nose by intervals a few pinches of snuff, which occasioned such a concussion of noses, and such sputtering, that, of five hundred spectators, there was not one who did not depart highly pleased with this spectacle of distributive justice.

A PHYSICIAN ordered his patient to live *higher*,—that is, more freely. The poor man mistook the doctor, and removed to the *garret*, where he unfortunately expired before the doctor's next visit.

A JOCKEY being asked by another if he could ride well upon a saddle, and being answered in the affirmative, "That is well," replied the former; "for then you have no need of a horse."

A PERSON abusing another to Peter Pindar, said he was so insufferably dull that if you said a good thing he did not understand it. "Pray, sir," says Peter, "did you ever try him?"

A NATIVE of one of the Hebrides being joked about the smallness of his island, the most central place not being four miles from the sea, an Irishman in company joined in the laugh, exultingly swearing "that no part of old Ireland was half so near it."

ONE of our daily prints lately informed us that an additional number of patrols are to be appointed, to prevent the robberies that happened *last winter* about the metropolis.

A MAN, being reproved for swearing, replied he did not know there was any harm in it. "No harm in it!" said a person present; "why, don't you know the commandment, 'Swear not at all'?" "Why, I do not swear at *all*," replied he; "I only swear at those who offend me."

DRAWINGS OF CORK.

JACK BANNISTER, praising the hospitality of the Irish after his return from one of his trips to the sister kingdom, was asked if he had been in Cork. "No," replied the wit, "but I saw a great many *drawings* of it."

EPITAPH ON A BLACKSMITH.

My *sledge* and *hammer* lie reclined ;
My *bellows*, too, have lost their *wind* ;
My *fire* 's extinct, my *forge* decayed,
And in the dust my *vice* is laid ;
My *coal* is spent, my *iron* 's gone ;
My *nails* are drove, my work is *done*.

THE KING IN A SQUABBLE.

A RECRUITING-SERGEANT, addressing an honest country bumpkin in one of the streets of Manchester with, "Come, my lad, thou'lt fight for thy king, won't thou ?" "Voight for my king," answered Hodge ; "why, has he *fawn* out wi' onybody ?"

A WIDOW REQUIRES PICKLING.

DR. JAMES was sent for to a widow lady who was not very well, who asked him if sea-bathing would not be a very good thing for her. "Why, yes, madam, if a widow won't *keep* without being *salted*."

A CHIMNEY-SWEEPER in a certain borough town, being one of the last voters at a violently-contested election, was

strongly pressed by each candidate to honor him with his vote. The fellow, who was for some time at a loss to tell which fine gentleman most merited his suffrage, at last recollecting that he had often heard of kissing hands amongst the great folks, declared that he would not vote for either, unless they would kiss his hand. One of them accordingly came forward, and, having vainly endeavored to persuade the sweep to dispense with so disagreeable a ceremony, actually saluted his sooty fingers. After which, confidently claiming the expected reward, "No, no!" says the chimney-sweeper, "I shan't vote for you; for I am very sure he that would kiss my hand would rob me."

SOME Irish laborers having lately dug a pit in the Foundling Fields, one of them fell into it; when another immediately procured a cord, and, letting it down with a slip-knot, got it round his countryman's neck, and pulled him up, nearly strangled!

AN EAST INDIAN MAJOR LONGBOW.

AN old East Indian, who had returned from Calcutta with a large fortune and a liver complaint, had retired to his native place (Banffshire), and was availing himself, one evening, of the usual privilege of travellers to a very large extent. His Scotch friends listened to his *Major Longbows* with an air of perfect belief, till, at last, the worthy nabob happened to say that in a particular part of India it was usual to fatten horses upon the flesh of sheep's heads, reduced to a pulp and mixed with rice. "O!" exclaimed all his auditors, with one voice; "O, that will never do! We can believe all the rest;

but, really, feeding horses upon sheep's heads is too bad." "Well, gentlemen," said the man of the East, "I assure you that my story about the horses is *the only bit of truth that I have told you this evening!*"

AN ATHENIAN AND A SPARTAN.

AN Athenian put five questions to a Spartan, and received five answers to them :

Question. What walls do you like best ?

Answer. Those that will defend themselves.

Q. Why did Lycurgus give no written laws at all ?

A. Because good manners need no laws.

Q. Why do you make use of such heavy money ?

A. Because men should be the sooner weary of it.

Q. Why do you wear such short daggers ?

A. To be so much nearer the enemy.

Q. And why such short speeches ?

A. To bring one another sooner to the point.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.

WHEN Grosvenor House, Millbank, was the extreme house on one of the ways leading out of London, somebody asked another, in passing, "Who lives in it ?" "Lord Grosvenor," was the reply. "I do not know what estate his lordship has," said the querist; "but he ought to have a good one, for nobody lives beyond him in the whole town."

DON'T moralize to a man who is on his back. Help him up, see him firmly on his feet, and then give him advice and *means*.

more pleasing than the dew-drops that sparkle upon roses,
the tears that pity gathers upon the cheek of beauty.

At Lowell, music is universally studied, and everybody
is to sing. So should it be everywhere. Sing with the
feet, the heart, and the understanding also.

John Swift says he never knew a man to rise to eminence
lay in bed of a morning; and Dr. Franklin says, "He
rises late may trot all day, but never overtake his
business."

DESCRIPTION OF A LETTER LATELY SENT BY THE POST.

Ye men of *letters*, keepers of the *seal*,
Whose care contributes to the public weal,
Securely guard me, and with speed convey,
And thanks, with sixpence, shall your pains repay.
To Mr. Holt, in Newark, I am sent, —
Mind, no mistake, sirs, Newark-upon-Trent.

THE DYING MISER.

A MISER, drawing near his end,
Was by his doctor urged to send
(As he to cure had failed in skill)
For Proctor Page, to make his *will*.
The will drawn up in usual form, —
"I give," — Gripus began to storm, —
"Give? not a sixpence will I give
To mortal being, while I live!"
"Then, sir, to whom bequeath your self?"
"To whom?" quoth Gripus; "to *myself*!"
"Sir, sir, if you will not declare,
The law will speedy find an heir."
"You're cursed mistaken, Mr. Proctor,
As much as in my case the doctor;
My wealth is hid so safe, d'ye mind it,
That law nor devil e'er shall find it."
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Grave Physic scolded, the lawyer sighed,
 Old Grips grinned, and groaned, and died ;
 When doctor, preacher, strange to see,
 Their exit made — without a fee.

THE Count de Villa Medina being at church one day, and finding there a religious who begged for the souls in purgatory, he gave him a piece of gold. "Ah! my lord," said the good father, "you have now delivered a soul." The count threw upon the plate another piece. "Here is another soul delivered," said the religious. "Are you positive of it?" replied the count. "Yes, my lord," replied the monk; "I am certain they are now in heaven." "Then," said the count, "I'll take back my money, for it signifies nothing to you now; seeing the souls are already got to heaven, there can be no danger of their returning again to purgatory." And he immediately gave the pieces to the poor that were standing by.

"I THINK," said Mrs. Partington, getting up from the breakfast-table, "I will take a tower, or go upon a discursion. The bill says, if I collect rightly, that a party is to go to a very plural spot, and to mistake of a cold collection. I hope it won't be so cold as ours for the poor, last Sunday; why, there warn't efficient to buy a feet of wood for a restitute widder." And the old lady put on her calash.

NIMROD AND RAMROD.

A GENTLEMAN, who thought his sons consumed too much time in hunting and shooting, gave them the appellation of *Nimrod* and *Ramrod*.

NO STRANGER OF ME.

A PARSON, who had a scolding wife, one day brought home a brother clergyman to dinner. Having gone into a separate apartment to talk to his spouse about the repast, she attacked and abused him for bringing a parcel of idle fellows to eat up their income. The parson, provoked at her behavior, said, in a pretty loud tone, "If it were not for the stranger, I would give you a good drubbing." "O!" cried the visitor, "I beg you will make no stranger of me."

THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS.

WHEN the celebrated Beau Nash was ill, Dr. Cheyne wrote a prescription for him. The next day, the doctor, coming to see his patient, inquired if he had followed his prescription. "No, truly, doctor," said Nash; "if I had, I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of a two-pair-of-stairs window."

LOVERS must not trust too implicitly to their visual organs. A tender swain once reproached his inamorata with suffering a rival to kiss her hand, a fact which she indignantly denied. "But I saw it." "Nay, then," cried the offended fair, "I am now convinced you do not love me, since you believe your eyes in preference to my word."

A YANKEE has just invented a method to catch rats. He says, "Locate your bed in a room much infested by these animals, and, on retiring, put out the light. Then strew over your pillow some strong-smelling cheese, three or four

red herrings, some barley-meal or new malt, and a sprinkling of dried codfish. Keep awake till you find the rats at work, then make a grab."

A CERTAIN German professor having a child at a very advanced period of his age, which he baptized with the name of Adam, and a wit hearing of it, he observed the professor had begun well with the first letter of the alphabet, but that it was too late at his time of day to go through it.

MUNCER.

THE speech of this celebrated Anabaptist demagogue to the populace of Mulhausen, in 1524, resembles very much some of the harangues since made in the French Convention, excepting that Muncer thought fit to add the fanaticism of religion to the extremest enthusiasm of republicanism.

"Are ye not all brethren, my friends," said he, "and have not we all one common father in Adam? From whence, then, arises that difference of rank and property which tyranny has introduced between the nobility and ourselves? Why should we groan under poverty, while they abound in every kind of luxury? Have we not a right to an equality of those good things which from their nature are made to be divided, without distinction, amongst all mankind? Restore to us, then, ye rich of the present times, ye greedy usurpers, restore to us the property that you have so long unjustly detained from us! It is not only as we are men, but as we are Christians, that we have a right to the equal distribution of the good things of this world. In the earliest times of the Christian religion, was it not seen that the apostles themselves

had regard to the wants of each of the faithful, in the distribution of the money that was brought to their feet? Shall we never see a return of those blessed times? The Almighty requires of all mankind that they should destroy the tyranny of the rulers; that they should demand their liberties, sword in hand; that they should refuse to pay taxes; and that they should bring all that they possess into one common stock. Yes, my brethren, it is to *my* feet that ye ought to bring everything you possess, as our predecessors of old brought all they had to the feet of the apostles. Yes, my brethren, to have everything in common was the very spirit of Christianity at its very birth, and to refuse to pay taxes to our princes, who oppress us, is to free ourselves from that state of slavery from which the Saviour of the world has delivered us."

By harangues of this kind, Muncer soon found himself at the head of forty thousand troops. The Landgrave of Hesse, and many of the neighboring nobility, raised troops and attacked Muncer. The impostor, however, nothing daunted, made a speech to his troops, and promised them an entire victory. "Everything," said he to his followers, "must yield to the Most High, who has placed me at the head of you. In vain the enemy's artillery shall thunder against you; in vain, indeed, for I will receive in the sleeve of my gown every bullet that shall be shot against you, and that alone shall be an impenetrable rampart against all the efforts of the enemy." Muncer, however, was not so good as his word; his troops were defeated, himself taken prisoner and carried to Mulhausen, where he perished on a scaffold in 1525.

MAKE not a servant a confidant, for if he find out that you dare not displease him, he will dare to displease you.

A CURIOUS HANDBILL.

THOMAS TOUCHWOOD, Gent., proposes on the last day of this present November to shoot himself by subscription. His life being of no further use to himself or his friends, he takes this method of endeavoring to turn his death to some account; and the novelty of the performance, he hopes, will merit the attention and patronage of the public. He will perform with two pistols,—the first shot to be directed through the abdomen, to which will be added another through the brain; the whole to conclude with staggering, convulsions, grinning, &c., in a manner never before publicly attempted.

The doors to be opened at eight, and the exhibition to begin precisely at nine. Particular places, for that night only, reserved for the ladies. No money to be returned, or half-price taken.

N. B. Beware of counterfeits and impostors. The person who advertises to hang himself the same night, in opposition to Mr. Touchwood, is a tailor, who intends only to give the representation of death by dancing in a collar,—an attempt infinitely inferior to Mr. T.'s original and authentic performance.

SCRIPTURE AUTHORITY.

A QUAKER married a woman of the Church of England. After the ceremony, the vicar asked for his fees, which he said were a crown. The Quaker, astonished at the demand, said if he would show him any text in the Scriptures which proved his fees were a crown, he would give it unto him; upon which the vicar directly turned to the twelfth chapter of Proverbs, verse 4th, where it is said, "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." "Thou art right," replied the Quaker

"in thy assertion; Solomon was a wise man; here are the five twelpenny pieces, and something besides to buy thee a pair of gloves."

PRESSING REASON.

A SPONGER was reproached, one day, for dining so often among his friends. "What would you have me to do?" answered he; "I am *pressed* to do it." "True," answered Monk Lewis, "there is nothing more *pressing* than hunger."

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

BUCK, the player at York, was asked how he came to turn his coat twice. He replied, smartly, that "one good *turn* deserved another."

ON A BAD SERVANT, BUT A GOOD NURSE.

SAYS Dick to his friend, "I'd turn Mary away;
She hath not a quality worthy her pay."
"No," says he, "I will not, I shan't get such another,
For she constantly nursed both my father and mother."
"That's my view to discharge her, would you keep your breath,
As she nursed both your father and mother to death."

EPIGRAM.

YOUNG Strephon, ravished by a smile
From Chloe, in a public place,
Exclaimed, in a theatric style,
"Nature ne'er formed so fair a face."
By chance the fool was in the right -
'Twas patches, paint, and candle-light.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN AND AN
IRISH INNKEEPER.

Eng. Gent. Holloa, house !

Innkeeper. I don't know any one of that name.

Gent. Are you the master of the inn ?

Inn. Yes, sir, please your honor, when my wife's from home.

Gent. Have you a bill of fare ?

Inn. Yes, sir ; the fairs of Mullingar and Ballinascloe are the next week.

Gent. I see. How are your beds ?

Inn. Very well, I thank you, sir.

Gent. Have you any mountain ?

Inn. Yes, sir ; this country's full of mountains.

Gent. I mean a kind of wine.

Inn. Yes, sir ; all kinds, from Irish white wine [butter-milk] to Burgundy.

Gent. Have you any porter ?

Inn. Yes, sir ; Pat is an excellent porter ; he'll go anywhere.

Gent. No ; I mean porter to drink.

Inn. O, sir, he'd drink the ocean,—never fear him for that.

Gent. Have you any fish ?

Inn. They call myself an odd fish.

Gent. I think so ; I hope you're no sharp.

Inn. No, sir, indeed ; I am not a lawyer.

Gent. Have you any soals ?

Inn. For your boots or shoes, sir ?

Gent. Psha ! have you any plaice ?

Inn. No, sir ; but I was promised one, if I would vote for Mr. B.

Gent. Have you any wild fowl?

Inn. They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.

Gent. I must see myself.

Inn. And welcome, sir; I'll fetch you the looking-glass.

TALENT is an eye-sore to tyranny. In weakness, tyranny fears it as a power; in power, it hates it as a liberty.

No person is obliged to say all he thinks, but both duty and self-interest forbid him to make false pretences.

A GENTLEMAN who had become somewhat dilapidated got into a way of living a little on his friends. Among the rest, he visited an old acquaintance and stayed six or seven days with him, when the gentleman feigned a falling out with his wife, by which means their fare at the table was very slender. The guest, perceiving their drift, but not knowing where to go to better himself, remarked, "Well, I have been here seven days, and have not before seen any quarrel between you; I am now resolved to stay seven more, in order to see you friends again."

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT FOR A HUSBAND, BY A LADY OF
CONSIDERABLE FORTUNE.

HE must be young, as amorous as Jove, as brave as Julius Cæsar or Alexander, as just as Aristides, as handsome as Adonis, as musical as Orpheus or Apollo, as wise as Ulysses, as eloquent as Cicero or Demosthenes, as great a philosopher as Socrates, as subtle a logician as Aristotle or Zeno, as rigid

as a stoic, yet occasionally as much addicted to pleasure as Epicurus; he must possess the learning of Homer, with the sweetness of Virgil, the wit and pleasantry of Horace, and the lively imagination of Shakspeare; he must also be as great a natural philosopher as Bacon or Newton. He must indulge all the lady's caprices; understand all the following languages, the dead as well as the living: Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, English, Irish, Scotch, High Dutch, German, Russian, Prussian, Danish, Flemish, Swedish, Turkish, Gentoo, Hindoo, Chinese, &c. &c. Whoever thinks he is possessed of the above requisites may apply to the printer of the M—— P——, where he will be informed of further particulars respecting this lady and her immense fortune.

P. S. The preference will be given to an Irishman.

MR. FOX'S ESTIMATE OF THE FRENCH CHARACTER.

IN one of the latter days of Fox, the conversation turned on the comparative wisdom of the French and English character. "The Frenchman," it was observed, "delights himself with the present; the Englishman makes himself anxious about the future; is not the Frenchman the wiser?" "He may be the merrier," said Fox; "but did you ever hear of a savage who did not buy a mirror in preference to a telescope?"

KITES.

Boys fly kites for recreation, and men for other motives; the first require the wind to raise the kite, the second the kite to raise the wind.

UPRIGHT JUDGE.

JUDGE RICHARDSON, in going the western circuit, had a great stone thrown at him, which, as he happened to stoop at the instant, passed clear over his head. "You see," he said to the friends who congratulated him on his escape, "you see, if I had been an upright judge, I had been slain."

SOBER AS A JUDGE.

AT the last Old Bailey sessions three men were convicted of robbing James Atkins of a five-pound note and other property. It appeared that the prosecutor had been just paid off, and that, *sailing* up Drury Lane, an old shipmate hove in sight,—he treated him, and accompanied him to Dyot-street, St. Giles, where he met the others; a quarrel ensued, and in the *skirmish* the prosecutor lost his money. On his cross-examination, he was asked by the counsellor if he was not intoxicated. He replied, if any man meant to insinuate he was drunk, he was a *swabber*; that he had only taken *six* glasses, and was as *sober as a judge*. Mr. Justice Heath afterwards asked him (the witness) the following questions:

Judge. At the time when the robbery was committed, were you quite *sober*?

Witness. I was, please your lordship, as *sober as a judge*.

Judge. How much had you drank at this time?

Witness. Please your lordship, I had not drank above *eight* glasses, all the day.

This answer, of course, excited great astonishment, and a good deal of laughter. The dialogue proceeded:

Judge. Was not this sufficient to make you drunk?

Witness. No, please your lordship, nor twice as much. The effect of this answer was such as might be expected — a burst of laughter succeeded.

SHERIDAN.

WHEN Sheridan's life was to be insured, Mr. Aaron Graham, the magistrate, was applied to, in order to know whether Mr. Sheridan was at that period living a more regular life than usual. "I believe he is," said the justice; "but, understand me,—I think he is more regularly tipsy every night *now* than he has been for several years past."

COOPER once slurred a certain governor, by attributing the disease in potatoes to the *mortification* they felt at seeing so *small* a member of their family in the gubernatorial chair!

OLD Mr. Worthy says he likes to see young ladies walking the streets on Sunday in their silks with holes in their stockings, as it proves they are more attentive to things above than below.

GONSALVO, THE GREAT CAPTAIN,

WAS a man of great presence of mind. When, in some mutiny amongst his troops, one of the soldiers presented his halberd to his breast, he gently turned it aside with his hand. "Comrade," said he, "take care that in playing with that weapon you do not wound your general." On some other mutiny, for want of pay, on Gonsalvo's expressing his inabil-

ity to give it to them, one of the soldiers advanced to him, and said, in a menacing tone, "General, deliver up your daughter to us, and then we can pay ourselves." The general, affecting not to hear him amidst the clamor of the troops, took no notice of it at the time, but in the night he took care to have him apprehended, and had him hung from a window, from which all the army might see the body.

Gonsalvo took Naples by storm in the year 1503; and when some of his soldiers expressed their disapprobation at not having had a sufficient share in the spoil of that rich city, Gonsalvo nobly replied, "I will repair your bad fortune; go to my apartments, take there all you can find,—I give it all into your hands."

Gonsalvo, for some time before he died, retired to a convent, giving as a reason for his conduct that there should be some time for serious reflection between the life of a soldier and his death.

A FELLOW, going to sleep, put a brass pot under his head; and finding it hard, stuffed it with feathers, and so lay on it with confidence of softness.

COLUMBUS.

THE will of this great man is still extant in the archives of Genoa, in which city he was born. The most early life of him is to be met with in a book printed at Genoa in 1516, entitled "*Psalterium Hebræum Græcum, &c., cum tribus Interpretationibus*," by Agostino Giustiniani. It occurs in a note on this verse of the Psalms: "*Cæli enarrant gloriam Dei*."

In one of the letters which Columbus wrote to the King of Spain, from his fleet, then lying before Jamaica, he has this remarkable passage: "The wealth that I have discovered will rouse mankind to pillage and to violence, and will revenge the wrongs which I have suffered. The Spanish nation itself will perhaps suffer one day for the crimes that its malignity, its ingratitude, and its envy, is now committing."

One of Columbus' immediate descendants is said to have married into an English family. A Genoese gentleman of the Durazzo family published, some years ago, an eulogium upon this excellent and extraordinary man, in which there are several particulars relative to him not generally known. Columbus addressed four letters to his sovereign, three of which were translated into French some years ago by the Chevalier Flavigny; the fourth is lost.

Peter Martyr, in his very curious account of Columbus' voyages, tells us that on his landing on the island of Jamaica he immediately caused mass to be said on account of the safe landing of himself and of his followers, and that during the performance of that sacred mystery an old Carib, eighty years of age, attended by several of his countrymen, observed the service with great attention. After it was over, the old man approached Columbus with a basket of fruit in his hand, which he in a very courteous manner presented to him, and by means of an interpreter thus addressed him: "We have been told that you have in a very powerful and surprising manner run over several countries which were before unknown to you, and that you have filled the inhabitants of them with fear and dismay. Wherefore I exhort and desire you to remember that the souls of men, when they are separated from their bodies, have two passages,—the one, horrid and dark, prepared for those who have been troublesome and

inimical to the human race ; the other, pleasant and delightful, appointed for those who, whilst they were alive, delighted in the peace and quiet of mankind. Therefore you will do no hurt to any one, if you bear in mind that you are mortal, and that every one will be rewarded or punished in a future state according to his actions in the present one."

Columbus, by the interpreter, answered the old man that what he had told him respecting the passage of souls after the death of the body had been long known to him and to his countrymen, and that he was much surprised those notions prevailed amongst them, who seemed to be living quite in a state of nature. That he (Columbus) and his followers were sent by the King and Queen of Spain to discover all those parts of the world that had been hitherto unknown, that they might civilize the cannibals and other wild men who lived in these countries, and inflict proper punishments upon them, and that they might defend and honor those persons who were virtuous and innocent ; that, therefore, neither himself nor any other Carib, who had no intention of hurting them, had the least reason to fear any violence ; and that he, with his followers, would avenge any injury that should be offered to him or to any other worthy persons of the island by any of their neighbors.

The Carib was so pleased with the speech and the manner of Columbus, that, though he was extremely old, he offered to follow Columbus, and would have done so, had not his wife and children prevented him. He appeared with difficulty to understand how a man of Columbus' dignity and appearance should be under the control of another person ; and became much more astonished when the interpreter explained to him the honor, the pomp, the wealth, of the several sovereigns of Europe, the extent of the country, and the greatness and

beauty of the various objects over which they reigned. He became pensive, melancholy, and, in a flood of tears, asked the interpreter repeatedly whether it were the heavens or the earth which had produced men so superior to themselves as Columbus and his followers.

ELECTS OF GRACE.

WHEN the Duke of Orleans hazarded his credit with the Court of Rome, in making his first ecclesiastical appointments conformably to the wishes of the Jansenist party, he said, "The Jansenists will no longer complain of me; I have given everything to Grace, and nothing to merit."

HUSH-MONEY.

POPE received a thousand pounds from the Duchess of Marlborough, on the condition that he would suppress the character of Atossa — yet it is printed.

THE LAWYER AND CLIENT.

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before.
"Zounds!" says the losing client, "how came you
To be such *friends*, who were such *foes* just now?"
"Thou fool!" says one; "we lawyers, though so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what 's between."





